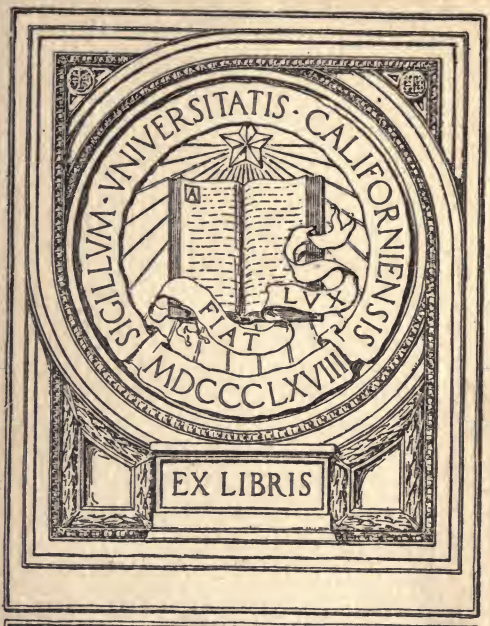

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ESSAYS OF ELIA

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CHARLES LAMB

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ESSAYS OF ELIA

Edited by

A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, M.A., F.S.A.

FIRST SERIES

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ENGLISH I

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PREFACE

THE order of the *Essays of Elia* followed in this edition is that of the first edition of 1823. In the notes an attempt is made to supply an adequate explanation of the more difficult allusions of which the text is full. No editor can avoid the duty of identifying and verifying the numerous quotations of which Lamb availed himself with such skill; and this work has already been done with singular completeness by Mr E. V. Lucas in his standard edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb.* The obligations of the present editor to Mr Lucas's notes will be found recorded in the notes and the first index. His own work of identification, however, in which he has been materially aided by his wife, has been undertaken without reference to the work of previous explorers; and only in cases where his own efforts have failed has he had recourse to the help of the labours of others. The more important passages omitted from the collected text of the essays are added in an appendix to this volume.

A. H. T.

GRETTON, NORTHANTS.
October, 1913.

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LEADING DATES IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES LAMB

1775, 10 Feb.	Born at 2, Crown office row, Inner Temple.
1782, Oct.—1789, Nov.	At Christ's hospital.
1791, Sept.—1792, Feb.	Clerk in South-Sea house.
1792.	Entered the India house as a clerk.
1796, 22 Sept.	Death of his mother at 7, Little Queen street, Holborn.
1797.	Removal to 45, Chapel street, Pentonville.
1798.	Publication of *Rosamund Gray*.
1799.	Death of his father ('Lovel' of The *Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*).
1800.	Charles and Mary Lamb in Southampton buildings, Chancery lane. Work for *The Morning Post*, etc. (see *Newspapers Thirty-five Years Ago*.
1801.	Removal to 16, Mitre Court buildings, Temple.
1802.	Publication of *John Woodvil*.
1806, Dec.	Failure of *Mr H——* at Drury Lane.
1807.	Publication of *Tales from Shakespeare* and *Mrs Leicester's School*, by Charles and Mary Lamb.
1808.	Publication of *The Adventures of Ulysses* and *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*.

1809.	Publication of *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb. Removal to 4, Inner Temple lane.
1817.	Removal to 20, Russell street, Covent Garden.
1818.	Publication of *Works* in two volumes.
1820, Sept.	Appearance of the first essay of Elia in *The London Magazine.*
1821, Nov.	Death of John Lamb (see *My Relations* and *Dream-Children*).
1823.	Removal to Colebrooke cottage, Colebrooke row, Islington (see *Amicus Redivivus*). Publication of *Elia.*
1825, May.	Retired from the India house on a pension (see *The Superannuated Man*).
1826.	In lodgings at Enfield.
1827.	Removal to Enfield Chase, where Charles and Mary Lamb lived at first in a house called the Manse, and later in lodgings next door.
1830.	Publication of *Album Verses.*
1832.	Removal to Bay cottage, Edmonton.
1833.	Publication of *Last Essays of Elia.*
1834, July.	Death of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
1834, 27 Dec.	Death of Charles Lamb.
1847.	Death of Mary Lamb (born 1765). Buried with her brother in the churchyard at Edmonton.

INTRODUCTION

THE essays published in 1823 under the title of *Elia* bore the sub-title, *Essays which have appeared under that Signature in the London Magazine.* This periodical was founded in 1820 by the publishers, Baldwin, Cradock and Joy, under the editorship of John Scott. In August 1821 it was transferred to Messrs Taylor and Hessey, who continued to publish it until August 1825. Its brilliant career was short-lived, and it suffered much by the death of its first editor in a duel, a little more than a year after its foundation. Lamb began to contribute to it in August 1820 with *Recollections of the South-Sea House*; and the collected volume contains four essays printed in 1820, thirteen printed in 1821, and ten, of which three were considerably re-arranged, printed in 1822. The essay on *Valentine's Day*, which brings the total number up to twenty-eight, had been printed in two other periodicals, but did not appear in *The London Magazine.*

Elia was the name of an Italian clerk whose acquaintance Lamb had made during his short period of service in the South-Sea house (Sept. 1791—Feb. 1792). Lamb adopted the pseudonym, as he told John Taylor, the publisher of the *London*, to avoid giving possible offence to his elder brother John, who, when *Recollections of the South-Sea House* appeared, was still in the service of the company. The original Elia, who, according to Lamb's statement, was an author himself, died in 1820, before Lamb's first essay in the *London* saw the light. The identity of the real author of the essays

was not hard to discover, and Leigh Hunt announced it in *The Indicator* early in 1821. Lamb answered him in the *London* for March 1821, when the following postscript was printed at the end of *A Chapter on Ears*:

A writer, whose real name, it seems, is *Boldero*, but who has been entertaining the town for the last twelve months, with some very pleasant lucubrations, under the assumed signature of *Leigh Hunt*[1], in his Indicator, of the 31st January last, has thought fit to insinuate that I *Elia* do not write the little sketches which bear my signature in this magazine; but that the true author of them is a Mr L——b. Observe the critical period at which he has chosen to impute the calumny!—on the very eve of the publication of our last number—affording no scope for explanation for a full month—during which time I must needs lie writhing and tossing, under the cruel imputation of nonentity. Good heavens! that a plain man must not be allowed *to be*——

They call this an age of personality: but surely this spirit of anti-personality (if I may so express it) is something worse.

Take away my moral reputation: I may live to discredit that calumny.

Injure my literary fame,—I may write that up again—

But when a gentleman is robbed of his identity, where is he?

Other murderers stab but at our existence, a frail and perishing trifle at the best. But here is an assassin who aims at our very essence; who not only forbids us *to be* any longer, but *to have been* at all. Let our ancestors look to it——

Is the parish register nothing? Is the house in Princes-street, Cavendish square, where we saw the light six-and-forty years ago, nothing? Were our progenitors from stately Genoa, where we flourished four centuries back, before the barbarous name of Boldero[2] was known to a European mouth, nothing? Was the goodly scion of our name, transplanted into England, in the reign of the seventh Henry, nothing? Are the archives of the steel yard, in succeeding reigns (if haply they survive the fury of our envious

[1] Clearly a fictitious appellation; for if we admit the latter of these names to be in a manner English, what is *Leigh*? Christian nomenclature knows no such.

[2] It is clearly of transatlantic origin.

enemies) showing that we flourished in prime repute, as merchants, down to the period of the commonwealth, nothing?

> 'Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing—
> The covering sky is nothing, Bohemia is nothing.'

I am ashamed that this trifling writer should have power to move me so.

There was no form of literary humour which Lamb loved better than an ingenious mixture of fiction with fact; and matter-of-fact readers of the *London* found the Genoese ancestry and the alleged birthplace of Elia hard to reconcile with the statements contained in other essays. In November 1821 Lamb printed the following letter in the *London*, under the title of *Elia to his Correspondents*:

A Correspondent, who writes himself Peter Ball, or Bell—for his hand-writing is as ragged as his manners—admonishes me of the old saying, that some people (under a courteous periphrasis I slur his less ceremonious epithet) had need have good memories. In my 'Old Benchers of the Inner Temple,' I have delivered myself, and truly, a Templar born. Bell clamours upon this, and thinketh that he hath caught a fox. It seems that in a former paper, retorting upon a weekly scribbler who had called my good identity in question, (see P.S. to my 'Chapter on Ears'), I profess myself a native of some spot near Cavendish Square, deducing my remoter origin from Italy. But who does not see, except this tinkling cymbal, that in that idle fiction of Genoese ancestry I was answering a fool according to his folly—that Elia there expresseth himself ironically, as to an approved slanderer, who hath no right to the truth, and can be no fit recipient of it? Such a one it is usual to leave to his delusions; or, leading him from error still to contradictory error, to plunge him (as we say) deeper in the mire, and give him line till he suspend himself. No understanding reader could be imposed upon by such obvious rhodomontade to suspect me for an alien, or believe me other than English.—To a second Correspondent, who signs himself 'a Wiltshire man,' and claims me for a countryman upon the strength of an equivocal phrase in my 'Christ's Hospital,' a more mannerly reply is due. Passing over the Genoese fable, which Bell makes such a ring about, he nicely detects a more subtle discrepancy,

which Bell was too obtuse to strike upon. Referring to the passage ...I must confess, that the term 'native town,' applied to Calne, *primâ facie* seems to bear out the construction which my friendly Correspondent is willing to put upon it. The context too, I am afraid, a little favours it. But where the words of an author, taken literally, compared with some other passage in his writings, admitted to be authentic, involve a palpable contradiction, it hath been the custom of the ingenuous commentator to smooth the difficulty by the supposition, that in the one case an allegorical or tropical sense was chiefly intended. So, by the word 'native,' I may be supposed to mean a town where I might have been born; or where it might be desirable that I should have been born, as being situate in wholesome air, upon a dry chalky soil, in which I delight; or a town, with the inhabitants of which I passed some weeks, a summer or two ago, so agreeably, that they and it became in a manner native to me. Without some such latitude of interpretation in the present case, I see not how we can avoid falling into a gross error in physics, as to conceive that a gentleman may be born in two places, from which all modern and ancient testimony is alike abhorrent. Bacchus cometh the nearest to it, whom I remember Ovid to have honoured with the epithet 'Twice born[1].' But, not to mention that he is so called (we conceive) in reference to the places *whence* rather than the places *where* he was delivered,—for by either birth he may probably be challenged for a Theban—in a strict way of speaking, he was a *filius femoris* by no means in the same sense as he had been before a *filius alvi*, for that latter was but a secondary and tralatitious way of being born, and he but a denizen of the second house of his geniture. Thus much by way of explanation was thought due to the courteous 'Wiltshire man.'—To 'Indagator,' 'Investigator,' 'Incertus,' and the rest of the pack, that are so importunate about the true localities of his birth—as if, forsooth, Elia were presently about to be passed to his parish—to all such churchwarden critics he answereth, that, any explanation here given notwithstanding, he hath not so fixed his nativity (like a rusty vane)

[1] 'Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum est)
Insuitur femori—
Tutaque bis geniti sunt incunabula Bacchi.'
Metamorph., lib. iii.

to one dull spot, but that, if he seeth occasion, or the argument shall demand it, he will be born again, in future papers, in whatever place, and at whatever period, shall seem good unto him.

'Modò me Thebis, modò Athenis.'

ELIA.

In January 1823 Lamb determined to kill Elia, and wrote the essay, *A Character of the late Elia*, now printed in part as the preface to *The Last Essays of Elia*. *Rejoicings on the New Year's Coming of Age*, which appeared in the same number of the *London*, was signed by 'Elia's Ghost.' Essays from the same pen, however, appeared regularly in the *London* from March to December 1823. Only two were printed in 1824; but in January 1825 Elia again became a regular contributor, until the magazine passed into new hands in August.

A second series of *Elia* was collected by a firm of American publishers, and published at Philadelphia in 1828, as a sequel to a pirated reprint of the original volume. This contained some of Lamb's earlier essays, which had been published in his *Works* (1818), and three essays by other hands, in addition to the actual contributions of Elia. *The Last Essays of Elia*, however, was not published in England until 1833. This volume contained one essay (*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading*) from *The London Magazine* of 1822; nine essays of 1823; two of 1824; and five of 1825. Of the remaining essays, the *Popular Fallacies* and two of the same series printed under separate titles were reprinted from *The New Monthly Magazine* of 1826; three were from *The Englishman's Magazine* of 1831; one from *The Athenaeum* of 1832; and one from Hone's *Table Book* (1827). This last, *A Death-Bed*, was omitted in the second edition of 1835, in which its place was filled by an earlier essay, *Confessions of a Drunkard*, written as early as 1812 and already printed in three separate forms.

It should be remembered that, at the time of his earliest appearance as Elia, Lamb was already generally known as a miscellaneous writer and critic, and his *Works* had been

published in two volumes in 1818. He was in his forty-sixth year, and the *Essays of Elia* are thus the fruit of a ripe experience and exhibit a fully developed style. Lamb's choice of subjects is of the most casual, and his method of treatment of the most desultory kind. In his medley of autobiography, soliloquy, parable, and criticism, there is no settled philosophy of life, to colour every object from a fixed point of view. The essays reflect a variety of their author's moods, but in none of these is he the victim of a disposition to preach to his readers. His observations upon life are personal confidences, which ask for our sympathy and promise it, where it is given, a quick return. No modern English writer has appealed so unreservedly to his audience, or has shown it so thoroughly that the professional man of letters can be an ordinary human being. The fellow-feeling with all that is human, which made Lamb the friend in his lifetime of men of the most diverse gifts and shades of thought, has given him a peculiar place in the sympathy and affections of later generations.

In this prevailing interest in humanity Lamb was most nearly akin to the writers of an elder age, in whom he found his favourite reading and the source of his individual style. Among his earlier writings there is nothing to which the student of English literature turns with more pleasure than the notes in *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare* (1808). Each of these short paragraphs, examples of elaborate and imaginative, but perfectly lucid prose, sums up the characteristics of his authors with an understanding which no later critic has equalled. Other longer essays declared his affection for those authors of the early part of the seventeenth century, who wrote freely as their speculations moved them, with a spontaneous display of their wide reading, out of curiosity in the varied life which they saw round them and without the least intention of overwhelming the public with their superior cleverness. One of Lamb's earliest pieces of prose is a short series of *Curious Fragments*, written in imitation of Robert Burton, the author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*,

and purporting to be extracts from his common-place book. In the *Essays of Elia* there is abundant evidence of Lamb's delight in the *Anatomy*, a treatise in which Burton applied his vast store of out-of-the-way reading to a range of subjects very imperfectly suggested by the title. The conceits of Fuller, 'oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion,' and the more florid style of Jeremy Taylor, at once stately and fluent, adorned with continual allusions to history and literature and with natural descriptions of the greatest beauty, were also much to his taste. But his favourite prose author of this period was sir Thomas Browne. His own habit of mind closely resembled that of the author of *Religio Medici*, who took a pleasure, quite distinct from absorption in self, in examining and revealing his own thoughts and motives, finding in knowledge of himself the key to the study of the world around him. More than this, Lamb's reading of sir Thomas Browne closely affected his own style. Its tendency to the use of latinised and obsolete words and phrases may be referred to the general influence of seventeenth-century writers; but there are whole passages, especially those written in his more serious moods, in which Lamb's thoughts, moving in the channel in which Browne's mind found its way to expression most readily, take shape in a rhythm and cadence almost indistinguishable from those habitual to Browne. Sustained passages of this type will be found in *New Year's Eve* and in the *Popular Fallacy* 'that we should rise with the Lark'; but the influence of Browne was never far absent from Lamb, and the essays are pervaded by allusions to this favourite author and echoes of his manner.

This is the most conspicuous instance of the debt which Lamb owed to the literature of the past. His familiarity with the older authors, however, was not confined to a few. His thoughts clothed themselves naturally in phrases borrowed from the Authorised version of the Bible, from Shakespeare, Milton, Marvell, Cowley, Izaak Walton, and less well-known writers; and, apart from the more obvious cases, there is probably a very large number of quotations or reminiscent

phrases in the essays, for which an original might be found with some searching. But the style of *Elia* is not on that account imitative, or a mere collection of other men's thoughts and words. Lamb's mind was in the highest degree receptive, but what it received it gave out again with a new context and an individual meaning. Nothing that reached it faded into a dead memory, but everything suffered

> 'a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.'

His work is a proof of the undying power of the great literature of the past to perpetuate itself in new forms and to call original genius into being. Readers to whom sir Thomas Browne's prose appears to be nothing but an unintelligible fantasia upon unpractical themes can listen to its echoes in Lamb with attention and interest. Hazlitt records that William Ayrton the musician, on hearing Lamb descant upon the attractions of Browne and Fulke Greville, 'whispered a friendly apprehension, that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed authors, he would never become a popular writer.' It was this admiration, on the contrary, which aided a mind as peculiar and creative as those of the 'old crabbed authors' themselves to express itself in terms that commanded the sympathy of a new age, and have won a popularity dependent upon qualities which were all Lamb's own.

The self-revelation of the *Essays of Elia* has been mentioned already. While such writers as Browne and Burton found a source of interest in themselves, that interest was mainly concerned with the intellect: Browne's allusions to his home in Norwich, Burton's to his birthplace in Warwickshire or his parsonage in Lincolnshire, are merely passing touches of autobiography. Lamb, on the other hand, wrote in his essays a record of episodes which can be connected, with the addition of a few links and the elimination of a considerable amount of delightful fiction, into a substantial account of a large part of his life. Sometimes, as in *My First Play* or in *Mackery End*, the story is told directly: sometimes,

as in *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*, it is told from an assumed point of view. Artistic effect is always carefully considered: the form which Lamb's work took allowed him considerable licence in the presentation of facts, of which he availed himself liberally. The ease with which he blended fact with fancy is unique in English literature. The two elements are woven together so closely that, even where the matter in hand seems to be drawn entirely from his own experience, there is always a suspicion that imagination has lent her aid to supply some picturesque touch and heighten the effect of the story. His delight in pure fun inclined him naturally to these harmless deceptions. Prosaic readers, who were mystified by such contradictions as the apparent claim of Elia to three separate birthplaces, gave him opportunity for the type of banter in which he excelled. His gentle expostulations only deepened the mystery. Apart from personal gratification, however, his method of employing autobiography is strictly in keeping with the canons of art. The *Essays of Elia* is primarily a work of imagination. Autobiographic detail is not its purpose, but is merely incident to it; and the writer is at liberty to keep to the strict truth or draw upon his imagination as he will.

This free handling of fact is seen at its best in those essays in which Lamb groups together a number of portraits of his early friends and acquaintances. *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*, the 'college' of clerks in *Recollections of the South-Sea House*, the Grecians in *Christ's Hospital* are drawn with a power of accurate reminiscence, always tempered with a consciousness of the licence necessary to artistic portraiture. Slight exaggerations, judicious omissions, only make the likeness more effective. Here and there we find a picture, like the famous and beautiful apostrophe to Coleridge in *Christ's Hospital*, which is of historical interest; but for the most part Lamb exercised his skill upon the task of summoning into life forgotten shades from the dead past. The names which he supplied in a 'key' for the benefit of one of his friends are otherwise for the most

part without a memorial, and it has even been hinted that some of them may be fictitious. In any case, how far the traits which Lamb attributes to John Tipp or Samuel Salt, or even to Lovel, who represents his father, were truly those of the actual man, is a speculation which matters little: the probability is that he always coloured the truth with some degree of fancy. His imagination worked upon the impressions with which the outer world provided him, without enquiring too deeply into their absolute accuracy. He tells us, in *Blakesmoor in H——shire*, that as a child he imagined that the stream which ran through the park of the old mansion was a lake, and that it was not until a later day that he found out the real truth. This habit of mind, which easily translated the world of reality into fictitious terms, remained with him throughout life. It is seen in such details as the flexibility with which he appropriated quotations from his favourite authors and transformed them for his own purposes, and the gift of lyric phrase with which he adorned the results of his sound critical judgment. A lover of the drama from his earliest youth, he saw in the world a theatre in which men acted out a play for his perpetual entertainment, and in his record of his impressions the reality of life is treated from the point of view of one who is thoroughly acquainted with the limitations and the necessary aids of stagecraft.

The exactness of his pictures therefore concerns us much less than the atmosphere in which they are painted—an atmosphere which is the reflection of Lamb's own individuality. His appreciation of life was founded upon that acute sense of its apparent contradictions, which many feel, but few are able to express with any felicity. Lamb was a humourist in the fullest sense of the word. His keen sense of the ludicrous, which found vent in his love of nonsense and his confirmed habit of punning, was complemented and checked by his consciousness of the pathetic element in life. It is the perception of the fact that everything in life has at one and the same time its serious and its trivial side, and the ability to see life fully in both these aspects and appreciate them in their

true proportions with regard to each other, that constitute the perfect type of humour. Observation, deprived of this necessary balancing power, tends on the one hand to the mere laughter which so easily becomes idle and forced, while on the other its tendency is to regard life with unrelieved melancholy and bitter irony. The power of humour is a protection from these extremes: it recognises that the importance of man in his own sight and his insignificance in relation to the universe form the most common of human contradictions, and it reconciles the two apparent opposites by its full sympathy with each.

Lamb possessed this power in a remarkable degree, and enjoyed the gift of expressing it with such perfection that his style is the exact mirror of his mind. It is not only on account of his felicity in the use of words or his capacity for adorning his writing with allusions and quotations which he made his own, that Lamb takes his place among the great masters of English prose. It is because his style is so completely the literary equivalent of the vital principle in the man himself. It is the sensitive record of his varying moods. In *New Year's Eve* it takes its colour instinctively from the solemn and heightened tone of those older writers who were largely preoccupied with the mysteries of life and death; but its melancholy is relieved by touches of a quiet amusement which is a different thing from the seriousness with which Browne or Burton conveyed his sense of the oddity and contrariety of life. In *All Fools' Day* and *Rejoicings upon the New Year's Coming of Age* Lamb was in an opposite mood, full of high spirits and alive to any absurdity. But, whether the laughter or the pathos of life has the upper hand, Lamb's style is always tinged with a peculiar tenderness which is the reflection of his wide sympathy, and the prevailing atmosphere of the essays is that 'silvery twilight' in which his imaginary New Year's day ended after its extravagant revelry. This tenderness restrains the boisterousness which is the inevitable defect of an exclusively merry humour. In *Amicus Redivivus* we have the record of an incident which might easily lend itself

to two opposite methods of treatment. The learned George Dyer, short-sighted and absent-minded, walked straight out of Lamb's garden gate into the New River, and narrowly escaped drowning. On the one hand, it would be possible to exaggerate the farcical side of the episode: on the other hand, a sympathetic friend might dwell seriously upon the tragedy which it might have involved. Lamb does neither. The occurrence, devoid of all ill consequences, is in itself exquisitely ridiculous, characteristic of the oddest of Lamb's friends. But the oddest of his friends was also the most simple-minded and unworldly, an object for amusement and at the same time for sincere regard. It would have been impossible for Lamb to express his affection for the friend thus delivered from an untimely end without shewing his amusement at the ludicrous side of the case; and equally impossible for him to have laughed at the whole matter without touching its more serious aspect. He saw and treated it in its true proportions, with an easy avoidance of the extremes which might make too little or too much of one or other of its qualities. Laughter is restrained by a sympathetic respect, which a healthy sense of amusement preserves from any approach to sentimentality.

Nowhere, however, is Lamb's tenderness of sentiment more exquisitely displayed than in those passages which recall his early life and the 'old familiar faces' which have vanished from his ken. How great a charm reminiscence had for him may be felt where he dwells upon the sights and sounds of London, his birthplace and his abode for nearly all his life, or upon the 'green fields of pleasant Hertfordshire,' with which he connected the holidays of his boyhood. The prevailing note of such passages of reminiscence is their pathos; they deal with events and emotions which are irrevocable. These things to Lamb were like something remembered 'a great while since, a long, long time ago': the sadness of their passing remained with him, but he could think of them without the bitterness of ever-present grief. In a world which presented him with a perpetually varying pageant, these sorrows took their proper place in relation to

the common lot of humanity. Pathos was never achieved with a lighter hand than in *Dream-Children*, the essay suggested by the death of his brother. It was written from Lamb's heart, and the sincerity of his feeling is echoed in the absolute simplicity of the style in which he tells his imaginary audience the story of the old house where he spent so many happy days and of the grandmother who was its presiding genius, and shadows forth the history of his early love. But, although the melancholy of the writer's mood is quite apparent, although he feels with deep regret the contrast between early hopes and loves and the gradual disillusionment and dwindling friendships of later life, his melancholy is far removed from that of the man who concentrates himself upon his own sorrows and sees those of the rest of the world only in so far as they refer to himself. Such an essay could not have been written by one who was shut up in self-contemplation. Readers of *Dream-Children*, *Old China*, or *A Death-Bed* will be able to understand that personal affection with which Lamb's memory is regarded by many who are perhaps blind to the more purely literary quality of his work.

From these considerations it may be possible to gather some idea of the reasons for that attraction which Lamb has exercised over his readers for nearly a century and continues to exercise without abatement. It is unnecessary to speak here of those personal details which the world knows, of his life-long devotion to the sister whose name is inseparable from his own, of his friendship with Coleridge and Wordsworth and the other leading spirits of the Romantic movement in England. These things may be plainly read in the text of the *Essays*. The conclusion to which the examination of the style and the contents of the *Essays of Elia* leads us is this. Lamb regarded the literature which he loved as the most complete expression of the fulness and interest of life. Other arts, and especially painting, shared his sympathy from this point of view; but just as, in one of his later essays, his thoughts on imagination in painting led him back to the discussion of the original portraiture of Don Quixote in the

pages of Cervantes, so no art could claim in his mind an equal pre-eminence with literature. His understanding of the inter-twined elements in life, his appreciation of the duty of literature to reproduce the apparent variance and actual harmony of such elements, gave his own writings, fugitive in their outer form, a permanent value; and to this is due their high position among those contributions to the explanation of life which have survived the fickle taste of a single period and have become classics.

ESSAYS OF ELIA

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

READER, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other suburban retreat northerly,—didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left—where Threadneedle-street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's[1].

This was once a house of trade,—a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks;

[1] I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate.
OSSIAN.

the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry;—the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams,—and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended in idle rows, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellarage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an 'unsunned heap,' for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.——

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battening upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfœtation of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some

curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty peculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce,—amid the fret and fever of speculation—with the Bank, and the 'Change, and the India-house about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet:—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves—with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers—with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious

ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*,—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled pen-knives (our ancestors had every thing on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as any thing from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humourists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion

of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one; his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp, and expand, over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets gone to decay—where Rosamond's Pond stood—the Mulberry-gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*, —the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors,

who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragoons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog-lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster-hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the bright solitary star of your lives,—ye mild and happy pair,—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This

was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He 'thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it.' Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle-street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of 'sweet breasts,' as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus-singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas, that were purely ornamental, were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum

of 25*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—(he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days):—but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand, that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, 'greatly find quarrel in a straw,' when some supposed

honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst *thou* in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the 'new-born gauds' of the time;—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.——

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So

tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's Life of Cave. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.——

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, childlike, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter:—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.——

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private:—already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature Woollett, who existed in trying

the question, and *bought litigations?*—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!——

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece:——

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

OXFORD IN THE VACATION

CASTING a preparatory glance at the bottom of this article—as the wary connoisseur in prints, with cursory eye, (which, while it reads, seems as though it read not,) never fails to consult the *quis sculpsit* in the corner, before he pronounces some rare piece to be a Vivares, or a Woollet—methinks I hear you exclaim, Reader, *Who is Elia?*

Because in my last I tried to divert thee with some half-forgotten humours of some old clerks defunct, in an old house of business, long since gone to decay, doubtless you have already set me down in your mind as one of the self-same college—a votary of the desk—a notched and cropt scrivener—one that sucks his sustenance, as certain sick people are said to do, through a quill.

Well, I do agnize something of the sort. I confess that it is my humour, my fancy—in the forepart of the day, when the mind of your man of letters requires some relaxation—(and none better than such as at first sight seems most abhorrent from his beloved studies)—to while away some good hours of my time in the contemplation of indigos, cottons, raw silks, piece-goods, flowered or otherwise. In the first place * * * * * * * and then it sends you home with such increased appetite to your books * * * * * not to say, that your outside sheets, and waste wrappers of foolscap, do receive into them, most kindly and naturally, the impression of sonnets, epigrams, *essays*—so that the very parings of a counting-house are, in some sort, the settings up of an author. The enfranchised quill, that has plodded all the morning among the cart-rucks of figures and cyphers, frisks and curvets so at its ease over the flowery carpet-ground of a midnight dissertation.—It feels its promotion. * * * * * So that you see, upon the whole, the literary dignity of *Elia* is very little, if at all, compromised in the condescension.

Not that, in my anxious detail of the many commodities incidental to the life of a public office, I would be thought blind to certain flaws, which a cunning carper might be able to pick in this Joseph's vest. And here I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition, and doing-away-with altogether, of those consolatory interstices, and sprinklings of freedom, through the four seasons,—the *red-letter days*, now become, to all intents and purposes, *dead-letter days*. There was Paul, and Stephen, and Barnabas—

Andrew and John, men famous in old times

—we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as I was at school at Christ's. I remember their effigies, by the same token, in the old Baskett Prayer Book. There hung Peter in his uneasy posture—holy Bartlemy in the troublesome act of flaying, after the famous Marsyas by Spagnoletti.—I honoured them all, and could almost have wept the defalcation of Iscariot—so much did we love to keep holy memories sacred:—only methought I a little grudged at the coalition of the *better Jude* with Simon—clubbing (as it were) their sanctities together, to make up one poor gaudy-day between them —as an economy unworthy of the dispensation.

These were bright visitations in a scholar's and a clerk's life—'far off their coming shone.'—I was as good as an almanac in those days. I could have told you such a saint's-day falls out next week, or the week after. Peradventure the Epiphany, by some periodical infelicity, would, once in six years, merge in a Sabbath. Now am I little better than one of the profane. Let me not be thought to arraign the wisdom of my civil superiors, who have judged the further observation of these holy tides to be papistical, superstitious. Only in a custom of such long standing, methinks, if their Holinesses the Bishops had, in decency, been first sounded —but I am wading out of my depths. I am not the man to decide the limits of civil and ecclesiastical authority—I am plain Elia—no Selden, nor Archbishop Usher—though at present in the thick of their books, here in the heart of learning, under the shadow of the mighty Bodley.

I can here play the gentleman, enact the student. To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his

young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or a curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a devoir to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that being nothing, art every thing! When thou *wert*, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern!* What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses[1] are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages?* Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, and that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more

[1] Januses of one face. SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculanean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's-inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his unconscious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits 'in calm and sinless peace.' The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon 'strike an abstract idea.'

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not

met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here or at C——. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking short-sightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil), D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend M.'s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fireside circle at M.'s—Mrs M. presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty A. S. at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were 'certainly not to return from the country before that day week'), and disappointed a second time, inquires for

pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another Sosia, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing 'immortal commonwealths'—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful anywhere, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrowgate. The Cam and the Isis are to him 'better than all the waters of Damascus.' On the Muses' hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO

In Mr Lamb's 'Works,' published a year or two since, I find a magnificent eulogy on my old school[1], such as it was, or now appears to him to have been, between the years 1782 and 1789. It happens, very oddly, that my own standing at Christ's was nearly corresponding with his; and, with all gratitude to him for his enthusiasm for the cloisters, I think he has contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them, dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously.

I remember L. at school; and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages, which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town, and were near at hand; and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction, which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in a morning, while we were battening upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our *crug*—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from. Our Monday's milk porritch, blue and tasteless, and the pease soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter,' from the hot-loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—(we had three

[1] Recollections of Christ's Hospital.

banyan to four meat days in the week)—was endeared to his palate with a lump of double-refined, and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly) or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled* Sundays, or *quite fresh* boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*), with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth—our scanty mutton crags on Fridays—and rather more savoury, but grudging, portions of the same flesh, rotten-roasted or rare, on the Tuesdays (the only dish which excited our appetites, and disappointed our stomachs, in almost equal proportion)—he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin (exotics unknown to our palates), cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing), and brought him daily by his maid or aunt! I remember the good old relative (in whom love forbade pride) squatting down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens ministered to the Tishbite); and the contending passions of L. at the unfolding. There was love for the bringer; shame for the thing brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and, at top of all, hunger (eldest, strongest of the passions!) predominant, breaking down the stony fences of shame, and awkwardness, and a troubling over-consciousness.

I was a poor friendless boy. My parents, and those who should care for me, were far away. Those few acquaintances of theirs, which they could reckon upon being kind to me in the great city, after a little forced notice, which they had the grace to take of me on my first arrival in town, soon grew tired of my holiday visits.

They seemed to them to recur too often, though I thought them few enough; and, one after another, they all failed me, and I felt myself alone among six hundred playmates.

O the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years! How, in my dreams, would my native town (far in the west) come back, with its church, and trees, and faces! How I would wake weeping, and in the anguish of my heart exclaim upon sweet Calne in Wiltshire!

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! —How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards

night-fall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

It was worse in the days of winter, to go prowling about the streets objectless—shivering at cold windows of print-shops, to extract a little amusement; or haply, as a last resort, in the hope of a little novelty, to pay a fifty-times repeated visit (where our individual faces should be as well known to the warden as those of his own charges) to the Lions in the Tower—to whose levée, by courtesy immemorial, we had a prescriptive title to admission.

L.'s governor (so we called the patron who presented us to the foundation) lived in a manner under his paternal roof. Any complaint which he had to make was sure of being attended to. This was understood at Christ's, and was an effectual screen to him against the severity of masters, or worse tyranny of the monitors. The oppressions of these young brutes are heart-sickening to call to recollection. I have been called out of my bed, and *waked for the purpose*, in the coldest winter nights—and this not once, but night after night—in my shirt, to receive the discipline of a leathern thong, with eleven other sufferers, because it pleased my callow overseer, when there has been any talking heard after we were gone to bed, to make the six last beds in the dormitory, where the youngest children of us slept, answerable for an offence they neither dared to commit, nor had the power to hinder.—The same execrable tyranny drove the younger part of us from the fires, when our feet were perishing with snow; and, under the cruelest penalties, forbad the indulgence of a drink of water, when we lay in sleepless

summer nights, fevered with the season, and the day's sports.

There was one H——, who, I learned, in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks. (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St Kitts,—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one half of our bread, to pamper a young ass, which, incredible as it may seem, with the connivance of the nurse's daughter (a young flame of his) he had contrived to smuggle in, and keep upon the leads of the *ward*, as they called our dormitories. This game went on for better than a week, till the foolish beast, not able to fare well but he must cry roast meat—happier than Caligula's minion, could he have kept his own counsel—but, foolisher, alas! than any of his species in the fables—waxing fat, and kicking, in the fulness of bread, one unlucky minute would needs proclaim his good fortune to the world below; and, laying out his simple throat, blew such a ram's-horn blast, as (toppling down the walls of his own Jericho) set concealment any longer at defiance. The client was dismissed, with certain attentions, to Smithfield; but I never understood that the patron underwent any censure on the occasion. This was in the stewardship of L.'s admired Perry.

Under the same *facile* administration, can L. have forgotten the cool impunity with which the nurses used to carry away openly, in open platters, for their own tables, one out of two of every hot joint, which the

careful matron had been seeing scrupulously weighed out for our dinners? These things were daily practised in that magnificent apartment, which L. (grown connoisseur since, we presume) praises so highly for the grand paintings 'by Verrio and others,' with which it is 'hung round and adorned.' But the sight of sleek well-fed blue-coat boys in pictures was, at that time, I believe, little consolatory to him, or us, the living ones, who saw the better part of our provisions carried away before our faces by harpies; and ourselves reduced (with the Trojan in the hall of Dido)

To feed our mind with idle portraiture.

L. has recorded the repugnance of the school to *gags*, or the fat of fresh beef boiled; and sets it down to some superstition. But these unctuous morsels are never grateful to young palates (children are universally fat-haters), and in strong, coarse, boiled meats, *unsalted*, are detestable. A *gag-eater* in our time was equivalent to a *goul*, and held in equal detestation. —— suffered under the imputation:

———'Twas said
He ate strange flesh.

He was observed, after dinner, carefully to gather up the remnants left at his table (not many, nor very choice fragments, you may credit me)—and, in an especial manner, these disreputable morsels, which he would convey away, and secretly stow in the settle that stood at his bed-side. None saw when he ate them. It was rumoured that he privately devoured them in the night. He was watched, but no traces of such midnight practices were discoverable. Some reported that, on leave-days, he had been seen to carry out of the bounds a large blue

check handkerchief, full of something. This then must be the accursed thing. Conjecture next was at work to imagine how he could dispose of it. Some said he sold it to the beggars. This belief generally prevailed. He went about moping. None spake to him. No one would play with him. He was excommunicated; put out of the pale of the school. He was too powerful a boy to be beaten, but he underwent every mode of that negative punishment, which is more grievous than many stripes. Still he persevered. At length he was observed by two of his schoolfellows, who were determined to get at the secret, and had traced him one leave-day for that purpose, to enter a large worn-out building, such as there exist specimens of in Chancery-lane, which are let out to various scales of pauperism, with open door and a common staircase. After him they silently slunk in, and followed by stealth up four flights, and saw him tap at a poor wicket, which was opened by an aged woman, meanly clad. Suspicion was now ripened into certainty. The informers had secured their victim. They had him in their toils. Accusation was formally preferred, and retribution most signal was looked for. Mr Hathaway, the then steward (for this happened a little after my time), with that patient sagacity which tempered all his conduct, determined to investigate the matter before he proceeded to sentence. The result was, that the supposed mendicants, the receivers or purchasers of the mysterious scraps, turned out to be the parents of ——, an honest couple come to decay,—whom this seasonable supply had, in all probability, saved from mendicancy; and this young stork, at the expense of his own good name, had all this while been only feeding the old birds!

—The governors on this occasion, much to their honour, voted a present relief to the family of ——, and presented him with a silver medal. The lesson which the steward read upon RASH JUDGMENT, on the occasion of publicly delivering the medal to ——, I believe, would not be lost upon his auditory.—I had left school then, but I well remember ——. He was a tall, shambling youth, with a cast in his eye, not at all calculated to conciliate hostile prejudices. I have since seen him carrying a baker's basket. I think I heard he did not do quite so well by himself, as he had done by the old folks.

I was a hypochondriac lad; and the sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of initiation. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven; and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told that he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence.—As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison,—orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him;*—or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude:—and here he was shut up by himself *of nights* out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors

the weak nerves, and superstition incident to his time of life, might subject him to[1]. This was the penalty for the second offence. Would'st thou like, reader, to see what became of him in the next degree?

The culprit, who had been a third time an offender, and whose expulsion was at this time deemed irreversible, was brought forth, as at some solemn *auto da fé*, arrayed in uncouth and most appalling attire—all trace of his late 'watchet weeds' carefully effaced, he was exposed in a jacket, resembling those which London lamplighters formerly delighted in, with a cap of the same. The effect of this divestiture was such as the ingenious devisers of it could have anticipated. With his pale and frighted features, it was as if some of those disfigurements in Dante had seized upon him. In this disguisement he was brought into the hall (*L.'s favourite state-room*), where awaited him the whole number of his schoolfellows, whose joint lessons and sports he was thenceforth to share no more; the awful presence of the steward, to be seen for the last time; of the executioner beadle, clad in his state robe for the occasion; and of two faces more, of direr import, because never but in these extremities visible. These were governors; two of whom by choice, or charter, were always accustomed to officiate at these *Ultima Supplicia*; not to mitigate (so at least we understood it), but to enforce the uttermost stripe. Old Bamber Gascoigne, and Peter Aubert,

[1] One or two instances of lunacy, or attempted suicide, accordingly, at length convinced the governors of the impolicy of this part of the sentence, and the midnight torture to the spirits was dispensed with.—This fancy of dungeons for children was a sprout of Howard's brain; for which (saving the reverence due to Holy Paul) methinks, I could willingly spit upon his statue.

I remember, were colleagues on one occasion, when the beadle turning rather pale, a glass of brandy was ordered to prepare him for the mysteries. The scourging was, after the old Roman fashion, long and stately. The lictor accompanied the criminal quite round the hall. We were generally too faint with attending to the previous disgusting circumstances, to make accurate report with our eyes of the degree of corporal suffering inflicted. Report, of course, gave out the back knotty and livid. After scourging, he was made over, in his *San Benito*, to his friends, if he had any (but commonly such poor runagates were friendless), or to his parish officer, who, to enhance the effect of the scene, had his station allotted to him on the outside of the hall gate.

These solemn pageantries were not played off so often as to spoil the general mirth of the community. We had plenty of exercise and recreation *after* school hours; and, for myself, I must confess, that I was never happier, than *in* them. The Upper and the Lower Grammar Schools were held in the same room; and an imaginary line only divided their bounds. Their character was as different as that of the inhabitants on the two sides of the Pyrenees. The Rev. James Boyer was the Upper Master; but the Rev. Matthew Field presided over that portion of the apartment, of which I had the good fortune to be a member. We lived a life as careless as birds. We talked and did just what we pleased, and nobody molested us. We carried an accidence, or a grammar, for form; but, for any trouble it gave us, we might take two years in getting through the verbs deponent, and another two in forgetting all

that we had learned about them. There was now and then the formality of saying a lesson, but if you had not learned it, a brush across the shoulders (just enough to disturb a fly) was the sole remonstrance. Field never used the rod; and in truth he wielded the cane with no great good will—holding it 'like a dancer.' It looked in his hands rather like an emblem than an instrument of authority; and an emblem, too, he was ashamed of. He was a good easy man, that did not care to ruffle his own peace, nor perhaps set any great consideration upon the value of juvenile time. He came among us, now and then, but often staid away whole days from us; and when he came, it made no difference to us—he had his private room to retire to, the short time he staid, to be out of the sound of our noise. Our mirth and uproar went on. We had classics of our own, without being beholden to 'insolent Greece or haughty Rome,' that passed current among us—Peter Wilkins—the Adventures of the Hon. Captain Robert Boyle—the Fortunate Blue Coat Boy—and the like. Or we cultivated a turn for mechanic and scientific operations; making little sun-dials of paper; or weaving those ingenious parentheses, called *cat-cradles*; or making dry peas to dance upon the end of a tin-pipe; or studying the art military over that laudable game 'French and English,' and a hundred other such devices to pass away the time—mixing the useful with the agreeable—as would have made the souls of Rousseau and John Locke chuckle to have seen us.

Matthew Field belonged to that class of modest divines who affect to mix in equal proportion the *gentleman*, the *scholar*, and the *Christian*; but, I know not

how, the first ingredient is generally found to be the predominating dose in the composition. He was engaged in gay parties, or with his courtly bow at some episcopal levée, when he should have been attending upon us. He had for many years the classical charge of a hundred children, during the four or five first years of their education; and his very highest form seldom proceeded further than two or three of the introductory fables of Phædrus. How things were suffered to go on thus, I cannot guess. Boyer, who was the proper person to have remedied these abuses, always affected, perhaps felt, a delicacy in interfering in a province not strictly his own. I have not been without my suspicions, that he was not altogether displeased at the contrast we presented to his end of the school. We were a sort of Helots to his young Spartans. He would sometimes, with ironic deference, send to borrow a rod of the Under Master, and then, with Sardonic grin, observe to one of his upper boys, 'how neat and fresh the twigs looked.' While his pale students were battering their brains over Xenophon and Plato, with a silence as deep as that enjoined by the Samite, we were enjoying ourselves at our ease in our little Goshen. We saw a little into the secrets of his discipline, and the prospect did but the more reconcile us to our lot. His thunders rolled innocuous for us: his storms came near, but never touched us; contrary to Gideon's miracle, while all around were drenched, our fleece was dry[1]. His boys turned out the better scholars; we, I suspect, have the advantage in temper. His pupils cannot speak of him without something of terror allaying their

[1] Cowley.

gratitude; the remembrance of Field comes back with all the soothing images of indolence, and summer slumbers, and work like play, and innocent idleness, and Elysian exemptions, and life itself a 'playing holiday.'

Though sufficiently removed from the jurisdiction of Boyer, we were near enough (as I have said) to understand a little of his system. We occasionally heard sounds of the *Ululantes*, and caught glances of Tartarus. B. was a rabid pedant. His English style was crampt to barbarism. His Easter anthems (for his duty obliged him to those periodical flights) were grating as scrannel pipes[1].—He would laugh, ay, and heartily, but then it must be at Flaccus's quibble about *Rex*—or at the *tristis severitas in vultu*, or *inspicere in patinas*, of Terence—thin jests, which at their first broaching could hardly have had *vis* enough to move a Roman muscle. —He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of differing omen. The one serene, smiling, fresh powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old, discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school, when he made his morning appearance in his *passy*, or *passionate wig*. No comet expounded surer.—J. B. had a heavy hand.

[1] In this and every thing B. was the antipodes of his coadjutor. While the former was digging his brains for crude anthems, worth a pig-nut, F. would be recreating his gentlemanly fancy in the more flowery walks of the Muses. A little dramatic effusion of his, under the name of Vertumnus and Pomona, is not yet forgotten by the chroniclers of that sort of literature. It was accepted by Garrick, but the town did not give it their sanction.—B. used to say of it, in a way of half-compliment, half-irony, that it was *too classical for representation.*

I have known him double his knotty fist at a poor trembling child (the maternal milk hardly dry upon its lips) with a 'Sirrah, do you presume to set your wits at me?'—Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the school-room, from his inner recess, or library, and, with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Od's my life, Sirrah,' (his favourite adjuration) 'I have a great mind to whip you,'—then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair—and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context) drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some Devil's Litany, with the expletory yell—'*and I* WILL, *too.*'—In his gentler moods, when the *rabidus furor* was assuaged, he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping the boy, and reading the Debates, at the same time; a paragraph, and a lash between; which in those times, when parliamentary oratory was most at a height and flourishing in these realms, was not calculated to impress the patient with a veneration for the diffuser graces of rhetoric.

Once, and but once, the uplifted rod was known to fall ineffectual from his hand—when droll squinting W——, having been caught putting the inside of the master's desk to a use for which the architect had clearly not designed it, to justify himself, with great simplicity averred, that *he did not know that the thing had been forewarned.* This exquisite irrecognition of any law antecedent to the *oral* or *declaratory*, struck so irresistibly upon the fancy of all who heard it (the

pedagogue himself not excepted) that remission was unavoidable.

L. has given credit to B.'s great merits as an instructor. Coleridge, in his *Literary Life*, has pronounced a more intelligible and ample encomium on them. The author of the *Country Spectator* doubts not to compare him with the ablest teachers of antiquity. Perhaps we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of C—— when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed: 'Poor J. B.!—may all his faults be forgiven; and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys all head and wings, with no *bottoms* to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'

Under him were many good and sound scholars bred.—First Grecian of my time was Lancelot Pepys Stevens, kindest of boys and men, since Co-grammar-master (and inseparable companion) with Dr T——e. What an edifying spectacle did this brace of friends present to those who remembered the anti-socialities of their predecessors!—You never met the one by chance in the street without a wonder, which was quickly dissipated by the almost immediate sub-appearance of the other. Generally arm-in-arm, these kindly coadjutors lightened for each other the toilsome duties of their profession, and when, in advanced age, one found it convenient to retire, the other was not long in discovering that it suited him to lay down the fasces also. Oh, it is pleasant, as it is rare, to find the same arm linked in yours at forty, which at thirteen helped it to turn over the *Cicero De Amicitiâ*, or some tale of Antique Friendship, which the young heart even then was burning to anticipate!—Co-Grecian with S. was

Th——, who had since executed with ability various diplomatic functions at the Northern courts. Th—— was a tall, dark, saturnine youth, sparing of speech, with raven locks.—Thomas Fanshaw Middleton followed him (now Bishop of Calcutta), a scholar and a gentleman in his teens. He has the reputation of an excellent critic; and is author (besides the Country Spectator) of a Treatise on the Greek Article, against Sharpe.—M. is said to bear his mitre high in India, where the *regni novitas* (I dare say) sufficiently justifies the bearing. A humility quite as primitive as that of Jewel or Hooker might not be exactly fitted to impress the minds of those Anglo-Asiatic diocesans with a reverence for home institutions, and the church which those fathers watered. The manners of M. at school, though firm, were mild and unassuming.—Next to M. (if not senior to him) was Richards, author of the Aboriginal Britons, the most spirited of the Oxford Prize Poems; a pale, studious Grecian.—Then followed poor S——, ill-fated M——! of these the Muse is silent.

> Finding some of Edward's race
> Unhappy, pass their annals by.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, intranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale

at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*—Many were the 'wit-combats,' (to dally awhile with the words of old Fuller), between him and C. V. Le G——, 'which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man of war; Master Coleridge, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances. C. V. L., with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'

Nor shalt thou, their compeer, be quickly forgotten, Allen, with the cordial smile, and still more cordial laugh, with which thou wert wont to make the old Cloisters shake, in thy cognition of some poignant jest of theirs; or the anticipation of some more material, and, peradventure, practical one, of thine own. Extinct are those smiles, with that beautiful countenance, with which (for thou wert the *Nireus formosus* of the school), in the days of thy maturer waggery, thou didst disarm the wrath of infuriated town-damsel, who, incensed by provoking pinch, turning tigress-like round, suddenly converted by thy angel-look, exchanged the half-formed terrible '*bl*——,' for a gentler greeting—'*bless thy handsome face!*'

Next follow two, who ought to be now alive, and the friends of Elia—the junior Le G—— and F——; who impelled, the former by a roving temper, the latter by too quick a sense of neglect—ill capable of enduring the slights poor Sizars are sometimes subject to in our seats of learning—exchanged their Alma Mater for the

camp; perishing, one by climate, and one on the plains of Salamanca:—Le G——, sanguine, volatile, sweet-natured; F——, dogged, faithful, anticipative of insult, warm-hearted, with something of the old Roman height about him.

Fine, frank-hearted Fr——, the present master of Hertford, with Marmaduke T——, mildest of Missionaries—and both my good friends still—close the catalogue of Grecians in my time.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

THE human species, according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions. The infinite superiority of the former, which I choose to designate as the *great race*, is discernible in their figure, port, and a certain instinctive sovereignty. The latter are born degraded. 'He shall serve his brethren.' There is something in the air of one of this cast, lean and suspicious; contrasting with the open, trusting, generous manners of the other.

Observe who have been the greatest borrowers of all ages—Alcibiades—Falstaff—Sir Richard Steele—our

late incomparable Brinsley—what a family likeness in all four!

What a careless, even deportment hath your borrower! what rosy gills! what a beautiful reliance on Providence doth he manifest,—taking no more thought than lilies! What contempt for money,—accounting it (yours and mine especially) no better than dross! What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum!* or rather, what a noble simplification of language (beyond Tooke), resolving these supposed opposites into one clear, intelligible pronoun adjective! —What near approaches doth he make to the primitive *community*,—to the extent of one-half of the principle at least.

He is the true taxer who 'calleth all the world up to be taxed'; and the distance is as vast between him and *one of us*, as subsisted between the Augustan Majesty and the poorest obolary Jew that paid it tribute-pittance at Jerusalem!—His exactions, too, have such a cheerful, voluntary air! So far removed from your sour parochial or state-gatherers,—those ink-horn varlets, who carry their want of welcome in their faces! He cometh to you with a smile, and troubleth you with no receipt; confining himself to no set season. Every day is his Candlemas, or his Feast of Holy Michael. He applieth the *lene tormentum* of a pleasant look to your purse,—which to that gentle warmth expands her silken leaves, as naturally as the cloak of the traveller, for which sun and wind contended! He is the true Propontic which never ebbeth! The sea which taketh handsomely at each man's hand. In vain the victim, whom he delighteth to honour, struggles with destiny;

he is in the net. Lend therefore cheerfully, O man ordained to lend—that thou lose not in the end, with thy worldly penny, the reversion promised. Combine not preposterously in thine own person the penalties of Lazarus and of Dives!—but when thou seest the proper authority coming, meet it smilingly, as it were half-way. Come, a handsome sacrifice! See how light *he* makes of it! Strain not courtesies with a noble enemy.

Reflections like the foregoing were forced upon my mind by the death of my old friend, Ralph Bigod, Esq., who departed this life on Wednesday evening; dying, as he had lived, without much trouble. He boasted himself a descendant from mighty ancestors of that name, who heretofore held ducal dignities in this realm. In his actions and sentiments he belied not the stock to which he pretended. Early in life he found himself invested with ample revenues; which, with that noble disinterestedness which I have noticed as inherent in men of the *great race*, he took almost immediate measures entirely to dissipate and bring to nothing: for there is something revolting in the idea of a king holding a private purse; and the thoughts of Bigod were all regal. Thus furnished by the very act of disfurnishment; getting rid of the cumbersome luggage of riches, more apt (as one sings)

> To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
> Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise,

he set forth, like some Alexander, upon his great enterprise, 'borrowing and to borrow!'

In his periegesis, or triumphant progress throughout this island, it has been calculated that he laid a tythe part of the inhabitants under contribution. I reject

this estimate as greatly exaggerated:—but having had the honour of accompanying my friend divers times, in his perambulations about this vast city, I own I was greatly struck at first with the prodigious number of faces we met, who claimed a sort of respectful acquaintance with us. He was one day so obliging as to explain the phenomenon. It seems, these were his tributaries; feeders of his exchequer; gentlemen, his good friends (as he was pleased to express himself), to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan. Their multitudes did no way disconcert him. He rather took a pride in numbering them; and, with Comus, seemed pleased to be 'stocked with so fair a herd.'

With such sources, it was a wonder how he contrived to keep his treasury always empty. He did it by force of an aphorism, which he had often in his mouth, that 'money kept longer than three days stinks.' So he made use of it while it was fresh. A good part he drank away (for he was an excellent toss-pot), some he gave away, the rest he threw away, literally tossing and hurling it violently from him—as boys do burrs, or as if it had been infectious,—into ponds, or ditches, or deep holes,—inscrutable cavities of the earth;—or he would bury it (where he would never seek it again) by a river's side under some bank, which (he would facetiously observe) paid no interest—but out away from him it must go peremptorily, as Hagar's offspring into the wilderness, while it was sweet. He never missed it. The streams were perennial which fed his fisc. When new supplies became necessary, the first person that had the felicity to fall in with him, friend or stranger, was sure to contribute to the deficiency. For Bigod

had an *undeniable* way with him. He had a cheerful, open exterior, a quick jovial eye, a bald forehead, just touched with grey (*cana fides*). He anticipated no excuse, and found none. And, waiving for a while my theory as to the *great race*, I would put it to the most untheorising reader, who may at times have disposable coin in his pocket, whether it is not more repugnant to the kindliness of his nature to refuse such a one as I am describing, than to say *no* to a poor petitionary rogue (your bastard borrower), who, by his mumping visnomy, tells you, that he expects nothing better; and, therefore, whose preconceived notions and expectations you do in reality so much less shock in the refusal.

When I think of this man; his fiery glow of heart; his swell of feeling; how magnificent, how *ideal* he was; how great at the midnight hour; and when I compare with him the companions with whom I have associated since, I grudge the saving of a few idle ducats, and think that I am fallen into the society of *lenders*, and *little* men.

To one like Elia, whose treasures are rather cased in leather covers than closed in iron coffers, there is a class of alienators more formidable than that which I have touched upon; I mean your *borrowers of books*—those mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes. There is Comberbatch, matchless in his depredations!

That foul gap in the bottom shelf facing you, like a great eye-tooth knocked out—(you are now with me in my little back study in Bloomsbury, reader!)—with the huge Switzer-like tomes on each side (like the Guildhall giants, in their reformed posture, guardant of

nothing) once held the tallest of my folios, *Opera Bonaventuræ*, choice and massy divinity, to which its two supporters (school divinity also, but of a lesser calibre, —Bellarmine, and Holy Thomas), showed but as dwarfs, —itself an Ascapart!—*that* Comberbatch abstracted upon the faith of a theory he holds, which is more easy, I confess, for me to suffer by than to refute, namely, that 'the title to property in a book (my Bonaventure, for instance), is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same.' Should he go on acting upon this theory, which of our shelves is safe?

The slight vacuum in the left-hand case—two shelves from the ceiling—scarcely distinguishable but by the quick eye of a loser—was whilom the commodious resting-place of Browne on Urn Burial. C. will hardly allege that he knows more about that treatise than I do, who introduced it to him, and was indeed the first (of the moderns) to discover its beauties—but so have I known a foolish lover to praise his mistress in the presence of a rival more qualified to carry her off than himself.—Just below, Dodsley's dramas want their fourth volume, where Vittoria Corombona is! The remainder nine are as distasteful as Priam's refuse sons, when the Fates *borrowed* Hector. Here stood the Anatomy of Melancholy, in sober state.—There loitered the Complete Angler; quiet as in life, by some stream side. In yonder nook, John Buncle, a widower-volume, with 'eyes closed,' mourns his ravished mate.

One justice I must do my friend, that if he sometimes, like the sea, sweeps away a treasure, at another time, sea-like, he throws up as rich an equivalent to

match it. I have a small under-collection of this nature (my friend's gatherings in his various calls), picked up, he has forgotten at what odd places, and deposited with as little memory at mine. I take in these orphans, the twice-deserted. These proselytes of the gate are welcome as the true Hebrews. There they stand in conjunction; natives, and naturalized. The latter seem as little disposed to inquire out their true lineage as I am.—I charge no warehouse-room for these deodands, nor shall ever put myself to the ungentlemanly trouble of advertising a sale of them to pay expenses.

To lose a volume to C. carries some sense and meaning in it. You are sure that he will make one hearty meal on your viands, if he can give no account of the platter after it. But what moved thee, wayward, spiteful K., to be so importunate to carry off with thee, in spite of tears and adjurations to thee to forbear, the Letters of that princely woman, the thrice noble Margaret Newcastle?—knowing at the time, and knowing that I knew also, thou most assuredly wouldst never turn over one leaf of the illustrious folio:—what but the mere spirit of contradiction, and childish love of getting the better of thy friend?—Then, worst cut of all! to transport it with thee to the Gallican land—

> Unworthy land to harbour such a sweetness,
> A virtue in which all ennobling thoughts dwelt,
> Pure thoughts, kind thoughts, high thoughts, her sex's wonder!

—hadst thou not thy play-books, and books of jests and fancies, about thee, to keep thee merry, even as thou keepest all companies with thy quips and mirthful tales? Child of the Green-room, it was unkindly done of thee. Thy wife, too, that part-French, better-part

Englishwoman!—that *she* could fix upon no other treatise to bear away, in kindly token of remembering us, than the works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke—of which no Frenchman, nor woman of France, Italy, or England, was ever by nature constituted to comprehend a tittle! *Was there not Zimmerman on Solitude?*

Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection, be shy of showing it; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books; but let it be to such a one as S. T. C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury; enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience. Many of these precious MSS. of his—(in *matter* oftentimes, and almost in *quantity* not unfrequently, vying with the originals) in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel; in old Burton; in Sir Thomas Browne; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville, now, alas! wandering in Pagan lands.—I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library, against S. T. C.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Every man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing in it beyond

cake and orange. But the birth of a New Year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the Old Year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth, as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed—

> I saw the skirts of the departing Year.

It is no more than what in sober sadness every one of us seems to be conscious of, in that awful leave-taking. I am sure I felt it, and all felt it with me, last night; though some of my companions affected rather to manifest an exhilaration at the birth of the coming year, than any very tender regrets for the decease of its predecessor. But I am none of those who—

> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

I am naturally, beforehand, shy of novelties; new books, new faces, new years,—from some mental twist which makes it difficult in me to face the prospective. I have almost ceased to hope; and am sanguine only in the prospects of other (former) years. I plunge into foregone visions and conclusions. I encounter pell-mell

with past disappointments. I am armour-proof against old discouragements. I forgive, or overcome in fancy, old adversaries. I play over again *for love*, as the gamesters phrase it, games, for which I once paid so dear. I would scarce now have any of those untoward accidents and events of my life reversed. I would no more alter them than the incidents of some well-contrived novel. Methinks, it is better that I should have pined away seven of my goldenest years, when I was thrall to the fair hair, and fairer eyes, of Alice W——n, than that so passionate a love-adventure should be lost. It was better that our family should have missed that legacy, which old Dorrell cheated us of, than that I should have at this moment two thousand pounds *in banco*, and be without the idea of that specious old rogue.

In a degree beneath manhood, it is my infirmity to look back upon those early days. Do I advance a paradox, when I say, that, skipping over the intervention of forty years, a man may have leave to love *himself*, without the imputation of self-love?

If I know aught of myself, no one whose mind is introspective—and mine is painfully so—can have a less respect for his present identity, than I have for the man Elia. I know him to be light, and vain, and humoursome; a notorious * * *; addicted to * * * *; averse from counsel, neither taking it nor offering it;—* * * besides; a stammering buffoon; what you will; lay it on, and spare not: I subscribe to it all, and much more, than thou canst be willing to lay at his door—but for the child Elia, that 'other me,' there, in the background—I must take leave to cherish the remembrance of that young master—with as little reference, I protest,

to this stupid changeling of five-and-forty, as if it had been a child of some other house, and not of my parents. I can cry over its patient small-pox at five, and rougher medicaments. I can lay its poor fevered head upon the sick pillow at Christ's, and wake with it in surprise at the gentle posture of maternal tenderness hanging over it, that unknown had watched its sleep. I know how it shrank from any the least colour of falsehood.—God help thee, Elia, how art thou changed!—Thou art sophisticated.—I know how honest, how courageous (for a weakling) it was—how religious, how imaginative, how hopeful! From what have I not fallen, if the child I remember was indeed myself,—and not some dissembling guardian, presenting a false identity, to give the rule to my unpractised steps, and regulate the tone of my moral being!

That I am fond of indulging, beyond a hope of sympathy, in such retrospection, may be the symptom of some sickly idiosyncrasy. Or, is it owing to another cause: simply, that being without wife or family, I have not learned to project myself enough out of myself; and having no offspring of my own to dally with, I turn back upon memory, and adopt my own early idea, as my heir and favourite? If these speculations seem fantastical to thee, reader—(a busy man, perchance), if I tread out of the way of thy sympathy, and am singularly-conceited only, I retire, impenetrable to ridicule, under the phantom-cloud of Elia.

The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the Old Year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar

ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments and shortest periods, like misers' farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away 'like a weaver's shuttle.' Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. I am in love with this green earth; the face of town and country; the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets. I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived; I, and my friends: to be no younger, no richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age; or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.—Any alteration, on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant

a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and *irony itself*—do these things go out with life?

Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him?

And you, my midnight darlings, my Folios! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?

Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognisable face—the 'sweet assurance of a look'—?

In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then we are as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the insubstantial, wait upon that master feeling; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus' sickly sister, like that innutritious

one denounced in the Canticles:—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

Whatever thwarts, or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore.—I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge; and speak of the grave as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and spoken evil of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive!*

Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man, that he shall 'lie down with kings and emperors in death,' who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows?—or, forsooth, that 'so shall the fairest face appear?'—why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tombstones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that 'Such as he now is I must shortly be.' Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the meantime I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy New Years' days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while

that turn-coat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr Cotton.—

THE NEW YEAR

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself 's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks too from a place so high,
The Year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year.
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good so soon as born;
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,

This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason shou'd
Be superexcellently good:
For the worst ills (we daily see)
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also bring us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the New Guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should Good Fortune meet,
And renders e'en Disaster sweet:
And though the Princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out,
Till the next Year she face about.

How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits, in the concoction? Where be those puling fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries—And now another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!

MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

'A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.' This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an adversary, who has slipt a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favours. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust. She held not her good sword (her cards) 'like a dancer.' She sate bolt upright; and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit.

I never in my life—and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it—saw her take out her snuff-box when it was her turn to play; or snuff a candle in the middle of a game; or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process. As she emphatically observed, cards were cards; and if I ever saw unmingled distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand; and who, in his excess of candour, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light. It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do,—and she did it. She unbent her mind afterwards—over a book.

Pope was her favourite author: his Rape of the Lock her favourite work. She once did me the favour to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem; and to explain to me how far it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille. Her illustrations were apposite and poignant; and I had the pleasure of sending the substance of them to Mr Bowles; but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author.

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure

young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners—a thing which the constancy of whist abhors;—the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother nobility of the Aces;—the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone:—above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,—to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist;—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *soldier* game: that was her word. It was a long meal; not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel: perpetually changing postures and connexions; bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath;—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations.

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. No *flushes*—that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up:—that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and colour, without

reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism; as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colours of things.—Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have an uniformity of array to distinguish them: but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit from dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled—never to take the field?—She even wished that whist were more simple than it is; and, in my mind, would have stripped it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably, allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps?—Why two colours, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it?—

'But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason—he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out.—You yourself have a pretty collection of paintings—but confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes, or among the Paul Potters in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-arranged assortment of the court-cards?—the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession—the gay triumph-assuring

scarlets—the contrasting deadly-killing sables—the "hoary majesty of spades"—Pam in all his glory!—

'All these might be dispensed with; and, with their naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless. But the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever. Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into mere gambling.—Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature's), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in!—Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers—(work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol,—or as profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman that turned out those little shrines for the goddess)—exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors' money) or chalk and a slate!'—

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness of my logic; and to her approbation of my arguments on her favourite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage-board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer, whom I have elsewhere celebrated) brought with him from Florence:—this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death.

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care; though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce

'*Go*'—or '*That's a go.*' She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake,) because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring '*two for his heels.*' There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms—such as pique—repique—the capot—they savoured (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus:—Cards are warfare: the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport: when single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight; with spectators, it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money; he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play.—Three are still worse; a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or alliance; or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in tradrille.—But in square games (*she meant whist*), all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished. There are the incentives of profit with honour, common to every species—though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participator. But the parties in whist are spectators and

principals too. They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted. He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence. Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere. You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold—or even an interested—bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency. You win for two. You triumph for two. Two are exalted. Two again are mortified; which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories. Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery. The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels. War becomes a civil game.—By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favourite pastime.

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing*. Chance, she would argue—and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion!—chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it. It is obvious, that cannot be *glory*. What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending?—Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number—and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize?—Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as

little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of over-reaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit,—his memory, or combination-faculty rather—against another's; like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless.—She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance,—the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room, whilst whist was stirring in the centre, would inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles, and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue, (and I think in this case justly) were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They reject form and colour. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards: that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.—

With great deference to the old lady's judgment in

these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget Elia.

I grant there is something sneaking in it; but with a toothache, or a sprained ancle,—when you are subdued and humble,—you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action.

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist.*—

I grant it is not the highest style of man—I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle—she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise.—

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible.—I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me.

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted her)—(dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?)—I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play: I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever. The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lenitive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed to apply after the game was over: and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble. Bridget and I should be ever playing.

A CHAPTER ON EARS

I HAVE no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader,—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mule for his plenty, or the mole for her exactness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done anything to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel 'quite unabashed,' and at ease upon that article. I was never, I thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, is it within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—*for music.*—To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel. '*Water parted from the sea*' never fails to move it strangely. So does '*In Infancy.*' But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs S——, once the blooming Fanny Weatheral of the Temple—who had power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that

not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite, for Alice W——n.

I even think that *sentimentally* I am disposed to harmony. But *organically* I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising '*God save the King*' all my life; whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my mild way, on my friend A.'s piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour,—on his return he was pleased to say, '*he thought it could not be the maid!*' On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on *Jenny*. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less-cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friend's penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being super-eminently harsh and disagreeable.

I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of *that* which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to *say* I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol*, *Fa*, *Mi*, *Re*, is as conjuring as *Baralipton*.

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut)—to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.—Yet, rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrid the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till, for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpretending

assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat at an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing Audience!) immoveable, or affecting some faint emotion—till (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the *forms* of the earthly one should be kept up, with none of the *enjoyment*; or like that

—— Party in a parlour,
All silent, and all DAMNED.

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension.—Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself; to read a book, *all stops*, and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty *instrumental music.*

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression.—

Like that disappointing book in Patmos; or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth music make her first insinuating approaches:—'Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delightsome these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at the last the SCENE TURNS UPON A SUDDEN, and they being now habitated to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else; continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions, they can avoid, they cannot be rid of, they cannot resist.'

Something like this 'SCENE TURNING' I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my good Catholic friend *Nov*——; who, by the aid of a capital

organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing-room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens[1].

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim Abbey, some five-and-thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*, in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mind)—a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

> —rapt above earth,
> And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power, to inflict more bliss than lies in her capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her 'earthly' with his 'heavenly,'—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh waves and fresh from the sea of sound, or from that inexhausted *German* ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions *Haydn* and *Mozart*, with their attendant Tritons, *Bach*, *Beethoven*, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wits' end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppress me—priests, altars, censers,

[1] I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below.—*Dr Watts.*

dazzle before me—the genius of *his* religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too,—tri-coroneted like himself!—I am converted, and yet a Protestant;—at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person:—I am Marcion, Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till the coming in of the friendly supper-tray dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine unterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all!

Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and *you*, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what need of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell him. *Stultus sum.* Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to

yourself for your pains. What! man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he.

Now would I give a trifle to know historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

> ——The crazy old church clock,
> And the bewilder'd chimes.

Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember

Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their nuncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlic and onions by a rocket? I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams —— 'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.——

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late.—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you.—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you.—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere.—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day.—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest R——, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate,

time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not over-new, thread-bare as thy stories:—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bed-rid, have ceased to read long ago.—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville S——, thy last patron, is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead.—

Nevertheless, noble R——, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada; for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me for ever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels. * * * * *

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions,

that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings towards that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and —prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted: or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety, which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that 'the foolisher the fowl or fish,—woodcocks,—dotterels—cods'-heads, &c., the finer the flesh thereof,' and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool.*

A QUAKER'S MEETING

Still-born Silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
Offspring of a heavenly kind!
Frost o' the mouth, and thaw o' the mind!
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desert shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retired devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb[1]!

Reader, would'st thou know what true peace and quiet mean; would'st thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; would'st thou enjoy at once solitude and society; would'st thou possess the depth of thine own spirit in stillness, without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; would'st thou be alone, and yet accompanied; solitary, yet not desolate; singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate; a simple in composite:—come with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

Dost thou love silence deep as that 'before the winds were made?' go not out into the wilderness, descend not into the profundities of the earth; shut not up thy casements; nor pour wax into the little cells of thy ears, with little-faith'd self-mistrusting Ulysses.—Retire with me into a Quaker's Meeting.

For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace, it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery.

[1] From *Poems of all sorts*, by Richard Fleckno, 1653.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place? what the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?—here the goddess reigns and revels.—'Boreas, and Cesias, and Argestes loud,' do not with their inter-confounding uproars more augment the brawl—nor the waves of the blown Baltic with their clubbed sounds—than their opposite (Silence her sacred self) is multiplied and rendered more intense by numbers, and by sympathy. She too hath her deeps, that call unto deeps. Negation itself hath a positive more and less; and closed eyes would seem to obscure the great obscurity of midnight.

There are wounds, which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quaker's Meeting.—Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness. In secular occasions, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say, a wife—he, or she, too, (if that be probable,) reading another, without interruption, or oral communication?—can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?—away with this inhuman, shy, single, shade-and-cavern-haunting solitariness. Give me, Master Zimmerman, a sympathetic solitude.

To pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken;

> Or under hanging mountains,
> Or by the fall of fountains;

is but a vulgar luxury, compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude. This is the loneliness 'to be felt.'—The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit-soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker's Meeting. Here are no tombs, no inscriptions,

> ————sands, ignoble things,
> Dropt from the ruined sides of kings—

but here is something, which throws Antiquity herself into the fore-ground—SILENCE—eldest of things—language of old Night—primitive Discourser—to which the insolent decays of mouldering grandeur have but arrived by a violent, and, as we may say, unnatural progression.

> How reverend is the view of these hushed heads,
> Looking tranquillity!

Nothing-plotting, nought-caballing, unmischievous synod! convocation without intrigue! parliament without debate! what a lesson dost thou read to council, and to consistory!—if my pen treat of you lightly—as haply it will wander—yet my spirit hath gravely felt the wisdom of your custom, when sitting among you in deepest peace, which some out-welling tears would rather confirm than disturb, I have reverted to the times of your beginnings, and the sowings of the seed by Fox and Dewesbury.—I have witnessed that, which brought before my eyes your heroic tranquillity, inflexible to the rude jests and serious violences of the insolent soldiery, republican or royalist, sent to molest you—for ye sate betwixt the fires of two persecutions, the outcast and off-scowering of church and presbytery.—I have seen the

reeling sea-ruffian, who had wandered into your receptacle, with the avowed intention of disturbing your quiet, from the very spirit of the place receive in a moment a new heart, and presently sit among ye as a lamb amidst lambs. And I remembered Penn before his accusers, and Fox in the bail-dock, where he was lifted up in spirit, as he tells us, and 'the Judge and the Jury became as dead men under his feet.'

Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewell's History of the Quakers. It is in folio, and is the abstract of the journals of Fox and the primitive Friends. It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley and his colleagues. Here is nothing to stagger you, nothing to make you mistrust, no suspicion of alloy, no drop or dreg of the worldly or ambitious spirit. You will here read the true story of that much-injured, ridiculed man (who perhaps hath been a by-word in your mouth),—James Naylor: what dreadful sufferings, with what patience, he endured, even to the boring through of his tongue with red-hot irons, without a murmur; and with what strength of mind, when the delusion he had fallen into, which they stigmatised for blasphemy, had given way to clearer thoughts, he could renounce his error, in a strain of the beautifullest humility, yet keep his first grounds, and be a Quaker still!—so different from the practice of your common converts from enthusiasm, who, when they apostatize, *apostatize all*, and think they can never get far enough from the society of their former errors, even to the renunciation of some saving truths, with which they had been mingled, not implicated.

Get the Writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.

How far the followers of these good men in our days have kept to the primitive spirit, or in what proportion they have substituted formality for it, the Judge of Spirits can alone determine. I have seen faces in their assemblies, upon which the dove sate visibly brooding. Others again I have watched, when my thoughts should have been better engaged, in which I could possibly detect nothing but a blank inanity. But quiet was in all, and the disposition to unanimity, and the absence of the fierce controversial workings.—If the spiritual pretensions of the Quakers have abated, at least they make few pretences. Hypocrites they certainly are not, in their preaching. It is seldom indeed that you shall see one get up amongst them to hold forth. Only now and then a trembling female, generally *ancient*, voice is heard—you cannot guess from what part of the meeting it proceeds—with a low, buzzing, musical sound, laying out a few words which 'she thought might suit the condition of some present,' with a quaking diffidence, which leaves no possibility of supposing that any thing of female vanity was mixed up, where the tones were so full of tenderness, and a restraining modesty.—The men, for what I have observed, speak seldomer.

Once only, and it was some years ago, I witnessed a sample of the old Foxian orgasm. It was a man of giant stature, who, as Wordsworth phrases it, might have danced 'from head to foot equipt in iron mail.' His frame was of iron too. But *he* was malleable. I saw him shake all over with the spirit—I dare not say, of delusion. The strivings of the outer man were

unutterable—he seemed not to speak, but to be spoken from. I saw the strong man bowed down, and his knees to fail—his joints all seemed loosening—it was a figure to set off against Paul Preaching—the words he uttered were few, and sound—he was evidently resisting his will—keeping down his own word-wisdom with more mighty effort, than the world's orators strain for theirs. 'He had been a WIT in his youth,' he told us, with expressions of a sober remorse. And it was not till long after the impression had begun to wear away, that I was enabled, with something like a smile, to recall the striking incongruity of the confession—understanding the term in its worldly acceptation—with the frame and physiognomy of the person before me. His brow would have scared away the Levities—the Jocos Risus-que—faster than the Loves fled the face of Dis at Enna.—By *wit*, even in his youth, I will be sworn he understood something far within the limits of an allowable liberty.

More frequently the Meeting is broken up without a word having been spoken. But the mind has been fed. You go away with a sermon not made with hands. You have been in the milder caverns of Trophonius; or as in some den, where that fiercest and savagest of all wild creatures, the TONGUE, that unruly member, has strangely lain tied up and captive. You have bathed with stillness.—O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!

Their garb and stillness conjoined, present an

uniformity, tranquil and herd-like—as in the pasture—'forty feeding like one.'—

The very garments of a Quaker seem incapable of receiving a soil; and cleanliness in them to be something more than the absence of its contrary. Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in king John's days. I know less geography than a schoolboy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van Diemen's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two Terræ Incognitæ. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight.

I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never deliberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first*, in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend *M.*, with great painstaking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have 'small Latin and less Greek.' I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it 'on Devon's leafy shores,'—and am no less at a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes. —Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder, how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge,

and scarce be found out, in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête à tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield? Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the

subject. However, he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods *ticketed* freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market—when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a 'wide solution[1].' My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the alms-houses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity, shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders; but, finding me rather dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a home thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing

[1] Urn Burial.

some queries relative to the North Pole Expedition. While I was muttering out something about the Panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder, that had been rife about Dalston; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.—He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish-coloured coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport! Passing from infancy to age, they

dreamed away all their days as in a grammar-school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spicilegia;* in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoclea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Damætas!

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! 'To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and ground-work is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame.' How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as 'having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus') correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!

—'as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the Kings Majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmaisters.' What a *gusto* in that which follows: 'wherein it is profitable that he can orderly decline his noun, and his verb.' *His* noun!

The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar-rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c., botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the

mollia tempora fandi. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggar-man, or a gipsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting schoolboys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr Bartley's Orrery, to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or to his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.—Even a child, that 'plaything for an hour,' tires *always.* The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations at my neat

suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accents of man's conversation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.—

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upward, as little (or rather still less) is it desirable to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were anything but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes. —The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal or didactive hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his co-evals; his juniors cannot be his friends.

'I take blame to myself,' said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, 'that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings!* my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men,

whom I have educated, return after some years' absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holiday is begged for the boys; the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scenes of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence. My wife, too,' this interesting correspondent goes on to say, 'my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster.—When I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her; and she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised,

and she has kept her word. What wonders will not woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna! When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her to-morrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's wife*, and she looks up to me as the *boys' master;* to whom all show of love and affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this* my gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I reproach her for it?'—For the communication of this letter, I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

VALENTINE'S DAY

HAIL to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet,

thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

> Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all for-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of God Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing

which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, 'Madam, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal'; or putting a delicate question, 'Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?' But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It 'gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated.' But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, 'That is not the post, I am sure.' Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which 'having been will always be'; which no school-boy nor schoolman can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

> Lovers all,
> A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C——e-street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with

mottos and fanciful devices, such as beseemed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover, or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in anything. Those national repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch.—
Religio Medici.

THAT the author of the Religio Medici, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences; in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual; should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me that I am a lover of my species. I can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another

account cannot be my mate or *fellow*. I cannot *like* all people alike[1].

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of

[1] I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

———We by proof find there should be
'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
That though he can show no just reason why
For any former wrong or injury,
Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's 'Hierarchie of Angels,' and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

———The cause which to that act compell'd him
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clockwork. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share

it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to anything that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks.—He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. 'A healthy book!'—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Buncle,—'did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.' Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are

upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr * * * *. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that 'he had considerable respect for my character and talents' (so he was pleased to say), 'but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.' The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth (as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself) that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long since at a party of North Britons, where a son of Burns was expected; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my South British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that 'that was impossible, because he was dead.' An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin[1]. The tediousness of these

[1] There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents

people is certainly provoking. I wonder if they ever tire one another!—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your 'imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses'; and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him.—Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume's History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids. But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge,

as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.—*Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.*

dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought, to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet; or that a few fine words, such as candour, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of so deadly a disunion. A Hebrew is nowhere congenial to me. He is least distasteful on 'Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half convertites. Jews christianizing—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative.* B—— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be of —— Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him, in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, 'The Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea!' The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him. B—— has a

strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not over-sensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female-physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the Negro countenance you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls—these 'images of God cut in ebony.' But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) 'to live with them.' I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-

chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the salads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, 'You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath.' Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth —oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not

required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper to be adduced upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. 'You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight,' said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. 'Thereafter as the answers may be,' retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances.—I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends

confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, 'Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?' and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their creed of witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational, and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly, as ourselves. But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony?—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful-innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the prince of the powers of darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *à priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolised by a goat, was it to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor.—That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake—but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one

attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticised.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the author of all evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpœna Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted powers.—What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey, that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait?—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch-stories. My maid, and more legendary aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book-closet, the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish

attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes—and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this, but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But —like as was rather feared than realised from that slain monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed errors young dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage, set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to

be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded, but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune, which about this time befel me. Turning over the picture of the ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the elephant, and the camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was thenceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me.—But there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse, which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously.—That detestable picture!

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realized its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch

raising up Samuel—(O that old man covered with a mantle!)—I owe—not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy—but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow—a sure bedfellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep, and found the vision true. I durst not, even in the day-light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch-ridden pillow was.—Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm—the hoping for a familiar voice—when they wake screaming—and find none to soothe them—what a terrible shaking it is to their poor nerves! The keeping them up till midnight, through candle-light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution.—That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man, or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form.—It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T. H., who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never

allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own 'thick-coming fancies'; and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition—but they were there before. They are transcripts, types—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?—or

> ——Names, whose sense we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects, considered in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury?—O, least of all! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man, as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

> Like one that on a lonesome road
> Doth walk in fear and dread,
> And having once turn'd round, walks on
> And turns no more his head;
> Because he knows a frightful fiend
> Doth close behind him tread[1].

[1] Mr Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our ante-mundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadow-land of pre-existence.

My night-fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional night-mare; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their presence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision, that was all but being awake.—I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps,—but they are objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the inner eye, to make out a shape in any way whatever, of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and

pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

> Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his tritons and his nereids gambolling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly, in the night season, raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble Dream of this poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra: and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work, to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptials, riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself, you may be sure, the *leading god*,) and jollily we went careering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea-roughness to a sea-calm, and thence to a river-motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me, in the wafture of a placid wave or two, alone, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth palace.

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humorist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his

acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be,—'Young man, what sort of dreams have you?' I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious inland landing.

MY RELATIONS

I AM arrived at that point of life at which a man may account it a blessing, as it is a singularity, if he have either of his parents surviving. I have not that felicity —and sometimes think feelingly of a passage in Browne's Christian Morals, where he speaks of a man that hath lived sixty or seventy years in the world. 'In such a compass of time,' he says, 'a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may sensibly see with what a face in no long time OBLIVION will look upon himself.'

I had an aunt, a dear and good one. She was one whom single blessedness had soured to the world. She often used to say, that I was the only thing in it which she loved; and, when she thought I was quitting it, she grieved over me with mother's tears. A partiality quite so exclusive my reason cannot altogether approve. She was from morning till night poring over good books, and devotional exercises. Her favourite volumes were Thomas à Kempis, in Stanhope's Translation; and a

Roman Catholic Prayer Book, with the *matins* and *complines* regularly set down,—terms which I was at that time too young to understand. She persisted in reading them, although admonished daily concerning their Papistical tendency; and went to church every Sabbath as a good Protestant should do. These were the only books she studied; though, I think, at one period of her life, she told me, she had read with great satisfaction the Adventures of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman. Finding the door of the chapel in Essex-street open one day—it was in the infancy of that heresy—she went in, liked the sermon, and the manner of worship, and frequented it at intervals for some time after. She came not for doctrinal points, and never missed them. With some little asperities in her constitution, which I have above hinted at, she was a steadfast, friendly being, and a fine *old Christian.* She was a woman of strong sense, and a shrewd mind—extraordinary at a *repartee*; one of the few occasions of her breaking silence—else she did not much value wit. The only secular employment I remember to have seen her engaged in, was, the splitting of French beans, and dropping them into a China basin of fair water. The odour of those tender vegetables to this day comes back upon my sense, redolent of soothing recollections. Certainly it is the most delicate of culinary operations.

Male aunts, as somebody calls them, I had none—to remember. By the uncle's side I may be said to have been born an orphan. Brother, or sister, I never had any—to know them. A sister, I think, that should have been Elizabeth, died in both our infancies. What a comfort, or what a care, may I not have missed in

her?—But I have cousins sprinkled about in Hertfordshire—besides *two*, with whom I have been all my life in habits of the closest intimacy, and whom I may term cousins *par excellence*. These are James and Bridget Elia. They are older than myself by twelve, and ten, years; and neither of them seems disposed, in matters of advice and guidance, to waive any of the prerogatives which primogeniture confers. May they continue still in the same mind; and when they shall be seventy-five, and seventy-three, years old (I cannot spare them sooner), persist in treating me in my grand climacteric precisely as a stripling, or younger brother!

James is an inexplicable cousin. Nature hath her unities, which not every critic can penetrate; or, if we feel, we cannot explain them. The pen of Yorick, and of none since his, could have drawn J. E. entire—those fine Shandian lights and shades, which make up his story. I must limp after in my poor antithetical manner, as the fates have given me grace and talent. J. E. then—to the eye of a common observer at least—seemeth made up of contradictory principles.—The genuine child of impulse, the frigid philosopher of prudence—the phlegm of my cousin's doctrine is invariably at war with his temperament, which is high sanguine. With always some fire-new project in his brain, J. E. is the systematic opponent of innovation, and crier down of every thing that has not stood the test of age and experiment. With a hundred fine notions chasing one another hourly in his fancy, he is startled at the least approach to the romantic in others; and, determined by his own sense in every thing, commends *you* to the guidance of common sense on all occasions.—With a

touch of the eccentric in all which he does, or says, he is only anxious that *you* should not commit yourself by doing any thing absurd or singular. On my once letting slip at table, that I was not fond of a certain popular dish, he begged me at any rate not to *say* so—for the world would think me mad. He disguises a passionate fondness for works of high art (whereof he hath amassed a choice collection), under the pretext of buying only to sell again—that his enthusiasm may give no encouragement to yours. Yet, if it were so, why does that piece of tender, pastoral Dominichino hang still by his wall?—is the ball of his sight much more dear to him?—or what picture-dealer can talk like him?

Whereas mankind in general are observed to warp their speculative conclusions to the bent of their individual humours, *his* theories are sure to be in diametrical opposition to his constitution. He is courageous as Charles of Sweden, upon instinct; chary of his person, upon principle, as a travelling Quaker.—He has been preaching up to me, all my life, the doctrine of bowing to the great—the necessity of forms, and manner, to a man's getting on in the world. He himself never aims at either, that I can discover,—and has a spirit, that would stand upright in the presence of the Cham of Tartary. It is pleasant to hear him discourse of patience—extolling it as the truest wisdom—and to see him during the last seven minutes that his dinner is getting ready. Nature never ran up in her haste a more restless piece of workmanship than when she moulded this impetuous cousin—and Art never turned out a more elaborate orator than he can display himself to be, upon this favourite topic of the advantages of quiet,

and contentedness in the state, whatever it be, that we are placed in. He is triumphant on this theme, when he has you safe in one of those short stages that ply for the western road, in a very obstructing manner, at the foot of John Murray's street—where you get in when it is empty, and are expected to wait till the vehicle hath completed her just freight—a trying three quarters of an hour to some people. He wonders at your fidgetiness,—'where could we better than we are, *thus sitting, thus consulting?*'—'prefers, for his part, a state of rest to locomotion,'—with an eye all the while upon the coachman,—till at length, waxing out of all patience, *at your want of it*, he breaks out into a pathetic remonstrance at the fellow for detaining us so long over the time which he had professed, and declares peremptorily, that 'the gentleman in the coach is determined to get out, if he does not drive on that instant.'

Very quick at inventing an argument, or detecting a sophistry, he is incapable of attending *you* in any chain of arguing. Indeed he makes wild work with logic; and seems to jump at most admirable conclusions by some process, not at all akin to it. Consonantly enough to this, he hath been heard to deny, upon certain occasions, that there exists such a faculty at all in man as *reason*; and wondereth how man came first to have a conceit of it—enforcing his negation with all the might of *reasoning* he is master of. He has some speculative notions against laughter, and will maintain that laughing is not natural to *him*—when peradventure the next moment his lungs shall crow like Chanticleer. He says some of the best things in the world—and declareth that wit is his aversion. It was he who said,

upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds—*What a pity to think, that these fine ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous Members of Parliament!*

His youth was fiery, glowing, tempestuous—and in age he discovereth no symptom of cooling. This is that which I admire in him. I hate people who meet Time half-way. I am for no compromise with that inevitable spoiler. While he lives, J. E. will take his swing.—It does me good, as I walk towards the street of my daily avocation, on some fine May morning, to meet him marching in a quite opposite direction, with a jolly handsome presence, and shining sanguine face, that indicates some purchase in his eye—a Claude—or a Hobbema—for much of his enviable leisure is consumed at Christie's and Phillips's—or where not, to pick up pictures, and such gauds. On these occasions he mostly stoppeth me, to read a short lecture on the advantage a person like me possesses above himself, in having his time occupied with business which he *must do*—assureth me that he often feels it hang heavy on his hands—wishes he had fewer holidays—and goes off—Westward Ho!—chanting a tune, to Pall Mall—perfectly convinced that he has convinced me—while I proceed in my opposite direction tuneless.

It is pleasant again to see this Professor of Indifference doing the honours of his new purchase, when he has fairly housed it. You must view it in every light, till *he* has found the best—placing it at this distance, and at that, but always suiting the focus of your sight to his own. You must spy at it through your fingers, to catch the aërial perspective—though you assure him that to you

the landscape shows much more agreeable without that artifice. Woe be to the luckless wight, who does not only not respond to his rapture, but who should drop an unseasonable intimation of preferring one of his anterior bargains to the present!—The last is always his best hit—his 'Cynthia of the minute.'—Alas! how many a mild Madonna have I known to *come in*—a Raphael!—keep its ascendancy for a few brief moons—then, after certain intermedial degradations, from the front drawing-room to the back gallery, thence to the dark parlour—adopted in turn by each of the Carracci, under successive lowering ascriptions of filiation, mildly breaking its fall—consigned to the oblivious lumber-room, *go out* at last a Luca Giordano, or plain Carlo Maratti!—which things when I beheld—musing upon the chances and mutabilities of fate below, hath made me to reflect upon the altered condition of great personages, or that woeful Queen of Richard the Second—

> ———set forth in pomp,
> She came adorned hither like sweet May;
> Sent back like Hallowmass or shortest day.

With great love for *you*, J. E. hath but a limited sympathy with what you feel or do. He lives in a world of his own, and makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind. He never pierces the marrow of your habits. He will tell an old established play-goer, that Mr Such-a-one, of So-and-so (naming one of the theatres), is a very lively comedian—as a piece of news He advertised me but the other day of some pleasant green lanes which he had found out for me, *knowing me to be a great walker*, in my own immediate vicinity—who have haunted the identical spot any time these twenty years!—He has not

much respect for that class of feelings which goes by the name of sentimental. He applies the definition of real evil to bodily sufferings exclusively—and rejecteth all others as imaginary. He is affected by the sight, or the bare supposition, of a creature in pain, to a degree which I have never witnessed out of womankind. A constitutional acuteness to this class of sufferings may in part account for this. The animal tribe in particular he taketh under his especial protection. A broken-winded or spur-galled horse is sure to find an advocate in him. An over-loaded ass is his client for ever. He is the apostle to the brute kind—the never-failing friend of those who have none to care for them. The contemplation of a lobster boiled, or eels skinned *alive*, will wring him so, that 'all for pity he could die.' It will take the savour from his palate, and the rest from his pillow, for days and nights. With the intense feeling of Thomas Clarkson, he wanted only the steadiness of pursuit, and unity of purpose, of that 'true yoke-fellow with Time,' to have effected as much for the *Animal*, as *he* hath done for the *Negro Creation*. But my uncontrollable cousin is but imperfectly formed for purposes which demand co-operation. He cannot wait. His amelioration-plans must be ripened in a day. For this reason he has cut but an equivocal figure in benevolent societies, and combinations for the alleviation of human sufferings. His zeal constantly makes him to outrun, and put out, his coadjutors. He thinks of relieving,—while they think of debating. He was black-balled out of a society for the Relief of * * * * * * *, because the fervour of his humanity toiled beyond the formal apprehension, and creeping processes, of his

associates. I shall always consider this distinction as a patent of nobility in the Elia family!

Do I mention these seeming inconsistencies to smile at, or upbraid, my unique cousin? Marry, heaven, and all good manners, and the understanding that should be between kinsfolk, forbid!—With all the strangenesses of this *strangest of the Elias*—I would not have him in one jot or tittle other than he is; neither would I barter or exchange my wild kinsman for the most exact, regular, and every-way consistent kinsman breathing.

In my next, reader, I may perhaps give you some account of my cousin Bridget—if you are not already surfeited with cousins—and take you by the hand, if you are willing to go with us, on an excursion which we made a summer or two since, in search of *more cousins*—

Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits —yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be

among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teazes me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici; but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original-brain'd, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel

philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree, to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She

was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teazing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackerel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial

yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

> But thou, that didst appear so fair
> To fond imagination,
> Dost rival in the light of day
> Her delicate creation!

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At

first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one

another. To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

MODERN GALLANTRY

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a

woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares 'she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.' Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:—when the phrases 'antiquated virginity,' and such a one has 'overstood her market,' pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street-hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South-Sea company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakspeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he reverenced and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore,

or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, 'As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young

lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune,—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (*naming the milliner*),—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage: and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them.'

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or

dependent—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex.*

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

I WAS born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountain, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places?—these are of my oldest recollections. I repeat, to this day, no verses to myself more frequently, or with kindlier emotion, than those of Spenser, where he speaks of this spot,

> There when they came, whereas those bricky towers,
> The which on Themmes brode aged back doth ride,
> Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
> There whylome wont the Templer knights to bide,
> Till they decayed through pride.

Indeed, it is the most elegant spot in the metropolis. What a transition for a countryman visiting London for the first time—the passing from the crowded Strand or Fleet-street, by unexpected avenues, into its magnificent ample squares, its classic green recesses! What a cheerful, liberal look hath that portion of it, which, from three sides, overlooks the greater garden: that goodly pile

> Of building strong, albeit of Paper hight,

confronting, with massy contrast, the lighter, older, more fantastically shrouded one, named of Harcourt, with the cheerful Crown-office Row (place of my kindly engendure), right opposite the stately stream, which washes the garden-foot with her yet scarcely trade-polluted waters, and seems but just weaned from her Twickenham Naiades! a man would give something to have been born in such places. What a collegiate aspect has that fine Elizabethan hall, where the fountain plays, which I have made to rise and fall, how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, my contemporaries, who, not being able to guess at its recondite machinery, were almost tempted to hail the wondrous work as magic! What an antique air had the now almost effaced sun-dials, with their moral inscriptions, seeming coevals with that Time which they measured, and to take their revelations of its flight immediately from heaven, holding correspondence with the fountain of light! How would the dark line steal imperceptibly on, watched by the eye of childhood, eager to detect its movement, never catched, nice as an evanescent cloud, or the first arrests of sleep!

> Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
> Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived!

What a dead thing is a clock, with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dulness of communication, compared with the simple altar-like structure, and silent heart-language of the old dial! It stood as the garden god of Christian gardens. Why is it almost every where vanished? If its business-use be superseded by more elaborate inventions, its moral uses, its beauty, might have pleaded for its continuance. It spoke of moderate labours, of pleasures not protracted after sun-set, of temperance, and good-hours. It was the primitive clock, the horologe of the first world. Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise. It was the measure appropriate for sweet plants and flowers to spring by, for the birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and be led to fold by. The shepherd 'carved it out quaintly in the sun'; and, turning philosopher by the very occupation, provided it with mottos more touching than tombstones. It was a pretty device of the gardener, recorded by Marvell, who, in the days of artificial gardening, made a dial out of herbs and flowers. I must quote his verses a little higher up, for they are full, as all his serious poetry was, of a witty delicacy. They will not come in awkwardly, I hope, in a talk of fountains and sun-dials. He is speaking of sweet garden scenes:

> What wondrous life is this I lead!
> Ripe apples drop about my head.
> The luscious clusters of the vine
> Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
> The nectarine, and curious peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach.
> Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
> Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.
Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.
How well the skilful gardner drew,
Of flowers and herbs, this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers[1]?

The artificial fountains of the metropolis are, in like manner, fast vanishing. Most of them are dried up, or bricked over. Yet, where one is left, as in that little green nook behind the South-Sea House, what a freshness it gives to the dreary pile! Four little winged marble boys used to play their virgin fancies, spouting out ever fresh streams from their innocent-wanton lips, in the square of Lincoln's-inn, when I was no bigger than they were figured. They are gone, and the spring choked up. The fashion, they tell me, is gone by, and these things are esteemed childish. Why not then gratify

[1] From a copy of verses entitled The Garden.

children, by letting them stand? Lawyers, I suppose, were children once. They are awakening images to them at least. Why must every thing smack of man, and mannish? Is the world all grown up? Is childhood dead? Or is there not in the bosoms of the wisest and the best some of the child's heart left, to respond to its earliest enchantments? The figures were grotesque. Are the stiff-wigged living figures, that still flitter and chatter about that area, less gothic in appearance? or is the splutter of their hot rhetoric one half so refreshing and innocent as the little cool playful streams those exploded cherubs uttered?

They have lately gothicised the entrance to the Inner Temple-hall, and the library front, to assimilate them, I suppose, to the body of the hall, which they do not at all resemble. What is become of the winged horse that stood over the former? a stately arms! and who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianized the end of the Paper-buildings?—my first hint of allegory! They must account to me for these things, which I miss so greatly.

The terrace is, indeed, left, which we used to call the parade; but the traces are passed away of the footsteps which made its pavement awful! It is become common and profane. The old benchers had it almost sacred to themselves, in the forepart of the day at least. They might not be sided or jostled. Their air and dress asserted the parade. You left wide spaces betwixt you, when you passed them. We walk on even terms with their successors. The roguish eye of J——ll, ever ready to be delivered of a jest, almost invites a stranger to vie a repartee with it. But what insolent familiar durst have

mated Thomas Coventry?—whose person was a quadrate, his step massy and elephantine, his face square as the lion's, his gait peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column, the scarecrow of his inferiors, the brow-beater of equals and superiors, who made a solitude of children wherever he came, for they fled his insufferable presence, as they would have shunned an Elisha bear. His growl was as thunder in their ears, whether he spake to them in mirth or in rebuke, his invitatory notes being, indeed, of all, the most repulsive and horrid. Clouds of snuff, aggravating the natural terrors of his speech, broke from each majestic nostril, darkening the air. He took it, not by pinches, but a palmful at once, diving for it under the mighty flaps of his old-fashioned waistcoat pocket; his waistcoat red and angry, his coat dark rappee, tinctured by dye original, and by adjuncts, with buttons of obsolete gold. And so he paced the terrace.

By his side a milder form was sometimes to be seen; the pensive gentility of Samuel Salt. They were coevals, and had nothing but that and their benchership in common. In politics Salt was a whig, and Coventry a staunch tory. Many a sarcastic growl did the latter cast out—for Coventry had a rough spinous humour—at the political confederates of his associate, which rebounded from the gentle bosom of the latter like cannon-balls from wool. You could not ruffle Samuel Salt.

S. had the reputation of being a very clever man, and of excellent discernment in the chamber practice of the law. I suspect his knowledge did not amount to much. When a case of difficult disposition of money, testamentary or otherwise, came before him, he ordinarily handed

it over with a few instructions to his man Lovel, who was a quick little fellow, and would despatch it out of hand by the light of natural understanding, of which he had an uncommon share. It was incredible what repute for talents S. enjoyed by the mere trick of gravity. He was a shy man; a child might pose him in a minute—indolent and procrastinating to the last degree. Yet men would give him credit for vast application in spite of himself. He was not to be trusted with himself with impunity. He never dressed for a dinner party but he forgot his sword—they wore swords then—or some other necessary part of his equipage. Lovel had his eye upon him on all these occasions, and ordinarily gave him his cue. If there was any thing which he could speak unseasonably, he was sure to do it.—He was to dine at a relative's of the unfortunate Miss Blandy on the day of her execution;—and L. who had a wary foresight of his probable hallucinations, before he set out, schooled him with great anxiety not in any possible manner to allude to her story that day. S. promised faithfully to observe the injunction. He had not been seated in the parlour, where the company was expecting the dinner summons, four minutes, when, a pause in the conversation ensuing, he got up, looked out of window, and pulling down his ruffles—an ordinary motion with him—observed, 'it was a gloomy day,' and added, 'Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose.' Instances of this sort were perpetual. Yet S. was thought by some of the greatest men of his time a fit person to be consulted, not alone in matters pertaining to the law, but in the ordinary niceties and embarrassments of conduct—from force of manner entirely. He never laughed. He had the same

good fortune among the female world,—was a known toast with the ladies, and one or two are said to have died for love of him—I suppose, because he never trifled or talked gallantry with them, or paid them, indeed, hardly common attentions. He had a fine face and person, but wanted, methought, the spirit that should have shown them off with advantage to the women. His eye lacked lustre.—Not so, thought Susan P——; who, at the advanced age of sixty, was seen, in the cold evening time, unaccompanied, wetting the pavement of B——d Row, with tears that fell in drops which might be heard, because her friend had died that day—he, whom she had pursued with a hopeless passion for the last forty years—a passion, which years could not extinguish or abate; nor the long resolved, yet gently enforced, puttings off of unrelenting bachelorhood dissuade from its cherished purpose. Mild Susan P——, thou hast now thy friend in heaven!

Thomas Coventry was a cadet of the noble family of that name. He passed his youth in contracted circumstances, which gave him early those parsimonious habits which in after-life never forsook him; so that, with one windfall or another, about the time I knew him he was master of four or five hundred thousand pounds; nor did he look, or walk, worth a moidore less. He lived in a gloomy house opposite the pump in Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. J., the counsel, is doing self-imposed penance in it, for what reason I divine not, at this day. C. had an agreeable seat at North Cray, where he seldom spent above a day or two at a time in the summer; but preferred, during the hot months, standing at his window in this damp, close, well-like mansion, to watch, as he

said, 'the maids drawing water all day long.' I suspect he had his within-door reasons for the preference. *Hic currus et arma fuêre.* He might think his treasures more safe. His house had the aspect of a strong-box. C. was a close hunks—a hoarder rather than a miser—or, if a miser, none of the mad Elwes breed, who have brought discredit upon a character, which cannot exist without certain admirable points of steadiness and unity of purpose. One may hate a true miser, but cannot, I suspect, so easily despise him. By taking care of the pence, he is often enabled to part with the pounds, upon a scale that leaves us careless generous fellows halting at an immeasurable distance behind. C. gave away 30,000*l.* at once in his life-time to a blind charity. His house-keeping was severely looked after, but he kept the table of a gentleman. He would know who came in and who went out of his house, but his kitchen chimney was never suffered to freeze.

Salt was his opposite in this, as in all—never knew what he was worth in the world; and having but a competency for his rank, which his indolent habits were little calculated to improve, might have suffered severely if he had not had honest people about him. Lovel took care of every thing. He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his 'flapper,' his guide, stop-watch, auditor, treasurer. He did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in any thing without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. He resigned his title almost to respect as a master, if L. could ever have forgotten for a moment that he was a servant.

I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. A good fellow withal, and 'would strike.' In the cause of the oppressed he never considered inequalities, or calculated the number of his opponents. He once wrested a sword out of the hand of a man of quality that had drawn upon him; and pommelled him severely with the hilt of it. The swordsman had offered insult to a female—an occasion upon which no odds against him could have prevented the interference of Lovel. He would stand next day bareheaded to the same person, modestly to excuse his interference—for L. never forgot rank, where something better was not concerned. L. was the liveliest little fellow breathing, had a face as gay as Garrick's, whom he was said greatly to resemble (I have a portrait of him which confirms it), possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry—next to Swift and Prior—moulded heads in clay or plaster of Paris to admiration, by the dint of natural genius merely; turned cribbage boards, and such small cabinet toys, to perfection; took a hand at quadrille or bowls with equal facility; made punch better than any man of his degree in England; had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desire. He was a brother of the angle, moreover, and just such a free, hearty, honest companion as Mr Isaak Walton would have chosen to go a fishing with. I saw him in his old age and the decay of his faculties, palsy-smitten, in the last sad stage of human weakness—'a remnant most forlorn of what he was,'—yet even then his eye would light up upon the mention of his favourite Garrick. He was greatest, he would say, in Bayes—'was upon the stage

nearly throughout the whole performance, and as busy as a bee.' At intervals, too, he would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new livery to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was 'her own bairn.' And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.

With Coventry, and with Salt, in their walks upon the terrace, most commonly Peter Pierson would join, to make up a third. They did not walk linked arm in arm in those days—'as now our stout triumvirs sweep the streets,'—but generally with both hands folded behind them for state, or with one at least behind, the other carrying a cane. P. was a benevolent, but not a prepossessing man. He had that in his face which you could not term unhappiness; it rather implied an incapacity of being happy. His cheeks were colourless, even to whiteness. His look was uninviting, resembling (but without his sourness) that of our great philanthropist. I know that he *did* good acts, but I could never make out what he *was*. Contemporary with these, but subordinate, was Daines Barrington—another oddity—he walked burly and square—in imitation, I think, of Coventry—howbeit he attained not to the dignity of his prototype. Nevertheless, he did pretty well, upon the strength of being a tolerable antiquarian, and having

a brother a bishop. When the account of his year's treasurership came to be audited, the following singular charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench: 'Item, disbursed Mr Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings, for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders.' Next to him was old Barton—a jolly negation, who took upon him the ordering of the bills of fare for the parliament chamber, where the benchers dine—answering to the combination rooms at college—much to the easement of his less epicurean brethren. I know nothing more of him.—Then Read, and Twopenny—Read, good-humoured and personable—Twopenny, good-humoured, but thin, and felicitous in jests upon his own figure. If T. was thin, Wharry was attenuated and fleeting. Many must remember him (for he was rather of later date) and his singular gait, which was performed by three steps and a jump regularly succeeding. The steps were little efforts, like that of a child beginning to walk; the jump comparatively vigorous, as a foot to an inch. Where he learned this figure, or what occasioned it, I could never discover. It was neither graceful in itself, nor seemed to answer the purpose any better than common walking. The extreme tenuity of his frame, I suspect, set him upon it. It was a trial of poising. Twopenny would often rally him upon his leanness, and hail him as brother Lusty; but W. had no relish of a joke. His features were spiteful. I have heard that he would pinch his cat's ears extremely, when any thing had offended him. Jackson—the omniscient Jackson he was called—was of this period. He had the reputation of possessing more multifarious knowledge than any man of his time. He was the Friar Bacon of the less literate portion of

the Temple. I remember a pleasant passage, of the cook applying to him, with much formality of apology, for instructions how to write down *edge* bone of beef in his bill of commons. He was supposed to know, if any man in the world did. He decided the orthography to be—as I have given it—fortifying his authority with such anatomical reasons as dismissed the manciple (for the time) learned and happy. Some do spell it yet, perversely, *aitch* bone, from a fanciful resemblance between its shape, and that of the aspirate so denominated. I had almost forgotten Mingay with the iron hand—but he was somewhat later. He had lost his right hand by some accident, and supplied it with a grappling hook, which he wielded with a tolerable adroitness. I detected the substitute before I was old enough to reason whether it were artificial or not. I remember the astonishment it raised in me. He was a blustering, loud-talking person; and I reconciled the phenomenon to my ideas as an emblem of power—somewhat like the horns in the forehead of Michael Angelo's Moses. Baron Maseres, who walks (or did till very lately) in the costume of the reign of George the Second, closes my imperfect recollections of the old benchers of the Inner Temple.

Fantastic forms, whither are ye fled? Or, if the like of you exist, why exist they no more for me? Ye inexplicable, half-understood appearances, why comes in reason to tear away the preternatural mist, bright or gloomy, that enshrouded you? Why make ye so sorry a figure in my relation, who made up to me—to my childish eyes—the mythology of the Temple? In those days I saw Gods, as 'old men covered with a mantle,' walking upon the earth. Let the dreams of classic

idolatry perish,—extinct be the fairies and fairy trumpery of legendary fabling,—in the heart of childhood, there will, for ever, spring up a well of innocent or wholesome superstition—the seeds of exaggeration will be busy there, and vital—from every-day forms educing the unknown and the uncommon. In that little Goshen there will be light, when the grown world flounders about in the darkness of sense and materiality. While childhood, and while dreams, reducing childhood, shall be left, imagination shall not have spread her holy wings totally to fly the earth.

P.S. I have done injustice to the soft shade of Samuel Salt. See what it is to trust to imperfect memory, and the erring notices of childhood! Yet I protest I always thought that he had been a bachelor! This gentleman, R. N. informs me, married young, and losing his lady in child-bed, within the first year of their union, fell into a deep melancholy, from the effects of which, probably, he never thoroughly recovered. In what a new light does this place his rejection (O call it by a gentler name!) of mild Susan P——, unravelling into beauty certain peculiarities of this very shy and retiring character!—Henceforth let no one receive the narratives of Elia for true records! They are, in truth, but shadows of fact—verisimilitudes, not verities—or sitting but upon the remote edges and outskirts of history. He is no such honest chronicler as R. N., and would have done better perhaps to have consulted that gentleman, before he sent these incondite reminiscences to press. But the worthy subtreasurer—who respects his old and his new masters—would but have been puzzled at the indecorous liberties of Elia. The good man wots not, peradventure, of

the license which *Magazines* have arrived at in this plain-speaking age, or hardly dreams of their existence beyond the *Gentleman's*—his furthest monthly excursions in this nature having been long confined to the holy ground of honest *Urban's* obituary. May it be long before his own name shall help to swell those columns of unenvied flattery!—Meantime, O ye New Benchers of the Inner Temple, cherish him kindly, for he is himself the kindliest of human creatures. Should infirmities over-take him—he is yet in green and vigorous senility—make allowances for them, remembering that 'ye yourselves are old.' So may the Winged Horse, your ancient badge and cognisance, still flourish! so may future Hookers and Seldens illustrate your church and chambers! so may the sparrows, in default of more melodious quiristers, unpoisoned hop about your walks! so may the fresh-coloured and cleanly nursery maid, who, by leave, airs her playful charge in your stately gardens, drop her prettiest blushing curtsy as ye pass, reductive of juvenescent emotion! so may the younkers of this generation eye you, pacing your stately terrace, with the same superstitious veneration, with which the child Elia gazed on the Old Worthies that solemnized the parade before ye!

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter-state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing;

when a belly-full was a wind-fall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?—but, the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repasts of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceedingly graceful. The indigent man,

who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the nex day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose mind the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food—the animal sustenance—is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sate (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savoury soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly-god intercepts it for his own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks—for what?—for having

too much, while so many starve. It is to praise the Gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others—a sort of shame—a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbour, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy. Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim,—Would you have Christians sit down at table, like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver?—no—I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns—with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy-nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno any thing but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude: but

the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great Hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word—and that in all probability, the sacred name which he preaches—is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the Paradise Regained, provides for a temptation in the wilderness:

> A table richly spread in regal mode,
> With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
> And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
> In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
> Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
> Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
> Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host.—I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy-day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces,

which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves?—He dreamed indeed,

> —— As appetite is wont to dream,
> Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

But what meats?

> Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
> And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
> Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn;
> Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
> He saw the prophet also how he fled
> Into the desert and how there he slept
> Under a juniper; then how awaked
> He found his supper on the coals prepared,
> And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
> And ate the second time after repose,
> The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
> Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
> Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the

species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business, of every description, with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor wine-bibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopt hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite

tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a

service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never settled question arise, as to *who shall say it*; while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burthen of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say any thing*. It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer, that it was not a custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manner's sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea-grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice,—the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the

epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant school-fellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, 'Is there no clergyman here?'—significantly adding, 'Thank G—.' Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we used to preface our bald bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase good creatures,' upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, wilfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense,—till some one recalled a legend, which told how in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitallers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trowsers instead of mutton.

MY FIRST PLAY

At the north end of Cross-court there yet stands a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office. This old door-way, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to Old Drury—Garrick's Drury—all of it that is left. I never pass it without shaking some forty years from

off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play*. The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease. With what a beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it.

We went with orders, which my godfather F. had sent us. He kept the oil-shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-building, in Holborn. F. was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank. He associated in those days with John Palmer, the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy; if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather. He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan. It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath—the beautiful Maria Linley. My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge.—From either of these connexions it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure—and, indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre—and he was content it should be so. The honour of Sheridan's familiarity—or supposed familiarity—was better to my godfather than money.

F. was the most gentlemanly of oilmen; grandiloquent, yet courteous. His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian. He had two Latin words almost constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct. In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versâ*—but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, read aright from Seneca or Varro—in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicized, into something like *verse verse*. By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honours which St Andrew's has to bestow.

He is dead—and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans!—slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property which I could ever call my own—situate near the road-way village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire. When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own. The estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it.

In those days were pit orders. Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them!—with one

of these we went. I remember the waiting at the door—not that which is left—but between that and an inner door in shelter—O when shall I be such an expectant again!—with the cry of nonpareils, an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days. As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the theatrical fruiteresses then was, 'Chase some oranges, chase some numparels, chase a bill of the play';—chase *pro* chuse. But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to Troilus and Cressida, in Rowe's Shakspeare—the tent scene with Diomede—and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening.—The boxes at that time, full of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit: and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with a glistering substance (I know not what) under glass (as it seemed), resembling—a homely fancy—but I judged it to be sugar-candy—yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy!—The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras!' Once the bell sounded. It was to ring out yet once again—and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap. It rang the second time. The curtain drew up—I was not past six years old—and the play was Artaxerxes!

I had dabbled a little in the Universal History—the ancient part of it—and here was the court of Persia. It was being admitted to a sight of the past. I took no

proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import—but I heard the word Darius, and I was in the midst of Daniel. All feeling was absorbed in vision. Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me. I knew not players. I was in Persepolis for the time; and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream. No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams—Harlequin's Invasion followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St Denys.

The next play to which I was taken was the Lady of the Manor, of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory. It was followed by a pantomime, called Lun's Ghost—a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead—but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud—the father of a line of Harlequins—transmitting his dagger of lath (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages. I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patch-work, like the apparition of a dead rainbow. So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are dead.

My third play followed in quick succession. It was the Way of the World. I think I must have sat at it as grave as a judge; for, I remember, the hysteric affectations

of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some solemn tragic passion. Robinson Crusoe followed; in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story.—The clownery and pantaloonery of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head. I believe, I no more laughed at them, than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars.

I saw these plays in the season 1781–2, when I was from six to seven years old. After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre. That old Artaxerxes evening had never done ringing in my fancy. I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion. But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six. In that interval what had I not lost! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing. I felt all, loved all, wondered all—

Was nourished, I could not tell how—

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a rationalist. The same things were there materially; but the emblem, the reference, was gone!—The green curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds, the unfolding of which was to bring back past ages, to present 'a royal ghost,'—but a certain quantity of green baize, which was to separate the audience for a given time from certain of their fellow-men who were to come forward

and pretend those parts. The lights—the orchestra lights—came up a clumsy machinery. The first ring, and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's bell—which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which ministered to its warning. The actors were men and women painted. I thought the fault was in them; but it was in myself, and the alteration which those many centuries—of six short twelve-months—had wrought in me.—Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which might have interfered with the genuine emotions with which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the first appearance to me of Mrs Siddons in Isabella. Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the present attraction of the scene; and the theatre became to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of recreations.

DREAM-CHILDREN;

A REVERIE

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than

that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some

of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eye-brows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge

mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. [Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and,

instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death: and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little

mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

IN A LETTER TO B. F. ESQ., AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES

My dear F.—When I think how welcome the sight of a letter from the world where you were born must be to you in that strange one to which you have been transplanted, I feel some compunctious visitings at my long silence. But, indeed, it is no easy effort to set about a correspondence at our distance. The weary world of waters between us oppresses the imagination. It is difficult to conceive how a scrawl of mine should ever stretch across it. It is a sort of presumption to expect that one's thoughts should live so far. It is like writing for posterity; and reminds me of one of Mrs Rowe's superscriptions, 'Alcander to Strephon, in the shades.' Cowley's Post-Angel is no more than would be expedient in such an intercourse. One drops a packet at Lombard-street, and in twenty-four hours a friend in Cumberland gets it as fresh as if it came in ice. It is only like whispering through a long trumpet. But suppose a tube let down from the moon, with yourself at one end, and *the man* at the other; it would be some balk to the spirit of conversation, if you knew that the dialogue exchanged with that interesting theosophist would take two or three revolutions of a higher luminary in its passage. Yet for aught I know, you may be some parasangs nigher that primitive idea—Plato's man—than we in England here have the honour to reckon ourselves.

Epistolary matter usually compriseth three topics; news, sentiment, and puns. In the latter, I include all non-serious subjects; or subjects serious in themselves, but treated after my fashion, non-seriously.—And first, for news. In them the most desirable circumstance, I suppose, is that they shall be true. But what security can I have that what I now send you for truth shall not, before you get it, unaccountably turn into a lie? For instance, our mutual friend P. is at this present writing—*my Now*—in good health, and enjoys a fair share of worldly reputation. You are glad to hear it. This is natural and friendly. But at this present reading—*your Now*—he may possibly be in the Bench, or going to be hanged, which in reason ought to abate something of your transport (*i.e.* at hearing he was well, &c.), or at least considerably to modify it. I am going to the play this evening, to have a laugh with Munden. You have no theatre, I think you told me, in your land of d——d realities. You naturally lick your lips, and envy me my felicity. Think but a moment, and you will correct the hateful emotion. Why, it is Sunday morning with you, and 1823. This confusion of tenses, this grand solecism of *two presents*, is in a degree common to all postage. But if I sent you word to Bath or the Devizes, that I was expecting the aforesaid treat this evening, though at the moment you received the intelligence my full feast of fun would be over, yet there would be for a day or two after, as you would well know, a smack, a relish left upon my mental palate, which would give rational encouragement for you to foster a portion at least of the disagreeable passion, which it was in part my intention to produce.

But ten months hence, your envy or your sympathy would be as useless as a passion spent upon the dead. Not only does truth, in these long intervals, un-essence herself, but (what is harder) one cannot venture a crude fiction for the fear that it may ripen into a truth upon the voyage. What a wild improbable banter I put upon you some three years since——of Will Weatherall having married a servant-maid! I remember gravely consulting you how we were to receive her—for Will's wife was in no case to be rejected; and your no less serious replication in the matter; how tenderly you advised an abstemious introduction of literary topics before the lady, with a caution not to be too forward in bringing on the carpet matters more within the sphere of her intelligence; your deliberate judgement, or rather wise suspension of sentence, how far jacks, and spits, and mops, could with propriety be introduced as subjects; whether the conscious avoiding of all such matters in discourse would not have a worse look than the taking of them casually in our way; in what manner we should carry ourselves to our maid Becky, Mrs William Weatherall being by; whether we should show more delicacy, and a truer sense of respect for Will's wife, by treating Becky with our customary chiding before her, or by an unusual deferential civility paid to Becky as to a person of great worth, but thrown by the caprice of fate into a humble station. There were difficulties, I remember, on both sides, which you did me the favour to state with the precision of a lawyer, united to the tenderness of a friend. I laughed in my sleeve at your solemn pleadings, when lo! while I was valuing myself upon this flam put upon you in New South Wales, the devil in England, jealous

possibly of any lie-children not his own, or working after my copy, has actually instigated our friend (not three days since) to the commission of a matrimony, which I had only conjured up for your diversion. William Weatherall has married Mrs Cotterel's maid. But to take it in its truest sense, you will see, my dear F., that news from me must become history to you; which I neither profess to write, nor indeed care much for reading. No person, under a diviner, can with any prospect of veracity conduct a correspondence at such an arm's length. Two prophets, indeed, might thus interchange intelligence with effect; the epoch of the writer (Habbakuk) falling in with the true present time of the receiver (Daniel); but then we are no prophets.

Then as to sentiment. It fares little better with that. This kind of dish, above all, requires to be served up hot; or sent off in water-plates, that your friend may have it almost as warm as yourself. If it have time to cool, it is the most tasteless of all cold meats. I have often smiled at a conceit of the late Lord C. It seems that travelling somewhere about Geneva, he came to some pretty green spot, or nook, where a willow, or something, hung so fantastically and invitingly over a stream—was it?—or a rock?—no matter—but the stillness and the repose, after a weary journey 'tis likely, in a languid moment of his lordship's hot restless life, so took his fancy, that he could imagine no place so proper, in the event of his death, to lay his bones in. This was all very natural and excusable as a sentiment, and shows his character in a very pleasing light. But when from a passing sentiment it came to be an act; and when, by a positive testamentary disposal,

his remains were actually carried all that way from England; who was there, some desperate sentimentalists excepted, that did not ask the question, Why could not his lordship have found a spot as solitary, a nook as romantic, a tree as green and pendent, with a stream as emblematic to his purpose, in Surrey, in Dorset, or in Devon? Conceive the sentiment, boarded up, freighted, entered at the Custom House (startling the tide-waiters with the novelty), hoisted into a ship. Conceive it pawed about and handled between the rude jests of tarpaulin ruffians—a thing of its delicate texture—the salt bilge wetting it till it became as vapid as a damaged lustring. Suppose it in material danger (mariners have some superstition about sentiments) of being tossed over in a fresh gale to some propitiatory shark (spirit of Saint Gothard, save us from a quietus so foreign to the deviser's purpose!) but it has happily evaded a fishy consummation. Trace it then to its lucky landing—at Lyons shall we say?—I have not the map before me—jostled upon four men's shoulders—baiting at this town—stopping to refresh at t'other village—waiting a passport here, a license there; the sanction of the magistracy in this district, the concurrence of the ecclesiastics in that canton; till at length it arrives at its destination, tired out and jaded, from a brisk sentiment, into a feature of silly pride, or tawdry senseless affectation. How few sentiments, my dear F., I am afraid we can set down, in the sailor's phrase, as quite sea-worthy.

Lastly, as to the agreeable levities, which, though contemptible in bulk, are the twinkling corpuscula which should irradiate a right friendly epistle—your

puns and small jests are, I apprehend, extremely circumscribed in their sphere of action. They are so far from a capacity of being packed up and sent beyond sea, they will scarce endure to be transported by hand from this room to the next. Their vigour is as the instant of their birth. Their nutriment for their brief existence is the intellectual atmosphere of the bystanders: or this last is the fine slime of Nilus—the *melior lutus*—whose maternal recipiency is as necessary as the *sol pater* to their equivocal generation. A pun hath a hearty kind of present ear-kissing smack with it; you can no more transmit it in its pristine flavour, than you can send a kiss.—Have you not tried in some instances to palm off a yesterday's pun upon a gentleman, and has it answered? Not but it was new to his hearing, but it did not seem to come new from you. It did not hitch in. It was like picking up at a village ale-house a two days old newspaper. You have not seen it before, but you resent the stale thing as an affront. This sort of merchandise above all requires a quick return. A pun, and its recognitory laugh, must be co-instantaneous. The one is the brisk lightning, the other the fierce thunder. A moment's interval, and the link is snapped. A pun is reflected from a friend's face as from a mirror. Who would consult his sweet visnomy, if the polished surface were two or three minutes (not to speak of twelve-months, my dear F.) in giving back its copy?

I cannot image to myself whereabout you are. When I try to fix it, Peter Wilkins's island comes across me. Sometimes you seem to be in the *Hades* of *Thieves*. I see Diogenes prying among you with his perpetual fruitless lantern. What must you be

willing by this time to give for the sight of an honest man! You must almost have forgotten how *we* look. And tell me, what your Sydneyites do? are they th**v*ng all day long? Merciful heaven! what property can stand against such a depredation! The kangaroos—your Aborigines—do they keep their primitive simplicity un-Europe-tainted, with those little short fore-puds, looking like a lesson framed by nature to the pick-pocket! Marry, for diving into fobs they are rather lamely provided *a priori*; but if the hue and cry were once up, they would show as fair a pair of hind-shifters as the expertest loco-motor in the colony.—We hear the most improbable tales at this distance. Pray, is it true that the young Spartans among you are born with six fingers, which spoils their scanning?—It must look very odd; but use reconciles. For their scansion, it is less to be regretted, for if they take it into their heads to be poets, it is odds but they turn out, the greater part of them, vile plagiarists.—Is there much difference to see to between the son of a th**f, and the grandson? or where does the taint stop? Do you bleach in three or in four generations?—I have many questions to put, but ten Delphic voyages can be made in a shorter time than it will take to satisfy my scruples.—Do you grow your own hemp?—What is your staple trade, exclusive of the national profession, I mean? Your lock-smiths, I take it, are some of your great capitalists.

I am insensibly chatting to you as familiarly as when we used to exchange good-morrows out of our old contiguous windows, in pump-famed Hare-court in the Temple. Why did you ever leave that quiet corner?—Why did I?—with its complement of four poor elms,

from whose smoke-dyed barks, the theme of jesting ruralists, I picked my first lady-birds! My heart is as dry as that spring sometimes proves in a thirsty August, when I revert to the space that is between us; a length of passage enough to render obsolete the phrases of our English letters before they can reach you. But while I talk, I think you hear me,—thoughts dallying with vain surmise—

> Aye me! while thee the seas and sounding shores
> Hold far away.

Come back, before I am grown into a very old man, so as you shall hardly know me. Come, before Bridget walks on crutches. Girls whom you left children have become sage matrons, while you are tarrying there. The blooming Miss W—r (you remember Sally W—r) called upon us yesterday, an aged crone. Folks, whom you knew, die off every year. Formerly, I thought that death was wearing out,—I stood ramparted about with so many healthy friends. The departure of J. W., two springs back, corrected my delusion. Since then the old divorcer has been busy. If you do not make haste to return, there will be little left to greet you, of me, or mine.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

I LIKE to meet a sweep—understand me—not a grown sweeper—old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive—but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigritude, the maternal washings not

quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep peep* of a young sparrow; or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aërial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely, he must be lost for ever!'—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight—and then (O fulness of delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the 'Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.'

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in

thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

There is a composition, the ground-work of which I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras. This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury. I know not how thy palate may relish it; for myself, with every deference to the judicious Mr Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this 'wholesome and pleasant beverage,' on the south side of Fleet-street, as thou approachest Bridge-street—*the only Salopian house*,—I have never yet ventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients—a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it. Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical elegances, sup it up with avidity.

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper — whether the oily particles (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions, which are sometimes found (in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth in these unfledged practitioners; or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in

the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive—but so it is, that no possible taste or odour to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals—cats—when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian. There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate.

Now albeit Mr Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *Saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith

to Covent-garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldest thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three half-pennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added half-penny) —so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularity of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of

desolation, that Hogarth———but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pye-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to 'air' them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

> A sable cloud
> Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticements of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible

in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spiriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations.*

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle.—But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a Duke's

bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula*, and resting-place.—By no other theory, than by this sentiment of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

My pleasant friend Jem White was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not

soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing 'the gentleman,' and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable younkers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the

jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating'—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—'The King,'—the 'Cloth,'—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, 'May the Brush supersede the Laurel!' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,' which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

> Golden lads and lasses must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MENDICITY from the metropolis. Scrips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from the corners of streets and turnings of alleys, the parting Genius of Beggary is 'with sighing sent.'

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a suppliant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvidious in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses, and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel anything towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula

for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolum*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggrel rhymes and ale-house signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Cornwall (as indeed he was) and memorable sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them), when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer 'mere nature'; and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with a converse policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated when we read the 'true ballad,' where King Cophetua woos the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its 'neighbour grice.' Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am,

rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions. I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

———Look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet,—whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless staves? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St L— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B—, the mild rector of ———?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time, most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus: nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passûs, vestigia tuta

Fixit inoffenso gressu; gelidumque sedile
In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
Unda frequens confluxit, ibi miserisque tenebras
Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
Ploravit nec frustra; obolum dedit alter et alter,
Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
Vel mediis vigil in somnis; ad herilia jussa
Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
Tædia perpessus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ;
Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
Orbavit dominum: prisci sed gratia facti
Ne tota intereat, longos deleta per annos,
Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
Etsi inopis, non ingratæ, munuscula dextræ;
Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque
Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
His guide and guard: nor, while my service lasted,
Had he occasion for that staff, with which
He now goes picking out his path in fear
Over the highways and crossings; but would plant,
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flow'd:
To whom with loud and passionate laments
From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.
Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there,
The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive
At his kind hand my customary crums,
And common portion in his feast of scraps;

Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
With our long day and tedious beggary.
  These were my manners, this my way of life,
Till age and slow disease me overtook,
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
Cheap monument of an ungrudging hand,
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
In long and lasting union to attest,
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him; for the accident, which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous

voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out-of-door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor-house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights —*is* a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ*, indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child, (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured?—whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling

his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful motion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping-post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?—

There was a Yorick once, whom it would not have shamed to have sate down at the cripples' feast, and to have thrown in his benediction, ay, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. 'Age, thou hast lost thy breed.'

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five-hundred-pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the way-side in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the

amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions.* Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and

the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure,

which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!,'—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly set

down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given —to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and, when the court

was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind——

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of

the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food——the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! —Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—

wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend.

I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. 'Presents,' I often say, 'endear Absents.' Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chicken (those 'tame villatic fowl'), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, 'give everything.' I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be

a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have towards intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.—

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, 'Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal,

is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?' I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crums, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF MARRIED PEOPLE

As a single man, I have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen me in those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world, to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of

the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privilege to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world: that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we, who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know anything about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themselves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill, and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c. —I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common——

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

'Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children': so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. 'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them': So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, when you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their

innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other is sure to be found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr —— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family, perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, 'Love me, love my dog': that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to tease you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring, a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se*; I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say,

sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate creatures which bear them; but the prettier the kind of thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelve-month shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations, they can endure that; but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife ever met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their

currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some reign before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings.*

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humorist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you, by never-qualified exaggeration to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or

two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem—that 'decent affection and complacent kindness' towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which riveted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, 'I thought, my dear, you described your friend, Mr ——, as a great wit.' If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, 'This, my dear, is your good Mr ——.' One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words), the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of

personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own; for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximate to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety of which married ladies are guilty,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr —— did not come home, till the oysters were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore

I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas, which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of——

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to record the full-length English of their names, to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

THE casual sight of an old Play Bill, which I picked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the Players, who make the principal figure in it. It presents the cast of parts in the Twelfth Night, at the old Drury-lane Theatre two-and-thirty years ago. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we *once* used to read a Play Bill—not, as now peradventure, singling out a favorite performer, and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene;—when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield, or Packer, took the part of Fabian; when Benson, and Burton, and Phillimore—names of small account—had an importance,

beyond what we can be content to attribute now to the time's best actors.—'Orsino, by Mr Barrymore.'—What a full Shakspearian sound it carries! how fresh to memory arise the image, and the manner, of the gentle actor!

Those who have only seen Mrs Jordan within the last ten or fifteen years, can have no adequate notion of her performances of such parts as Ophelia; Helena, in All's Well that Ends Well; and Viola in this play. Her voice had latterly acquired a coarseness, which suited well enough with her Nells and Hoydens, but in those days it sank, with her steady melting eye, into the heart. Her joyous parts—in which her memory now chiefly lives—in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones. There is no giving an account how she delivered the disguised story of her love for Orsino. It was no set speech, that she had foreseen, so as to weave it into an harmonious period, line necessarily following line, to make up the music—yet I have heard it so spoken, or rather *read*, not without its grace and beauty—but, when she had declared her sister's history to be a 'blank,' and that she 'never told her love,' there was a pause, as if the story had ended—and then the image of the 'worm in the bud,' came up as a new suggestion—and the heightened image of 'Patience' still followed after that, as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. So in those fine lines—

> Write loyal cantos of contemned love—
> Hollow your name to the reverberate hills—

there was no preparation made in the foregoing image for that which was to follow. She used no rhetoric in

her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric, most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law.

Mrs Powel (now Mrs Renard), then in the pride of her beauty, made an admirable Olivia. She was particularly excellent in her unbending scenes in conversation with the Clown. I have seen some Olivias—and those very sensible actresses too—who in these interlocutions have seemed to set their wits at the jester, and to vie conceits with him in downright emulation. But she used him for her sport, like what he was, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed, and she to be the Great Lady still. She touched the imperious fantastic humour of the character with nicety. Her fine spacious person filled the scene.

The part of Malvolio has, in my judgment, been so often misunderstood, and the *general merits* of the actor, who then played it, so unduly appreciated, that I shall hope for pardon, if I am a little prolix upon these points.

Of all the actors who flourished in my time—a melancholy phrase if taken aright, reader—Bensley had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of a great idea to the fancy. He had the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players. None that I remember possessed even a portion of that fine madness which he threw out in Hotspur's famous rant about glory, or the transports of the Venetian incendiary at the vision of the fired city. His voice had the dissonance, and at times the inspiriting effect, of the trumpet. His gait was uncouth and stiff, but no way embarrassed by affectation; and the thorough-bred

gentleman was uppermost in every movement. He seized the moment of passion with greatest truth; like a faithful clock, never striking before the time; never anticipating or leading you to anticipate. He was totally destitute of trick and artifice. He seemed come upon the stage to do the poet's message simply, and he did it with as genuine fidelity as the nuncios in Homer deliver the errands of the gods. He let the passion or the sentiment do its own work without prop or bolstering. He would have scorned to mountebank it; and betrayed none of that *cleverness* which is the bane of serious acting. For this reason, his Iago was the only endurable one which I remember to have seen. No spectator from his action could divine more of his artifice than Othello was supposed to do. His confessions in soliloquy alone put you in possession of the mystery. There were no by-intimations to make the audience fancy their own discernment so much greater than that of the Moor—who commonly stands like a great helpless mark set up for mine Ancient, and a quantity of barren spectators, to shoot their bolts at. The Iago of Bensley did not go to work so grossly. There was a triumphant tone about the character, natural to a general consciousness of power; but none of that petty vanity which chuckles and cannot contain itself upon any little successful stroke of its knavery—as is common with your small villains, and green probationers in mischief. It did not clap or crow before its time. It was not a man setting his wits at a child, and winking all the while at other children who are mightily pleased at being let into the secret; but a consummate villain entrapping a noble nature into toils, against which no discernment was available, where the

manner was as fathomless as the purpose seemed dark, and without motive. The part of Malvolio, in the Twelfth Night, was performed by Bensley, with a richness and a dignity, of which (to judge from some recent castings of that character) the very tradition must be worn out from the stage. No manager in those days would have dreamed of giving it to Mr Baddeley, or Mr Parsons: when Bensley was occasionally absent from the theatre, John Kemble thought it no derogation to succeed to the part. Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. Maria describes him as a sort of Puritan; and he might have worn his gold chain with honour in one of our old round-head families, in the service of a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax. But his morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. Still his pride, or his gravity (call it which you will), is inherent, and native to the man, not mock or affected, which latter only are the fit objects to excite laughter. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. We see no reason why he should not have been brave, honourable, accomplished. His careless committal of the ring to the ground (which he was commissioned to restore to Cesario), bespeaks a generosity of birth and feeling. His dialect on all occasions is that of a gentleman, and a man of education. We must not confound him with the eternal old, low steward of comedy. He is

master of the household to a great Princess; a dignity probably conferred upon him for other respects than age or length of service. Olivia, at the first indication of his supposed madness, declares that she 'would not have him miscarry for half of her dowry.' Does this look as if the character was meant to appear little or insignificant? Once, indeed, she accuses him to his face—of what?—of being 'sick of self-love,'—but with a gentleness and considerateness which could not have been, if she had not thought that this particular infirmity shaded some virtues. His rebuke to the knight, and his sottish revellers, is sensible and spirited; and when we take into consideration the unprotected condition of his mistress, and the strict regard with which her state of real or dissembled mourning would draw the eyes of the world upon her house-affairs, Malvolio might feel the honour of the family in some sort in his keeping; as it appears not that Olivia had any more brothers, or kinsmen, to look to it—for Sir Toby had dropped all such nice respects at the buttery hatch. That Malvolio was meant to be represented as possessing estimable qualities, the expression of the Duke, in his anxiety to have him reconciled, almost infers: 'Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.' Even in his abused state of chains and darkness, a sort of greatness seems never to desert him. He argues highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas, and philosophises gallantly upon his straw[1]. There must have been some shadow of worth

[1] *Clown.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?
Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.
Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve of his opinion.

about the man; he must have been something more than a mere vapour—a thing of straw, or Jack in office—before Fabian and Maria could have ventured sending him upon a courting-errand to Olivia. There was some consonancy (as he would say) in the undertaking, or the jest would have been too bold even for that house of misrule.

Bensley, accordingly, threw over the part an air of Spanish loftiness. He looked, spake, and moved like an old Castilian. He was starch, spruce, opinionated, but his superstructure of pride seemed bottomed upon a sense of worth. There was something in it beyond the coxcomb. It was big and swelling, but you could not be sure that it was hollow. You might wish to see it taken down, but you felt that it was upon an elevation. He was magnificent from the outset; but when the decent sobrieties of the character began to give way, and the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess's affection, gradually to work, you would have thought that the hero of La Mancha in person stood before you. How he went smiling to himself! with what ineffable carelessness would he twirl his gold chain! what a dream it was! you were infected with the illusion, and did not wish that it should be removed! you had no room for laughter! if an unseasonable reflection of morality obtruded itself, it was a deep sense of the pitiable infirmity of man's nature, that can lay him open to such frenzies—but in truth you rather admired than pitied the lunacy while it lasted—you felt that an hour of such mistake was worth an age with the eyes open. Who would not wish to live but for a day in the conceit of such a lady's love as Olivia? Why, the Duke would have given his

principality but for a quarter of a minute, sleeping or waking, to have been so deluded. The man seemed to tread upon air, to taste manna, to walk with his head in the clouds, to mate Hyperion. O! shake not the castles of his pride—endure yet for a season, bright moments of confidence—'stand still, ye watches of the element,' that Malvolio may be still in fancy fair Olivia's lord!—but fate and retribution say no—I hear the mischievous titter of Maria—the witty taunts of Sir Toby—the still more insupportable triumph of the foolish knight—the counterfeit Sir Topas is unmasked—and 'thus the whirligig of time,' as the true clown hath it, 'brings in his revenges.' I confess that I never saw the catastrophe of this character, while Bensley played it, without a kind of tragic interest. There was good foolery too. Few now remember Dodd. What an Aguecheek the stage lost in him! Lovegrove, who came nearest to the old actors, revived the character some few seasons ago, and made it sufficiently grotesque; but Dodd was *it*, as it came out of nature's hands. It might be said to remain *in puris naturalibus*. In expressing slowness of apprehension, this actor surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fulness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling, than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again.

A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five-and-twenty years ago, that walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crankles, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks——taking my afternoon solace on a summer day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the old Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face turning full upon me strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had

hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognised but as the usher of mirth; that looked out so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite; so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks probably he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a

more solemn cast of part. Dying, he 'put on the weeds of Dominic[1].'

If few can remember Dodd, many yet living will not easily forget the pleasant creature, who in those days enacted the part of the Clown to Dodd's Sir Andrew.—Richard, or rather Dicky Suett—for so in his life-time he delighted to be called, and time hath ratified the appellation—lieth buried on the north side of the cemetery of Holy Paul, to whose service his nonage and tender years were dedicated. There are who do yet remember him at that period—his pipe clear and harmonious. He would often speak of his chorister days, when he was 'cherub Dicky.'

What clipped his wings, or made it expedient that he should exchange the holy for the profane state; whether he had lost his good voice (his best recommendation to that office), like Sir John, 'with hallooing and singing of anthems'; or whether he was adjudged to lack something, even in those early years, of the gravity indispensable to an occupation which professeth to 'commerce with the skies'—I could never rightly learn; but we find him, after the probation of a twelvemonth or so, reverting to a secular condition, and become one of us.

[1] Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in Aguecheek, and recognising Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat and salute him as the identical Knight of the preceding evening with a 'Save you, *Sir Andrew*.' Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking wave of the hand, put him off with an 'Away, *Fool*.'

I think he was not altogether of that timber, out of which cathedral seats and sounding-boards are hewed. But if a glad heart—kind and therefore glad—be any part of sanctity, then might the robe of Motley, with which he invested himself with so much humility after his deprivation, and which he wore so long with so much blameless satisfaction to himself and to the public, be accepted for a surplice—his white stole, and *albe.*

The first fruits of his secularization was an engagement upon the boards of Old Drury, at which theatre he commenced, as I have been told, with adopting the manner of Parsons in old men's characters. At the period in which most of us knew him, he was no more an imitator than he was in any true sense himself imitable.

He was the Robin Good-Fellow of the stage. He came in to trouble all things with a welcome perplexity, himself no whit troubled for the matter. He was known, like Puck, by his note—*Ha! Ha! Ha!*—sometimes deepening to *Ho! Ho! Ho!* with an irresistible accession, derived perhaps remotely from his ecclesiastical education, foreign to his prototype of,—*O La!* Thousands of hearts yet respond to the chuckling *O La!* of Dicky Suett, brought back to their remembrance by the faithful transcript of his friend Mathews's mimicry. The 'force of nature could no further go.' He drolled upon the stock of these two syllables richer than the cuckoo.

Care, that troubles all the world, was forgotten in his composition. Had he had but two grains (nay, half a grain) of it, he could never have supported himself upon those two spider's strings, which served him (in the latter part of his unmixed existence) as legs. A doubt or a scruple must have made him totter, a sigh have

puffed him down; the weight of a frown had staggered him, a wrinkle made him lose his balance. But on he went, scrambling upon those airy stilts of his, with Robin Goodfellow, 'thorough brake, thorough briar,' reckless of a scratched face or a torn doublet.

Shakspeare foresaw him, when he framed his fools and jesters. They have all the true Suett stamp, a loose and shambling gait, a slippery tongue, this last the ready midwife to a without-pain-delivered jest; in words, light as air, venting truths deep as the centre; with idlest rhymes tagging conceit when busiest, singing with Lear in the tempest, or Sir Toby at the buttery-hatch.

Jack Bannister and he had the fortune to be more of personal favourites with the town than any actors before or after. The difference, I take it, was this:—Jack was more *beloved* for his sweet, good-natured, moral pretensions. Dicky was more *liked* for his sweet, good-natured, no pretensions at all. Your whole conscience stirred with Bannister's performance of Walter in the Children in the Wood—but Dicky seemed like a thing, as Shakspeare says of Love, too young to know what conscience is. He put us into Vesta's days. Evil fled before him—not as from Jack, as from an antagonist,—but because it could not touch him, any more than a cannon-ball a fly. He was delivered from the burthen of that death; and, when Death came himself, not in metaphor, to fetch Dicky, it is recorded of him by Robert Palmer, who kindly watched his exit, that he received the last stroke, neither varying his accustomed tranquillity, nor tune, with the simple exclamation, worthy to have been recorded in his epitaph—*O La! O La! Bobby!*

The elder Palmer (of stage-treading celebrity)

commonly played Sir Toby in those days; but there is a solidity of wit in the jests of that half-Falstaff which he did not quite fill out. He was as much too showy as Moody (who sometimes took the part) was dry and sottish. In sock or buskin there was an air of swaggering gentility about Jack Palmer. He was a *gentleman* with a slight infusion of *the footman.* His brother Bob (of recenter memory) who was his shadow in every thing while he lived, and dwindled into less than a shadow afterwards —was a *gentleman* with a little stronger infusion of the *latter ingredient*; that was all. It is amazing how a little of the more or less makes a difference in these things. When you saw Bobby in the Duke's Servant[1], you said, what a pity such a pretty fellow was only a servant. When you saw Jack figuring in Captain Absolute, you thought you could trace his promotion to some lady of quality who fancied the handsome fellow in his top-knot, and had bought him a commission. Therefore Jack in Dick Amlet was insuperable.

Jack had two voices,—both plausible, hypocritical, and insinuating; but his secondary or supplemental voice still more decisively histrionic than his common one. It was reserved for the spectator; and the dramatis personæ were supposed to know nothing at all about it. The *lies* of young Wilding, and the *sentiments* in Joseph Surface, were thus marked out in a sort of italics to the audience. This secret correspondence with the company before the curtain (which is the bane and death of tragedy) has an extremely happy effect in some kinds of comedy, in the more highly artificial comedy of Congreve or of Sheridan especially, where the absolute sense of reality (so

[1] High Life Below Stairs.

indispensable to scenes of interest) is not required, or would rather interfere to diminish your pleasure. The fact is, you do not believe in such characters as Surface—the villain of artificial comedy—even while you read or see them. If you did, they would shock and not divert you. When Ben, in Love for Love, returns from sea, the following exquisite dialogue occurs at his first meeting with his father—

Sir Sampson. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ey, ey, been! Been far enough, an that be all.—Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Val?

Sir Sampson. Dick! body o' me, Dick has been dead these two years. I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true; Marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say—Well, and how?—I have a many questions to ask you—

Here is an instance of insensibility which in real life would be revolting, or rather in real life could not have co-existed with the warm-hearted temperament of the character. But when you read it in the spirit with which such playful selections and specious combinations rather than strict *metaphrases* of nature should be taken, or when you saw Bannister play it, it neither did, nor does wound the moral sense at all. For what is Ben—the pleasant sailor which Bannister gives us—but a piece of satire—a creation of Congreve's fancy—a dreamy combination of all the accidents of a sailor's character—his contempt of money—his credulity to women—with that necessary estrangement from home which it is just within the verge of credibility to suppose *might* produce such an hallucination as is here described. We never think the worse of Ben for it, or feel it as a stain upon his

character. But when an actor comes, and instead of the delightful phantom—the creature dear to half-belief—which Bannister exhibited—displays before our eyes a downright concretion of a Wapping sailor—a jolly warm-hearted Jack Tar—and nothing else—when instead of investing it with a delicious confusedness of the head, and a veering undirected goodness of purpose—he gives to it a downright daylight understanding, and a full consciousness of its actions; thrusting forward the sensibilities of the character with a pretence as if it stood upon nothing else, and was to be judged by them alone—we feel the discord of the thing; the scene is disturbed; a real man has got in among the dramatis personæ, and puts them out. We want the sailor turned out. We feel that his true place is not behind the curtain, but in the first or second gallery.

ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY

THE artificial Comedy, or Comedy of manners, is quite extinct on our stage. Congreve and Farquhar show their heads once in seven years only, to be exploded and put down instantly. The times cannot bear them. Is it for a few wild speeches, an occasional license of dialogue? I think not altogether. The business of their dramatic characters will not stand the moral test. We screw every thing up to that. Idle gallantry in a fiction, a dream, the passing pageant of an evening, startles us in the same way as the alarming indications of profligacy in a son or ward in real life should startle

a parent or guardian. We have no such middle emotions as dramatic interests left. We see a stage libertine playing his loose pranks of two hours' duration, and of no after consequence, with the severe eyes which inspect real vices with their bearings upon two worlds. We are spectators to a plot or intrigue (not reducible in life to the point of strict morality), and take it all for truth. We substitute a real for a dramatic person, and judge him accordingly. We try him in our courts, from which there is no appeal to the *dramatis personæ*, his peers. We have been spoiled with—not sentimental comedy—but a tyrant far more pernicious to our pleasures which has succeeded to it, the exclusive and all-devouring drama of common life; where the moral point is every thing; where, instead of the fictitious half-believed personages of the stage (the phantoms of old comedy), we recognise ourselves, our brothers, aunts, kinsfolk, allies, patrons, enemies,—the same as in life,—with an interest in what is going on so hearty and substantial, that we cannot afford our moral judgment, in its deepest and most vital results, to compromise or slumber for a moment. What is *there* transacting, by no modification is made to affect us in any other manner than the same events or characters would do in our relationships of life. We carry our fire-side concerns to the theatre with us. We do not go thither, like our ancestors, to escape from the pressure of reality, so much as to confirm our experience of it; to make assurance double, and take a bond of fate. We must live our toilsome lives twice over, as it was the mournful privilege of Ulysses to descend twice to the shades. All that neutral ground of character, which stood between vice

and virtue; or which in fact was indifferent to neither, where neither properly was called in question; that happy breathing-place from the burthen of a perpetual moral questioning—the sanctuary and quiet Alsatia of hunted casuistry—is broken up and disfranchised, as injurious to the interests of society. The privileges of the place are taken away by law. We dare not dally with images, or names, of wrong. We bark like foolish dogs at shadows. We dread infection from the scenic representation of disorder; and fear a painted pustule. In our anxiety that our morality should not take cold, we wrap it up in a great blanket surtout of precaution against the breeze and sunshine.

I confess for myself that (with no great delinquencies to answer for) I am glad for a season to take an airing beyond the diocese of the strict conscience,—not to live always in the precincts of the law-courts,—but now and then, for a dream-while or so, to imagine a world with no meddling restrictions—to get into recesses, whither the hunter cannot follow me—

> ———Secret shades
> Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
> While yet there was no fear of Jove.

I come back to my cage and my restraint the fresher and more healthy for it. I wear my shackles more contentedly for having respired the breath of an imaginary freedom. I do not know how it is with others, but I feel the better always for the perusal of one of Congreve's—nay, why should I not add even of Wycherley's—comedies. I am the gayer at least for it; and I could never connect those sports of a witty fancy in any shape with any result to be drawn from them to imitation in

real life. They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairy-land. Take one of their characters, male or female (with few exceptions they are alike), and place it in a modern play, and my virtuous indignation shall rise against the profligate wretch as warmly as the Catos of the pit could desire; because in a modern play I am to judge of the right and the wrong. The standard of *police* is the measure of *political justice.* The atmosphere will blight it, it cannot live here. It has got into a moral world, where it has no business, from which it must needs fall headlong; as dizzy, and incapable of making a stand, as a Swedenborgian bad spirit that has wandered unawares into the sphere of one of his Good Men, or Angels. But in its own world do we feel the creature is so very bad?—The Fainalls and the Mirabels, the Dorimants and the Lady Touchwoods, in their own sphere, do not offend my moral sense; in fact they do not appeal to it at all. They seem engaged in their proper element. They break through no laws, or conscientious restraints. They know of none. They have got out of Christendom into the land—what shall I call it?—of cuckoldry—the Utopia of gallantry, where pleasure is duty, and the manners perfect freedom. It is altogether a speculative scene of things, which has no reference whatever to the world that is. No good person can be justly offended as a spectator, because no good person suffers on the stage. Judged morally, every character in these plays—the few exceptions only are *mistakes*—is alike essentially vain and worthless. The great art of Congreve is especially shown in this, that he has entirely excluded from his scenes,—some little generosities in the part of Angelica perhaps excepted,—

not only any thing like a faultless character, but any pretensions to goodness or good feelings whatsoever. Whether he did this designedly, or instinctively, the effect is as happy, as the design (if design) was bold. I used to wonder at the strange power which his Way of the World in particular possesses of interesting you all along in the pursuits of characters, for whom you absolutely care nothing—for you neither hate nor love his personages—and I think it is owing to this very indifference for any, that you endure the whole. He has spread a privation of moral light, I will call it, rather than by the ugly name of palpable darkness, over his creations; and his shadows flit before you without distinction or preference. Had he introduced a good character, a single gush of moral feeling, a revulsion of the judgment to actual life and actual duties, the impertinent Goshen would have only lighted to the discovery of deformities, which now are none, because we think them none.

Translated into real life, the characters of his, and his friend Wycherley's dramas, are profligates and strumpets, —the business of their brief existence, the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry. No other spring of action, or possible motive of conduct, is recognised; principles which, universally acted upon, must reduce this frame of things to a chaos. But we do them wrong in so translating them. No such effects are produced in *their* world. When we are among them, we are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated—for no family ties exist

among them. No purity of the marriage bed is stained —for none is supposed to have a being. No deep affections are disquieted,—no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not of the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong,—gratitude or its opposite,—claim or duty,—paternity or sonship. Of what consequence is it to virtue, or how is she at all concerned about it, whether Sir Simon, or Dapperwit, steal away Miss Martha; or who is the father of Lord Froth's, or Sir Paul Pliant's children.

The whole is a passing pageant, where we should sit as unconcerned at the issues, for life or death, as at a battle of the frogs and mice. But, like Don Quixote, we take part against the puppets, and quite as impertinently. We dare not contemplate an Atlantis, a scheme, out of which our coxcombical moral sense is for a little transitory ease excluded. We have not the courage to imagine a state of things for which there is neither reward nor punishment. We cling to the painful necessities of shame and blame We would indict our very dreams.

Amidst the mortifying circumstances attendant upon growing old, it is something to have seen the School for Scandal in its glory. This comedy grew out of Congreve and Wycherley, but gathered some allays of the sentimental comedy which followed theirs. It is impossible that it should be now *acted*, though it continues, at long intervals, to be announced in the bills. Its hero, when Palmer played it at least, was Joseph Surface. When I remember the gay boldness, the graceful solemn plausibility, the measured step, the insinuating voice—to express it in a word—the downright *acted* villany of the

part, so different from the pressure of conscious actual wickedness,—the hypocritical assumption of hypocrisy,—which made Jack so deservedly a favourite in that character, I must needs conclude the present generation of play-goers more virtuous than myself, or more dense. I freely confess that he divided the palm with me with his better brother; that, in fact, I liked him quite as well. Not but there are passages,—like that, for instance, where Joseph is made to refuse a pittance to a poor relation,—incongruities which Sheridan was forced upon by the attempt to join the artificial with the sentimental comedy, either of which must destroy the other—but over these obstructions Jack's manner floated him so lightly, that a refusal from him no more shocked you, than the easy compliance of Charles gave you in reality any pleasure; you got over the paltry question as quickly as you could, to get back into the regions of pure comedy, where no cold moral reigns. The highly artificial manner of Palmer in this character counteracted every disagreeable impression which you might have received from the contrast, supposing them real, between the two brothers. You did not believe in Joseph with the same faith with which you believed in Charles. The latter was a pleasant reality, the former a no less pleasant poetical foil to it. The comedy, I have said, is incongruous; a mixture of Congreve with sentimental incompatibilities: the gaiety upon the whole is buoyant; but it required the consummate art of Palmer to reconcile the discordant elements.

A player with Jack's talents, if we had one now, would not dare to do the part in the same manner. He would instinctively avoid every turn which might tend to

unrealise, and so to make the character fascinating. He must take his cue from his spectators, who would expect a bad man and a good man as rigidly opposed to each other as the death-beds of those geniuses are contrasted in the prints, which I am sorry to say have disappeared from the windows of my old friend Carrington Bowles, of St Paul's Church-yard memory—(an exhibition as venerable as the adjacent cathedral, and almost coeval) of the bad and good man at the hour of death; where the ghastly apprehensions of the former,—and truly the grim phantom with his reality of a toasting-fork is not to be despised,—so finely contrast with the meek complacent kissing of the rod,—taking it in like honey and butter,—with which the latter submits to the scythe of the gentle bleeder, Time, who wields his lancet with the apprehensive finger of a popular young ladies' surgeon. What flesh, like loving grass, would not covet to meet half-way the stroke of such a delicate mower?—John Palmer was twice an actor in this exquisite part. He was playing to you all the while that he was playing upon Sir Peter and his lady. You had the first intimation of a sentiment before it was on his lips. His altered voice was meant to you, and you were to suppose that his fictitious co-flutterers on the stage perceived nothing at all of it. What was it to you if that half-reality, the husband, was over-reached by the puppetry—or the thin thing (Lady Teazle's reputation) was persuaded it was dying of a plethory? The fortunes of Othello and Desdemona were not concerned in it. Poor Jack has past from the stage in good time, that he did not live to this our age of seriousness. The pleasant old Teazle *King*, too, is gone in good time. His manner would scarce have passed

current in our day. We must love or hate—acquit or condemn—censure or pity—exert our detestable coxcombry of moral judgment upon every thing. Joseph Surface, to go down now, must be a downright revolting villain—no compromise—his first appearance must shock and give horror—his specious plausibilities, which the pleasurable faculties of our fathers welcomed with such hearty greetings, knowing that no harm (dramatic harm even) could come, or was meant to come of them, must inspire a cold and killing aversion. Charles (the real canting person of the scene—for the hypocrisy of Joseph has its ulterior legitimate ends, but his brother's professions of a good heart centre in downright self-satisfaction) must be *loved*, and Joseph *hated*. To balance one disagreeable reality with another, Sir Peter Teazle must be no longer the comic idea of a fretful old bachelor bridegroom, whose teasings (while King acted it) were evidently as much played off at you, as they were meant to concern any body on the stage,—he must be a real person, capable in law of sustaining an injury—a person towards whom duties are to be acknowledged—the genuine crim-con. antagonist of the villanous seducer Joseph. To realise him more, his sufferings under his unfortunate match must have the downright pungency of life—must (or should) make you not mirthful but uncomfortable, just as the same predicament would move you in a neighbour or old friend. The delicious scenes which give the play its name and zest, must affect you in the same serious manner as if you heard the reputation of a dear female friend attacked in your real presence. Crabtree, and Sir Benjamin—those poor snakes that live but in the sunshine of your mirth—must be ripened

by this hot-bed process of realization into asps or amphisbænas; and Mrs Candour—O! frightful!—become a hooded serpent. Oh who that remembers Parsons and Dodd—the wasp and butterfly of the School for Scandal—in those two characters; and charming natural Miss Pope, the perfect gentlewoman as distinguished from the fine lady of comedy, in this latter part—would forego the true scenic delight—the escape from life—the oblivion of consequences—the holiday barring out of the pedant Reflection—those Saturnalia of two or three brief hours, well won from the world—to sit instead at one of our modern plays—to have his coward conscience (that forsooth must not be left for a moment) stimulated with perpetual appeals—dulled rather, and blunted, as a faculty without repose must be—and his moral vanity pampered with images of notional justice, notional beneficence, lives saved without the spectators' risk, and fortunes given away that cost the author nothing?

No piece was, perhaps, ever so completely cast in all its parts as this *manager's comedy*. Miss Farren had succeeded to Mrs Abingdon in Lady Teazle; and Smith, the original Charles, had retired, when I first saw it. The rest of the characters, with very slight exceptions, remained. I remember it was then the fashion to cry down John Kemble, who took the part of Charles after Smith; but, I thought, very unjustly. Smith, I fancy, was more airy, and took the eye with a certain gaiety of person. He brought with him no sombre recollections of tragedy. He had not to expiate the fault of having pleased beforehand in lofty declamation. He had no sins of Hamlet or of Richard to atone for. His failure in these parts was a passport to success in one of so

opposite a tendency. But, as far as I could judge, the weighty sense of Kemble made up for more personal incapacity than he had to answer for. His harshest tones in this part came steeped and dulcified in good humour. He made his defects a grace. His exact declamatory manner, as he managed it, only served to convey the points of his dialogue with more precision. It seemed to head the shafts to carry them deeper. Not one of his sparkling sentences was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could be altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in Love for Love, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamlet—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods, his torpors—but they were the halting-stones and resting-places of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance, the 'lidless dragon eyes,' of present fashionable tragedy.

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

Not many nights ago I had come home from seeing this extraordinary performer in Cockletop; and when I retired to my pillow, his whimsical image still stuck by me, in a manner as to threaten sleep. In vain I tried to divest myself of it, by conjuring up the most opposite associations. I resolved to be serious. I raised up the gravest topics of life; private misery, public calamity. All would not do.

> ——There the antic sate
> Mocking our state——

his queer visnomy—his bewildering costume—all the strange things which he had raked together—his serpentine rod, swagging about in his pocket—Cleopatra's tear, and the rest of his relics—O'Keefe's wild farce, and *his* wilder commentary—till the passion of laughter, like grief in excess, relieved itself by its own weight, inviting the sleep which in the first instance it had driven away.

But I was not to escape so easily. No sooner did I fall into slumbers, than the same image, only more perplexing, assailed me in the shape of dreams. Not one Munden, but five hundred, were dancing before me, like the faces which, whether you will or no, come when you have been taking opium—all the strange combinations, which this strangest of all strange mortals ever shot his proper countenance into, from the day he came commissioned to dry up the tears of the town for the loss of the now almost forgotten Edwin. O for the power of the pencil to have fixed them when I awoke! A season or two since there was exhibited a Hogarth gallery.

I do not see why there should not be a Munden gallery. In richness and variety the latter would not fall far short of the former.

There is one face of Farley, one face of Knight, one (but what a one it is !) of Liston ; but Munden has none that you can properly pin down, and call *his*. When you think he has exhausted his battery of looks, in unaccountable warfare with your gravity, suddenly he sprouts out an entirely new set of features, like Hydra. He is not one, but legion. Not so much a comedian, as a company. If his name could be multiplied like his countenance, it might fill a play-bill. He, and he alone, literally *makes faces*: applied to any other person, the phrase is a mere figure, denoting certain modifications of the human countenance. Out of some invisible wardrobe he dips for faces, as his friend Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily. I should not be surprised to see him some day put out the head of a river horse ; or come forth a pewitt, or lapwing, some feathered metamorphosis.

I have seen this gifted actor in Sir Christopher Curry —in Old Dornton—diffuse a glow of sentiment which has made the pulse of a crowded theatre beat like that of one man ; when he has come in aid of the pulpit, doing good to the moral heart of a people. I have seen some faint approaches to this sort of excellence in other players. But in the grand grotesque of farce, Munden stands out as single and unaccompanied as Hogarth. Hogarth, strange to tell, had no followers. The school of Munden began, and must end, with himself.

Can any man *wonder*, like him ? can any man *see ghosts*, like him ? or *fight with his own shadow*—'SESSA' —as he does in that strangely-neglected thing, the

Cobbler of Preston—where his alternations from the Cobbler to the Magnifico, and from the Magnifico to the Cobbler, keep the brain of the spectator in as wild a ferment, as if some Arabian Night were being acted before him. Who like him can throw, or ever attempted to throw, a preternatural interest over the commonest daily-life objects? A table, or a joint-stool, in his conception, rises into a dignity equivalent to Cassiopeia's chair. It is invested with constellatory importance. You could not speak of it with more deference, if it were mounted into the firmament. A beggar in the hands of Michael Angelo, says Fuseli, rose the Patriarch of Poverty. So the gusto of Munden antiquates and ennobles what it touches. His pots and his ladles are as grand and primal as the seething-pots and hooks seen in old prophetic vision. A tub of butter, contemplated by him, amounts to a Platonic idea. He understands a leg of mutton in its quiddity. He stands wondering, amid the common-place materials of life, like primæval man with the sun and stars about him.

NOTES

Page 1

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

This essay was first published in the *London Magazine* for Aug. 1820. Lamb was a clerk in the Examiner's office at the South-Sea house from Sept. 1791 to Feb. 1792. The South-Sea company was incorporated in 1711, with the monopoly of trade to Spanish America, the directors being heavy creditors of the nation. George I, by special act of parliament, became a governor of the company in 1718. Early in the following year the scheme was produced by which the directors proposed to take over more than £31,000,000 of the national debt by purchase or subscription, and to pay for their contract a sum which eventually amounted to more than £7,500,000. The act authorising the transaction was passed in March 1720, when the company's stock had risen to 300. Between April and July it rose to 1100, but fell throughout August, until at the end of September the shares went down to 175 and even lower still. The bursting of the South-Sea bubble brought general ruin to those who had gambled in its stock without retiring at the right time. Public credit was seriously injured, with general disaster to trade. The company never revived, although it made efforts to retrieve the disaster. Its existence, during Lamb's short connection with it, was lingering, and it eventually came to an end in 1853: the preferential rights conceded to it were bought back by Spain in 1750, and its English monopoly terminated in 1807.

the Flower Pot] An inn in Bishopsgate street. In Cary's *New Itinerary*, 11th ed. 1828, stage coaches for Dalston, Kingsland and Shacklewell are noted as leaving the Flower Pot daily at 9 and 10 a.m., and 12, 1, 2.30, 3, 4.15, 4.30, 5, 7, 8, 9 and 10 p.m. The districts mentioned are now portions of the borough of Hackney.

Page 2

unsunned heap] Milton, *Comus*, l. 398: 'the unsunn'd heaps of misers' treasure.' The allusion to Mammon is a reference to Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, book II, canto vii.

Page 3

Vaux's superhuman plot] The gunpowder plot of 1605. **Vaux**= Guy Fawkes.

manes] Shades.

India-house] The house of the East India company in Leadenhall street, where Lamb was a clerk from April 1792 to March 1825.

Page 4

Herculaneum] Destroyed, with the neighbouring Pompeii, by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. The site was discovered in 1709, before that of Pompeii. Interest in the excavation of both cities had recently been revived under the French rule in Naples (1806—15). Cf. 'Herculanean raker' in the next essay (p. 16).

pounce-boxes] Boxes for pounce (i.e. pumice), a powder scattered on unglazed paper to prevent ink from spreading. Lamb means that the old pounce-boxes in the South-Sea house were on a larger scale than those of his own day.

Humourists] In the old sense of the term, explained below by the reference to their 'separate habits and oddities.' The Elizabethan writers, e.g. Ben Jonson, whose plays are a gallery of 'humours,' understood by 'humour' a particular bent of disposition, caused by the predominance of one or more of the natural humours, which were supposed to control the temperament, over the rest.

Cambro-Briton] A Welshman.

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Maccaronies] The term *macaroni* came into use about 1770, and was applied to a group of dandies who affected continental fashions and had a club in London. It appears to have originated in the introduction of macaroni as a delicacy at the suppers at Almack's, which were frequented by such dandies. Their extravagant head-dressing, with a small cocked hat on the top of a mountain of powdered hair, became a familiar subject of caricature.

gib-cat] See Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 83. A gib-cat is a tom-cat. Gib is an abbreviation of Gilbert, a name given to a cat, e.g. in Chaucer's version of the *Romaunt of the Rose*, l. 6204, and in the old play of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

tristful visage] Cf. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III, iv, 50.

Anderton's] The name still survives in the hotel in Fleet street.

Pennant] Thomas Pennant, born at Downing near Holywell, Flintshire, 1726: died 1798; well-known as antiquary and naturalist. His *Survey of London* was a valuable contribution to the topography of the city.

Rosamond's Pond] A pool formerly at the south-west end of St James' park, near the present Buckingham gate. The Mulberry gardens were a place of entertainment on the site of Buckingham palace and its garden. The conduit in Cheapside was, according to Stow, 'castellated with stone, and cisterned in lead, about the year 1285,' for the water then brought to the city in lead pipes from Paddington: it was rebuilt in 1479. There was another small conduit at the west end of Cheapside, near St Paul's churchyard.

those heroic confessors] The Huguenots, persecuted in France by the repressive legislation and the *dragonnades* of Louis XIV, and finally compelled to seek exile by the revocation of the edict of Nantes (1685).

Page 6

Hog-lane] The scene of Hogarth's picture, alluded to on p. 5. It was a street in the district now cut through by Charing Cross road: Seven Dials is a point in Great St Andrew's street, Holborn, to which five other streets converge.

Derwentwater] James Radcliffe, third earl of Derwentwater, was beheaded (1716) for his complicity in the rebellion of 1715. His brother Charles followed the fortunes of the young Pretender and was executed in 1745.

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Decus et solamen] Vergil, *Æneid* X, 858—9: 'hoc decus illi, hoc solamen erat.' Said of the horse of Mezentius: 'in this was his glory, in this his consolation.'

thought an accountant] Mr Lucas points out that this is adapted from Fielding, *Joseph Andrews*, book III, ch. v: 'Indeed, if this

good man [Parson Adams] had an enthusiasm, or what the vulgar call a blind side, it was this: he thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters.'

Orphean lyre] Cf. the song, 'Orpheus with his lute,' etc., in Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*, III, i, 3—14.

the occupier of them now] Lamb added a foot-note in 1820 which was omitted in 1823: 'I have since been informed, that the present tenant of them is a Mr Lamb, a gentleman who is happy in the possession of some choice pictures, and among them a rare portrait of Milton, which I mean to do myself the pleasure of going to see, and at the same time to refresh my memory with the sight of old scenes. Mr Lamb has the character of a right courteous and communicative collector.' John Lamb, Charles' elder brother (see *My Relations*), was born in 1763: he spent his life in the service of the South-Sea house, and became accountant on Tipp's death in 1805. He died in 1821, which explains the omission of the note when the essay was published in *Elia*.

breasts] I.e. voices: cf. Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 19—20: 'the fool has an excellent breast.'

Lord Midas] Midas, king of Phrygia, was a pupil of Orpheus, and was asked to be judge in a contest between Pan on the flute and Apollo on the lyre. He gave the prize to Pan, and Apollo in revenge gave him asses' ears instead of his own. Lamb, however, does not hint at this sequel of the contest.

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Fortinbras] See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, IV, iv, 55:

> 'Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument,
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
> When honour's at the stake.'

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dusty dead] 'Dusty death' is Shakespeare's phrase, *Macbeth*, V, v, 23.

Henry Man] Deputy-secretary of the South-Sea house, died 1799. His works were collected and published in 1802: they consisted chiefly of letters written for the *Morning Chronicle*.

new-born gauds] Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, III, iii, 176:

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,' etc.

Chatham] William Pitt, earl of Chatham, William Petty, second earl of Shelburne and first marquess of Lansdowne, and Charles Watson-Wentworth, second marquess of Rockingham, were the chief leaders of the whig party in opposition to lord North's ministry and the American war. Pitt died in 1778, and Rockingham in 1782, while Shelburne retired from public life in 1784. Sir William Howe, younger brother of the admiral, Richard, earl Howe, and his successor as fifth viscount, was the English general at the battle of Bunker's Hill (1775) and was successful at Brandywine and elsewhere in 1776. General John Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga in 1777. Sir Henry Clinton was commander-in-chief in America 1778—81.

Augustus Keppel, created viscount Keppel in 1782, was commander-in-chief of the English fleet in 1778 and was court-martialled in the following year for his unsuccessful operations against the French fleet at Ouessant: he was entirely acquitted of the charge brought against him by his vice-admiral. John Wilkes, the celebrated M.P. for Middlesex, was a strong opponent of the American war. John Sawbridge, M.P. for the city of London and Wilkes' successor as lord mayor in 1775, was, like Wilkes, an advocate of electoral reform. Bull was Wilkes' predecessor in the office of lord mayor in 1773—4. John Dunning, M.P. for Calne, created baron Ashburton in 1782, was a whig politician and lawyer, famous for his attack in 1780 on the increasing powers of the Crown. Charles Pratt, first baron and earl Camden, decided, as lord chief justice, against the general warrant by which Wilkes was arrested (1763), and was lord chancellor in Chatham's ministry (1766): he was president of the council in the coalition ministry (1784—94). Charles Lennox, third duke of Richmond, was secretary of state in Chatham's ministry, and master of the ordnance in the coalition ministry.

sinister bend] A diagonal stripe, crossing a heraldic shield from the left-hand upper corner instead of from the right, as one looks at the shield: a mark of illegitimate descent. Strictly speaking, in modern heraldry the bearing is not a bend, but a 'baton,' crossing the middle of the shield without touching the corners.

Plumers of Hertfordshire] The owners of Blakesware in Widford parish, where Lamb's grandmother, Mrs Field, had been housekeeper. The house is the subject of the essay *Blakesmoor in H——shire*. William Plumer, the 'fine old whig still living,' died in 1822: he was at this time M.P. for Higham Ferrers, but had represented Hertfordshire from 1768 to 1807. He lived at New Place, Gilston, a house near Blakesware, but a few miles further from Ware.

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fine old mansion] The repetition of the phrase is designed, in reminiscence of the old ballad of the 'Fine old English gentleman.'

Duchess of Marlborough] Sarah Churchill, widow of the great Duke, the Atossa of Pope's *Epistle on the Characters of Women*. She died in 1744.

Johnson's Life of Cave] The life of Edward Cave, Dr Johnson's first publisher, was written by him for *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Feb. 1754. What Johnson actually says is that Cave was 'cited before the house as for a breach of privilege, and accused... of opening letters to detect them,' because he had stopped a frank given by Mr Walter 'Plummer' to the old duchess.

M——] Stands, according to Lamb's key, for 'Maynard, hang'd himself.'

that song sung by Amiens] 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind,' Shakespeare, *As You Like it*, II, vii, 174—90.

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Henry Pimpernel] See Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, induction, ii, 95—8:

> 'Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece
> And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell
> And twenty more such names and men as these
> Which never were nor no man ever saw.'

OXFORD IN THE VACATION

Published in the *London Magazine* for Oct. 1820.

quis sculpsit] In prints the name of the engraver, followed by the word *sculpsit* (the past tense of *sculpere*=to engrave), appears at the foot of the print, in one corner: if they are engraved from paintings the name of the painter, followed by *pinxit*, appears in the other.

Vivares] François Vivarès, born 1709 at Saint-Jean-du-Bruel (Aveyron) in the Cevennes; settled in London; died 1780. He was famous for his engravings of landscapes, many of which were done from the paintings of Claude and Gaspard Poussin.

Woollet] William Woollett, born at Maidstone 1735, died 1785, famous as an engraver of landscapes and historical pieces.

the self-same college] The word 'college' means simply a collection or corporation of individuals. The colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were corporations of persons for the objects of study and teaching, and the fame of such establishments and of the colleges of Eton and Winchester has led to the popular use of the word for a place of education. Lamb is strictly right in calling the South-Sea clerks a college: they were members of a company of persons incorporated by royal charter and governed by special statutes, like the dean and chapter of a cathedral or a collegiate church.

a notched and cropt scrivener] The phrase looks like a quotation, but may be Lamb's own. The epithets mean 'with hair unevenly and closely cut.'

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agnize] Acknowledge, used by Shakespeare, *Othello*, I, iii, 232.

your man of letters] Lamb is fond of this use of 'your,' corresponding to the Latin demonstrative *iste* and constantly employed by the older writers, e.g. by Shakespeare in the famous phrase 'your philosophy' (*Hamlet*, I, v, 167). Cf. 'your dim-eyed vergers' below (p. 14).

contemplation of indigos] Lamb playfully refers to his clerkship in the India house as his relaxation from literary work and as a condescension to humbler matters.

Joseph's vest] Genesis xxxvii, 3. The allusion is to the variety of occupation of which he has just given 'anxious detail.'

red-letter days] The chief saints' days, marked in red-letter or rubric in old calendars, and kept as public holidays. The Conversion of St Paul is 25 Jan., St Stephen's day 26 Dec., St Barnabas' day 11 June, St Andrew's day 30 Nov., St John the Evangelist's day 27 Dec. Their old importance in the civil year is marked in our four quarter-days, viz. Lady day (25 March), the nativity of St John the Baptist (24 June), Michaelmas day (29 Sept.) and Christmas day (25 Dec.).

Andrew and John] Mr Lucas thinks that this may be a reminiscence of Milton, *Paradise Regained*, II, 7: 'Andrew and Simon, famous after known.'

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Baskett Prayer Book] John Baskett, appointed printer to queen Anne in 1709. His edition of the Book of Common Prayer appeared in 1713, with a large number of engravings of more quaintness than artistic merit. The present editor has a copy printed by Baskett's assigns in 1731, the year of his bankruptcy. It contains 33 illustrations of the gospels throughout the year, 14 engravings of apostles and evangelists and a picture of the institution of the Lord's Supper. The Psalms are introduced by a portrait of king David; while oval portraits of James I, Charles I and Charles II illustrate the services commemorating Gunpowder Treason, the death of Charles I and the Restoration. The frontispiece is a portrait of George I. St Peter in this copy is not represented as hanging 'in his uneasy posture,' i.e. on a cross with his head downwards, but sitting on the symbolical rock, holding the keys. St Bartholomew holds a knife in his left hand and points with his right, which has apparently been flayed, to the outer covering of his arm and hand dangling from a basket. In Lamb's copy the pictures were somewhat different: see essay on *Guy Faux* in Oxford ed. of his works, i, 307—8.

Spagnoletti] José Ribera, born at Jativa, between Valencia and Alicante, 1588; died at Naples 1656. He studied painting at Naples under Caravaggio, and spent most of his life in Italy, where he acquired his name of Spagnoletto, the 'little Spaniard.' His subjects were preferably of the disagreeable kind indicated in the text. Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, canto xiii, st. 71:

'as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.'

The martyrdom of St Bartholomew was one of his favourite themes one of his pictures of it is in the Pitti palace at Florence, another in the royal museum at Madrid. The 'famous Marsyas' is a somewhat obscure allusion. Possibly Lamb refers to a picture then attributed to Spagnoletto, which has since been ascribed to some one else.

the defalcation of Iscariot] Iscariot's treachery robbed the calendar of a red-letter day and Lamb of a holiday. He might

have consoled himself by remembering that the inclusion of Matthias among the chosen few provided a compensation. St Simon and St Jude (28 Oct.) gave him better reason for complaint: he might also have fairly complained of St Philip and the lesser James, who share the first of May together.

gaudy-day] Day of rejoicing (*gaudium*=joy). The phrase is specially used of 'college gaudies' at Oxford, i.e. feasts on the days of their patron saints, when founders and benefactors are commemorated.

far off their coming shone] Milton, *Par. Lost*, VI, 768:

> 'Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
> He onward came, far off his coming shone.'

Now am I little better] A reminiscence of Falstaff in Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 105—6: 'now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked.'

Selden] John Selden, the great jurist, scholar and archaeologist, born at Salvington near Worthing in 1584, died 1654. His chief work in the direction here referred to was the *History of Tythes*, published in 1617 and publicly suppressed for its anti-clerical tendency.

Usher] James Ussher, born in Dublin 1581, bishop of Meath 1621, archbishop of Armagh 1625; died 1656. Famous for his contributions to ecclesiastical history. His library is preserved at Trinity college, Dublin.

the mighty Bodley] The Bodleian library at Oxford, opened 1603, and endowed by its founder, Sir Thomas Bodley (1545—1613), in 1611.

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ad eundem] When a graduate of one university takes a degree of the same standing at another, he is said to be admitted *ad eundem gradum* (to the same degree).

Sizar...Servitor] Poor scholars, admitted to a college at reduced fees, and originally obliged to wait on the ordinary commoners or pensioners in hall. Sizar (from size=an allowance of food and drink) is the term at Cambridge: servitor, which explains itself, is used at Oxford.

Gentleman Commoner] An undergraduate who, for the payment of extra fees, has special privileges and dines with the fellows of the college at the high table. An ordinary undergraduate at Oxford

is a commoner, i.e. he has his share in the common daily allowances of the college.

Seraphic Doctor] The epithet 'Seraphic' was applied by medieval scholars to the Franciscan St Bonaventura (1221—74), on account of his mystical proficiency. Similarly his great contemporary, St Thomas of Aquino (c. 1224—74) was known as the Angelic doctor or the Angel of the schools.

Christ's] Perhaps Lamb intentionally confuses the Cambridge Christ's with the Oxford Christ Church. Christ Church is properly *Aedes Christi*, 'the house of Christ.'

beadsman] A bedesman is a member of a foundation such as a college or almshouse, so called because one of his duties is to offer his prayers (old English, bedes) continually for the souls of the founders or benefactors whose bequests he enjoys.

Chaucer] The old tradition, which credited Chaucer with a profound learning somewhat different from his wide and miscellaneous reading, made him a student both at Oxford and Cambridge. A more prosaic age has robbed both universities of the honour, although he undoubtedly visited both.

Manciple] The buyer or caterer (*manceps*) for a college. The manciple of one of the inns of court was one of Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims (see *Cant. Tales*, prologue, 567—86). Lamb seems to imply that the manciple and college cook were in the middle ages identical. The manciple was actually the officer who provided material for the cook.

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half Januses] The note in the text refers to a passage in Browne's *Christian Morals*, part III, § 22: 'Persons of short times may know what 'tis to live, but not the life of man; who, having little behind them, are but Januses of one face, and know not singularities enough to raise axioms of this world.'

palpable obscure] Darkness that may be felt. See Milton, *Par. Lost*, II, 406; and cf. ibid. XII, 188, 'palpable darkness,' which is practically a literal version of the Vulgate, Exodus x, 21.

Oxenford] The early form of the name Oxford: the spelling survived in common use till late in the middle ages.

arride] please; literally 'smile upon.' Lamb found the word in Ben Jonson, *Every Man out of his Humour*, II, i: ''Fore Heaven, his humour arrides me exceedingly,' and *Cynthia's Revels*,

IV, i: 'your long die-note did arride me most.' It occurs also in Shakerley Marmion's *The Antiquary* II, 1. Nares' *Glossary* cites some uses by minor authors.

those sciential apples] The reference is to the tree of knowledge (*lignum scientiae*) in the garden of Eden, Genesis ii, 17.

variæ lectiones] The various readings in different MSS. of the same work, which have to be collated in the preparation of a text. In a note to the essay, when it first appeared, Lamb expresses his disenchantment on seeing the corrected MS. of Milton's *Lycidas* at Trinity college, Cambridge. He had previously thought of the poem 'as of a full-grown beauty—as springing up with all its parts absolute.' He concludes: 'I will never go into the work-shop of any great artist again, nor desire a sight of his picture, till it is fairly off the easel; no, not if Raphael were to be alive again, and painting another Galatea.'

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Herculanean raker] See note on 'Herculaneum' on p. 243 above.

the three witnesses] The authenticity of 1 John v, 7, 8, a text which is absent from the earliest MSS., was rejected as early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, notably by Bentley and by the Swiss scholar J. J. Wetstein.

Porson] Richard Porson, born at East Ruston, Norfolk, in 1759, the most famous of English Greek scholars. He was regius professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1792 to his death in 1808.

G. D.] Lamb's friend, George Dyer, of Emmanuel college, Cambridge, who had also been at Christ's hospital, but left the year before Lamb was born. There is a chapter upon the career of this eccentric author and scholar in Mr Lucas' *Life of Charles Lamb*, vol. i, pp. 144—67. See also the essay *Amicus Redivivus* in *Last Essays of Elia*.

Russia] i.e. Russia leather.

Scapula] The Greek-Latin lexicon of Johannes Scapula, a German scholar, was published at Basel in 1579, and was frequently re-edited. At the date of Lamb's essay, an edition in two volumes had been published at Glasgow as recently as 1816.

apparitors, promoters] An apparitor is the officer who serves a summons from a civil or ecclesiastical court, like Chaucer's Sompnour. A promoter is a public informer.

in calm and sinless peace] Milton, *Par. Regained*, IV, 425.

violence or injustice] Lamb's foot-note in 1820 qualified this statement by the admission that Dyer's simplicity made him the victim of practical jokes, and adds the story of L. (i.e. Lamb himself), who assured him that lord Castlereagh was the author of the anonymous *Waverley*.

priority of foundation] This disputed question has now been settled in favour of Oxford, where the formation of the university was the result of a migration from Paris in 1167. The existence of the university of Cambridge was furthered by a migration from Oxford in 1209. C—— is, of course, Cambridge.

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caputs] The *caput* at Cambridge, instituted by the statutes of 1570, was an oligarchy of heads of houses which drew up the graces or proposals submitted to the senate of the university.

in manu] in hand, i.e. in their possession.

our friend M.] Basil Montagu, born 1770, died 1851. He made the acquaintance of Coleridge and Wordsworth at Cambridge, where his college was Christ's. He wrote various essays and pamphlets on literary and legal subjects, but his chief work was his edition of the works of Bacon, published in uniformity with Spedding's famous biography. His third wife, 'Mrs M.,' was a widow: 'pretty A. S.' was Ann Skepper, her daughter by her first husband, and became the wife of B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall).

Queen Lar] The Lares in Roman mythology were the tutelar deities of the household, whose shrine stood by the hearth of the house.

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Sosia] A slave in the *Amphitruo* of Plautus, whose figure is assumed as a disguise by Mercury, to the bewilderment of its original owner.

absent from the body, etc.] See 1 Cor. v. 3.

Mount Tabor] The scene of the Transfiguration, according to old tradition. The Transfiguration actually took place on mount Hermon.

co-sphered with Plato] Cf. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, ll. 88—9: 'or unsphere the spirit of Plato,' etc.; and Pope, *Essay on Man*, ep. II, 23—4:

> 'Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.'

Harrington] James Harrington, 1611—77, author of *The Commonwealth of Oceana*, 1656.

personal presence] Two paragraphs, dealing with Dyer's career in Lamb's usual spirit of kindly humour, appeared at this point in 1820, but were withdrawn in 1823, owing to objections made to them by one William King and denials by Dyer himself of certain statements in them. They are printed in the appendix to the present edition of *Elia*, and will be found, with Dyer's letter and a full explanation of the circumstances, in the Oxford ed. of Lamb's works, vol. i, pp. 839—44.

the waters of Damascus] An intentional inversion of 2 Kings v, 12.

the Shepherds...the Interpreter] Characters from *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

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CHRIST'S HOSPITAL FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO

Published in the *London Magazine*, Nov. 1820. Lamb was at school at Christ's hospital from Oct. 1782 to Nov. 1789. His *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1813, was reprinted in his *Works*, 1818. See Oxford ed., vol. i, pp. 177—89.

Inner Temple] Lamb was born at 2 Crown Office Row in the Temple, where his parents lived until the death of his father's master, Samuel Salt, in 1792. The 'present worthy sub-treasurer' is Randal Norris: see *A Death-Bed* in *Last Essays of Elia*.

crug] The *New English Dictionary* suggests that this word may be formed in school-boy slang from crust.

pitched leathern jack] The leathern jack or flagon was coated externally with pitch or tar to give it additional stiffness.

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banyan] A 'banyan day' is a fast-day, i.e. one on which vegetable food only is allowed. Cf. Lamb's poem, *Gone or Going*, 1827:

'Fine merry franions,
Wanton companions,
My days are ev'n banyans
With thinking upon ye.'

double-refined] i.e. sugar.

caro equina] horse-flesh.

good old relative] Lamb's aunt, Sarah Lamb, died 1797: see *My Relations*.

the Tishbite] Elijah: see 1 Kings xvii, 6.

Page 21

sweet Calne in Wiltshire] Lamb in these paragraphs assumes the character of Coleridge, of whose life at Christ's hospital they are true. Coleridge actually came from Ottery St Mary in Devon. Calne, however, was his temporary residence with his friends the Morgans from 1814 to 1816. The Lambs stayed with the Morgans at Calne in the summer of 1816, after Coleridge had left to take up his final residence at Highgate.

New-River] 'I must crave leave to remember...our delightful excursions to the New River, near Newington, where, like otters, we would live the long day in the water, never caring for dressing ourselves when we had once stripped; our savoury meals afterwards, when we came home almost famished with staying out all day without our dinners' (Lamb, *Recollections of Christ's Hospital*).

Page 22

Lions in the Tower] The royal menagerie, from 1235, when the emperor Frederick II sent a present of three leopards to Henry III, in allusion to the royal arms of England, was kept in the Lion tower, now destroyed, which formed one of the outer defences of the entrance of the Tower of London, at the foot of Tower hill.

L.'s governor] Samuel Salt of the Inner Temple: see *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*.

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H——] Lamb supplies the name as Hodges. A West Indian planter, named Arthur Hodge, was executed in 1811 for cruelty to his negroes on Tortola, one of the Virgin islands, some 150 to 200 m. N.W. of Nevis and St Kitts.

Tobin] John Tobin, dramatist and solicitor, 1770—1804, brother of James Tobin, the 'dear brother Jem' of the first line of Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, as Coleridge suggested it. Coleridge stayed with one of the Tobins (probably John) in Barnard's Inn in 1804.

Caligula's minion] The horse Incitatus, raised to the consulship and deified with himself by the emperor Caius Caligula.

waxing fat, and kicking] See Deut. xxxii, 15. For 'fulness of bread' see Ezek. xvi, 49.

ram's-horn blast] See Josh. vi, 4—13.

Smithfield] The London meat-market.

Perry] The steward of Christ's hospital, at whose death in 1785, according to Lamb (*Recollections*), 'out of five hundred boys there was not a dry eye to be found among them, nor a heart that did not beat with genuine emotion.'

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that magnificent apartment] The dining-hall, 'hung round with pictures by Verrio, Lely, and others, one of them surpassing in size and grandeur almost any other in the kingdom.' This was the picture by Verrio of James II receiving the mathematical pupils of the school at court on New year's day. Antonio Verrio, born in the neighbourhood of Otranto (d. 1707), was famous for his paintings, chiefly executed on ceilings, at Windsor, Hampton Court, and Whitehall, and at many large country-houses such as Burghley. See Pope, *Moral Essays*, ep. IV, 145—6:

> 'On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
> Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre.'

To feed our mind] Vergil, *Æn.* I, 464: 'animum pictura pascit inani,' i.e. he feeds his mind on idle portraiture.

goul] A spirit which fed on corpses (Arab. *ghul*). Such agreeable figures are common in the *Arabian Nights*.

'Twas said] Adapted from Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleo.* I, iv, 67.

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Mr Hathaway] Perry's successor as steward. Lamb records that he eradicated the prejudice against eating 'gags.' Lamb's parenthesis, 'for this...my time,' is purely imaginary, for Coleridge, as well as Lamb, was at Christ's hospital after Perry's time.

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barely turned of seven] This applies to Lamb himself, who put on 'the blue clothes' when he was seven years and all but eight months old. Coleridge, born in 1772, entered Christ's hospital, after six weeks in the junior school at Hertford, in Sept. 1782, a month before Lamb.

Bedlam cells] Bedlam (Bethlehem) was the London mad-house in Lambeth, founded by Henry VIII.

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subject him to] The note to this passage refers to John Howard (d. 1790), the famous prison-reformer. His monument, by the sculptor John Bacon, is on the right hand of the entrance to the south quire-aisle of St Paul's: hence the allusion to 'Holy Paul.'

auto da fé] Act of faith, the name given to the execution of a heretic in Spain. The culprit wore a garment known as the *sanbenito* (see p. 28), i.e. the St Benedict, so called because it was in shape like the scapular used by the monks of his order.

watchet weeds] See Collins, *The Manners*:

> 'Or him, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
> In watchet weeds, on Gallia's shore.' (Lucas.)

Watchet means 'light blue,' said to be derived from *vaccinium*, the whortle-berry, which is of a bluish-grey colour. The allusion is, of course, to the blue uniform of a Christ's hospital boy.

Ultima Supplicia] Last punishments.

Bamber Gascoigne] Or Gascoyne. He sat in parliament for various small boroughs and became one of the lords of the admiralty: he died in 1791.

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lictor] The Roman dictator, consuls and certain other magistrates had lictors as their attendants, who carried *fasces* or bundles of rods, and were charged with the duty of scourging criminals.

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like a dancer] Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleo.* III, xi, 35—6. Antony says of Octavius: 'he at Philippi kept His sword e'en like a dancer.'

insolent Greece or haughty Rome] From Ben Jonson's verses *To the Memory of my beloved master William Shakespeare*, l. 39.

Peter Wilkins] *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins*, by Robert Paltock, was published in 1751. The other books mentioned were published in 1726 and 1770.

Rousseau and John Locke] Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712—78) embodied his doctrines of education in *Émile* (1762). John Locke (1632—1704) published his treatise *On Education* in 1693.

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Helots] The Helots were the servile class in Sparta, survivors of the conquered inhabitants of the country. It is said that the young Spartans were taught temperance by being shewn the spectacle of Helots who had been made drunk for that purpose.

Sardonic] The word was used to denote the deadly laughter caused by a plant which came from Sardinia.

the Samite] Pythagoras, the philosopher of Samos. Strict silence was one of the necessary ordeals which formed part of the initiation into his philosophy.

Gideon's miracle] Judges vi, 36—40. The allusion is to Cowley, *The Complaint*, st. 4.

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playing holiday] Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, 1, ii, 227.

Ululantes] Those who were howling.

scrannel pipes] Milton, *Lycidas*, l. 124.

Flaccus's quibble] Horace, *Epistles*, bk. 1, i, 59—60: '*at pueri ludentes "rex eris" aiunt, "si recte facies"*.' The allusion may be to this, or to the pun in the satire on Rex Rupilius (*Satires*, bk. 1, vii, 33—5): 'by the great gods I pray you, Brutus, since you are wont to remove kings (*reges*), why do you not cut the throat of this Rex?'

Terence] *Tristis severitas inest in vultu atque in verbis fides* is said of a liar in Terence, *Andria*, v, ii, 16: 'There is a rigorous sternness in his face, and honesty in his words.' The other passage is in *Adelphi*, III, iii, 74, where Syrus, capping Demea's advice '*inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in uitas omnium iubeo*' (i.e. I bid you look into the lives of all, as into a looking-glass), says '*tamquam in speculum, in patinas, Demea, inspicere iubeo*' (i.e. I bid you, Demea, look into the pans, as into a looking-glass).

caxon] Halliwell explains as 'an old worn-out wig,' and localises the word as used in Somerset.

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rabidus furor] Raging anger. The phrase is from the *Attis* of Catullus (*Carmen* lxiii, 38).

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Coleridge] The passage alluded to is in *Biographia Literaria*, ch. i.

the author of the *Country Spectator*] Thomas Fanshaw Middleton (1769—1822), mentioned on p. 34. He was editor of this periodical, and later of *The British Critic*. He became bishop of Calcutta in 1814. There is a monument to him in the south aisle of St Paul's cathedral.

Grecian] A member of the top classical form at Christ's hospital, who was intended to proceed to one of the universities at the expense of the governors.

Dr T——e] Arthur William Trollope (1768—1827), head-master of Christ's hospital 1799—1826.

Page 34

Th——] Sir Edward Thornton (1766—1852), diplomatist at the courts of Stockholm and St Petersburg during the Napoleonic period.

Sharpe] Granville Sharp was actually defended by Thomas Fanshaw Middleton in his *Doctrine of the Greek Article applied to the criticism and illustration of the New Testament* (1808). Sharp's pamphlet on this subject was first published in 1798.

regni novitas] The newness of his kingdom. Middleton was consecrated first bishop of Calcutta, 8 May 1814.

Jewel or Hooker] John Jewel (1522—71), bishop of Salisbury 1560—71. Richard Hooker (d. 1600), author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*: his humility is recounted in a famous passage of his life by Izaak Walton.

S——...M——] Lamb identified these as 'Scott, died in Bedlam' and 'Maunde, dismiss'd school.'

Finding some of Edward's race] Adapted from Matthew Prior, *Carmen Seculare for the year* MDCC, st. 8: 'Finding some of Stuart's race,' etc. (Lucas).

fiery column] The allusion is to the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, which guided the Israelites through their wanderings.

Mirandula] Giovanni Pico (1463—94) of Mirandola was a famous youthful prodigy of the Renaissance in Italy, and a friend of Savonarola. His most famous exploit was his challenge to scholars at large to debate with him 900 propositions which covered the whole field of knowledge. He died at Florence on the day of the entry of the invading French king, Charles VIII.

Jamblichus, or Plotinus] Two of the chief Neo-Platonic philosophers.

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Grey Friars] Christ's hospital was founded on the site of a Franciscan priory.

Fuller] Thomas Fuller (1608—61), one of Lamb's favourite prose authors, whose 'conceits are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion.' The quotation here adapted is from Fuller's *Worthies of England*, where the 'wit-combats' between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson are described.

C. V. Le G——] Charles Valentine Le Grice (1773—1858).

Allen] Robert Allen: he became an army doctor. See the essay on *Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago* (*Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 118—19).

Nireus formosus] Nireus was the most handsome of the Greeks at the siege of Troy. Apparently a reminiscence of Horace, *Epode* xv, 22, '*formaque vincas Nirea.*' Cf. Burton, *Anat. Mel.*, ed. Shilleto, iii, 240: 'Beautiful *Nireus*, by that *Homer* so much admired.'

the junior Le G——] Samuel Le Grice.

F——] Lamb identifies as 'Favell; left Cambrg. because he was ashamed of his father, who was a house-painter there.' The story is told in *Poor Relations* (*Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 16—18).

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Salamanca] The battle of Salamanca, 1812.

the old Roman height] Adapted from Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleo.* IV, xv, 87: 'Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.'

Fr——] Frederick William Franklin, head-master of Christ's hospital junior school at Hertford.

Marmaduke T——] Marmaduke Thompson.

THE TWO RACES OF MEN

Published in the *London Magazine* for Dec. 1820.

Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites] Acts ii, 9.

He shall serve his brethren] Genesis ix, 25, quoted from memory.

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Brinsley] Richard Brinsley Sheridan, born at Dublin in 1751, famous as dramatist and orator and notorious for his reckless extravagance. He died in 1816.

no more thought than lilies] St Matt. vi, 28.

Tooke] John Horne Tooke (1736—1812), radical politician. He embodied his philological studies in *Ἔπεα πτερόεντα, or the Diversions of Purley*, published 1786 and 1798, the aim of which was to resolve all the parts of speech into nouns and verbs.

calleth all the world] St Luke ii, 1, from memory.

obolary] i.e. who could pay only an *obolus* or halfpenny.

Candlemas] Candlemas day (2 Feb.) and Michaelmas (29 Sept.), two of the feasts on which by old custom specified payments were made and debts settled.

lene tormentum] Mild torture, from Horace, *Carm.* III, xxi, 13.

the true Propontic] Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, III, iii, 453—6:

> 'Like to the Pontic sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
> To the Propontic and the Hellespont.'

The Propontis was the ancient name for the sea of Marmora.

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the penalties] See St Luke xvi, 25: 'now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.'

Ralph Bigod, Esq.] John Fenwick, for whose paper, *The Albion*, Lamb had written in 1801. He died in 1820. See *Newspapers Thirty-Five Years Ago* (*Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 120—2).

mighty ancestors] The Bigods were earls of Norfolk, c. 1135—1306.

To slacken virtue] Milton, *Par. Regained*, II, 455—6. De Quincey quotes the same lines in *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*.

periegesis] A *περιήγησις* is really a 'leading round,' as in the poem of that name by Dionysius of Alexandria, which is a geographical description of the earth. Lamb probably was thinking of the word *περίπλους* (periplus, circumnavigation).

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Comus] Milton, *Comus*, ll. 151—3:

> 'I shall ere long
> Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
> About my mother Circe.'

fisc] Treasury (*fiscus*).

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cana fides] Vergil, *Æn.* I, 292. 'Hoary Faith,' i.e. honesty, personified.

mumping visnomy] Begging visage. A 'mumper' was a slang term for a beggar, probably derived from the Dutch. Visnomy = physiognomy, and is used now and then by Elizabethan writers, e.g. 'his ugly visnomie' in Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, V, iv, 11.

Comberbatch] Coleridge, who in 1793 had enlisted in a dragoon regiment under the name of Silas Tomkyn Comberbacke. His friends seem to have been unable to reproduce the real spelling of the name, which Coleridge himself may have remembered imperfectly.

Bloomsbury] From 1817 to 1823 Lamb lived at 20—21, Great Russell street, between Covent Garden and Drury Lane. This is not in Bloomsbury, where there is another Great Russell street, on the south side of the British Museum. He was here, as usual, mixing fancy with fact.

Switzer-like] Referring to the papal Swiss guard, composed of tall soldiers, which was probably originated by pope Martin V in 1420.

the Guildhall giants] The figures of Gog and Magog, carved in 1708, are placed above the screen and gallery at the west end of the Guildhall. Their earlier position was in niches to the right and left of the old entrance.

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Opera Bonaventuræ] See note on 'Seraphic Doctor,' p. 251 above, where also 'Holy Thomas' is referred to.

Bellarmine] Roberto Bellarmino, born at Montepulciano in Tuscany in 1542. He was nephew of pope Marcellus II, and was made a cardinal by Gregory XIII (1576), and archbishop of Capua (1601) and librarian of the Vatican by Clement VIII. He was a member of the society of Jesus and by his theological and controversial works did much to strengthen the authority of the church of Rome. He died in 1621.

Ascapart] The giant in the old romance of Bevis of Hampton.

Browne on Urn Burial] The famous *Hydriotaphia* (1658) of Sir Thomas Browne, a remarkable meditation composed upon the theme of some sepulchral urns discovered in Norfolk.

so have I known] This method of introducing a simile is a characteristic of one of Lamb's favourite authors, Jeremy Taylor.

Dodsley's dramas] Robert Dodsley's collection of *Old Plays* was first published in 1744 in twelve volumes, and went through many subsequent editions, the last (1874—6) being expanded into fifteen volumes. In the 1825 edition John Webster's *The White Devil*, or *Vittoria Corombona*, is in vol. vi. Lamb in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets* called admiring attention, in short paragraphs which no later writer has done more than amplify, to the gloomy genius of Webster.

Priam's refuse sons] In Homer, *Iliad* XXIV, Priam vents his grief for Hector's death upon his nine surviving sons:

> 'a soft and servile crew,
> Whose days the feast and wanton dance employ,
> Gluttons and flatterers, the contempt of Troy.'
> (Pope, *Iliad* XXIV, 326—8.)

Anatomy of Melancholy] Published in 1621. Robert Burton was another of Lamb's favourite seventeenth-century writers, whom he imitated in the three *Curious Fragments*, written in 1800, and personified in the lines 'By myself walking.'

the Complete Angler] By Izaak Walton, published 1653: the continuation by Charles Cotton was added to the fifth edition, 1676.

John Buncle] *The Life of John Buncle, Esq.* (1756—66), a more or less autobiographical romance by Thomas Amory (d. 1788), who used it as a vehicle of miscellaneous learning and of tenets of a generally Unitarian type. The phrase 'widower-volume' is appropriate, as the hero varied his religious experiences by marrying seven times.

mourns his ravished mate] Mr Lucas refers to Cuthbert Shaw's (1739—71) *Evening Address*: 'Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate.'

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proselytes of the gate] Foreigners who dwelt in Palestine and conformed to the worship of the true God and its general rules without definitely entering the Jewish Church by submitting to circumcision.

deodands] A deodand in law was 'whatever personal chattel is the immediate occasion of the death of any reasonable creature.' If a man died of a fall from a horse, the horse was forfeited to the Crown, and the price at which it was assessed was devoted as alms to the relief of the poor. Originally the sum was devoted to masses

for the dead man's soul, and hence the name (*Deo dandum*, a thing to be given to God).

K.] James Kenney, dramatist (1780—1849). Lamb was godfather to his son, the journalist Charles Lamb Kenney. The Lambs visited Kenney and his wife, the widow of Holcroft the dramatist, at Versailles in 1822.

Margaret Newcastle] Margaret Lucas, daughter of sir Thomas Lucas, and sister of sir Charles Lucas, who was executed after the siege of Colchester. She was the second wife of William Cavendish, marquess and duke of Newcastle. She died in 1674: her most famous work is her life of her husband. Lamb's admiration for her is noticed by Hazlitt in his essay *Of Persons one would wish to have seen*. The volume here referred to is Lamb's folio copy of her *Works*, 1664.

Unworthy land] The rhythm of these lines recalls Beaumont and Fletcher or Massinger. They appear, however, to be Lamb's own. Mr Lucas quotes two passages from Cyril Tourneur which may possibly, but by no means necessarily, have suggested them.

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Fulke Greville] The friend and schoolfellow of sir Philip Sidney, born 1554, died 1628, created baron Brooke in 1621. Hazlitt, in the essay already mentioned, records Lamb's appreciation of the works of Greville and sir Thomas Browne: 'their writings are riddles, and themselves the most mysterious of personages.' Greville was murdered by a servant: his tomb is in the chapter-house of the collegiate church at Warwick.

Zimmerman] Johann Georg Zimmermann, Swiss doctor and philosopher, 1728—95. His essay on Solitude does not appear in the list of Lamb's library.

Daniel] Lamb's copy of the poetical works of Samuel Daniel was annotated with marginalia by Coleridge. Other volumes in his library, e.g. his Beaumont and Fletcher and Sir Thomas Browne, had similar additions.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Published in the *London Magazine* for Jan. 1821. The essay is remarkable for the insight which it gives us into Lamb's personal feelings, and is a striking example of the melancholy which is inseparable from his humour.

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I saw the skirts] Coleridge's original version, *Ode on the Departing Year*, st. 1:

'When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the Departing Year!'

Welcome the coming] See Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Sat. II, l. 160: 'Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.'

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Alice W——n] W——n = Winterton, but the name, as Lamb noted in his key to the initials in *Elia*, was feigned. Alice has been identified with a possible early love of Lamb's, Ann Simmons of Blenheims, near his grandmother's home at Blakesware, Herts.

old Dorrell] Lamb, in *Gone or Going*, introduced uncomplimentary allusions to this person, who may be identified with William Dorrell, one of the executors of Lamb's father's will in 1799.

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in a hot June] The inverse of the image employed by Shakespeare, *Richard II*, I, iii, 298—9, where Bolingbroke asks who

'can wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.'

like a weaver's shuttle] Job vii, 6: 'my days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.'

reluct at] Struggle against.

weaned by age] So Lamb speaks of the dramatist Webster's capacity 'to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop.'

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Lavinian shores] The allusion is to the household gods of Troy, transplanted by Æneas to their new home in Italy. 'Lavinian,' because of Lavinium, the city founded by Æneas and called after his Italian wife Lavinia.

sweet assurance] Mr Lucas points to Matthew Roydon, *An Elegie, or Friends Passion, for his Astrophel*, 'A full assurance given by lookes,' as the origin of this phrase. The original is quoted at the end of Lamb's essay on *Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney* (see *Last Essays of Elia*, p. 112).

Phœbus' sickly sister] Selene, the moon, was the name under which Phœbus' sister Artemis was worshipped in one of her three aspects—Artemis, Hecate and Selene. The allusion which follows is to Song of Solomon, viii, 8.

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the Persian] I.e. Lamb agreed with sun-worshippers.

Friar John] Frère Jean des Entommeurs in the *Pantagruel* of Rabelais. The maledictions referred to will be found in *Pantagruel*, bk IV, chs. xix, xx.

lie down with kings] Possibly a reminiscence of Job iii, 13, 14: 'then had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth' (Lucas).

so shall the fairest face appear] See David Mallet, *William and Margaret*, st. 3 (Lucas).

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Mr Cotton] Charles Cotton, the continuator of *The Complete Angler*. Lamb's text has a few unimportant variations from the original, which will be found in Chalmers' *English Poets*, 1810, VI, 706—7.

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MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

Published in the *London Magazine* for Feb. 1821. The original of Mrs Battle is supposed to have been Sarah, wife of Captain James Burney, but the details, e.g. of her relationship to Walter Plumer, are invented. Captain Burney was brother to the authoress of *Evelina*, and his son Martin Burney was one of Lamb's principal friends.

a clean hearth] Lamb's original note (1821) was: 'This was before the introduction of rugs, reader. You must remember the intolerable crash of the unswept cinder, betwixt your foot and the marble.'

lose another] 'As if a sportsman should tell you, he liked to kill a fox one day, and lose him the next.' (Lamb in 1821.)

like a dancer] See note on p. 257 above.

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game of Ombre] See Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, 25—100. The game originated in Spain (Ombre = Spanish *hombre*, a man); and the terms used in it were Spanish, e.g. the three principal trumps were called *matadores*, the name of the 'killers' at Spanish bull-fights. Ombre is said to have been introduced into England by Catherine of Braganza, the queen of Charles II: Waller wrote a quatrain 'on a card that her majesty tore at Ombre.' Tradrille and quadrille were English varieties of the game: in quadrille the tens, nines and eights of each suit were taken out of the pack, and the game was played with the remaining forty cards.

Mr Bowles] William Lisle Bowles (1762—1850), canon and prebendary of Salisbury, author of the sonnets which were so much admired by Coleridge and the early Romantic poets. His edition of Pope was published in 1806.

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Spadille] The ace of spades, the premier trump. 'Spadillio first, unconquerable lord' (Pope).

Sans Prendre Vole] A term in Ombre, when a player can take every card in the pack single-handed.

Machiavel] The relations between the various Italian states down to the death of Lorenzo de' Medici in 1492 are described by Niccolò Machiavelli (1469—1527) in his *Istorie Fiorentine*, and are the subject of constant comment in his other works. The disunion was largely due to the employment of mercenaries: he says that in 1434, for instance, 'Italy was brought to such a pass by her generals that when, by the agreement of her princes, a peace was brought about, it was broken soon after by those who wielded her weapons; and so they won no glory by war and no rest by peace' (*Ist. Fior.* v, 2).

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Sandham] An imaginary name. Sandham Heath is near Brading in the Isle of Wight, which Lamb visited with the Burneys in 1803.

Paul Potter] The Dutch animal painter, 1625—54.

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the hoary majesty of spades] Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, 56: see note on 'Spadille.'

Pam] The knave of clubs, the highest card at Loo:

'Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.' (Pope.)

Ephesian journeyman] Acts xix, 24, 25.

Walter Plumer] See *The South-Sea House*, p. 10 above.

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Bridget Elia] Mary Lamb: see *Mackery End*, p. 121.

manes] See note on p. 243 above.

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A CHAPTER ON EARS

Published in the *London Magazine* for March 1821.

volutes] The spiral ornaments characteristic of the capital in the Ionic order.

exactness] i.e. minuteness.

quite unabashed] Lamb in 1821 added in a note the line from Pope, *Dunciad*, ii, 147: 'Earless on high stood, unabash'd, Defoe'—the punctuation is Lamb's own. Defoe was pilloried in 1703 for writing the ironical pamphlet, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, but he did not lose his ears. Pope confused his punishment with that of Prynne at an earlier period, and Lamb followed Pope.

concourse] This is Lamb's original phrase. But Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, v, i, 84, wrote '*concord* of sweet sounds,' and this reading has been adopted in many of the later editions of *Elia*.

Water parted from the sea] Mr Lucas notes that this and *In Infancy* are titles of songs in *Artaxerxes* (see *My First Play*).

Mrs S——] Lamb supplies the name as Spinkes.

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Alice W——n] See note on p. 265 above.

A.] Probably William Ayrton (1777—1858), who in 1821 directed the music at the King's theatre in the Haymarket, and was a prominent musical critic.

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Sostenuto] A passage in which the notes are sustained, i.e. played with a lingering touch, so as to bring out their utmost value. *Adagio*, i.e. leisurely, is the musical direction for a slow movement.

Sol, Fa, Mi, Re] The sounds representing four of the notes of the scale or gamut, invented by Guido of Arezzo in the eleventh century. Six of the seven sounds are taken from the initial syllables of the first verse of the hymn used at vespers of the Nativity of St John the Baptist (24 June):

Ut queant laxis *re*sonare fibris
*Mi*ra gestorum *fa*muli tuorum,
*Sol*ve polluti *la*bii reatum,
Sancte Joannes.

Baralipton] A term in logic, used, like *Barbara*, etc., to aid the memory in recalling a variety of the syllogism.

Jubal] 'The father of all such as handle the harp and organ' (Genesis iv, 21).

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the Enraged Musician] Alluding to Hogarth's well-known picture.

Party in a parlour] From a suppressed stanza of Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, which was agreeable to Lamb's fancy, and was taken mischievously by Shelley as a motto for his *Peter Bell the Third*:

'Is it a party in a parlour,
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
Some sipping punch—some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all —— damned?'

mime] Actor.

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that disappointing book] Lamb in 1821 referred to Revelation x, 10: 'it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.'

Most pleasant it is] Quoted very freely from Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i, sec. 2, mem. 2, subs. 6 (ed. Shilleto, vol. i, pp. 283—4). Burton, e.g., writes 'habituated,' not 'habitated'; and the cardinal phrase, 'the scene turns' is in Burton 'the scene is turned.' *Amabilis insania* is from Horace, *Odes*, III, iv, 5—6: *mentis gratissimus error* from Horace, *Epistles*, II, ii, 140: *subrusticus pudor* from Cicero, *Epp. ad Familiares*, v, xii.

Nov——] Vincent Novello (1781—1861), founder of the firm of music-publishers. He was at this time organist at the Portuguese embassy chapel.

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minor heavens] The quotation in the note is from Dr Watts' *Songs for Children*, no. xxviii, For the Lord's-Day evening.

the Psalmist] Psalm lv, 6; cxix, 9.

rapt above earth] See Walton, *The Complete Angler*, part I, ch. iv:

> 'I was for that time lifted above earth,
> And possest joys not promised in my birth.'

In Walton, however, it is a quotation from some unnamed poet.

German **ocean**] Alluding to the supremacy of German music. Of the great composers mentioned, Beethoven, born in 1770, was still alive: he died in 1827. Haydn had died in 1809, Mozart in 1791. Johann Sebastian Bach lived from 1685—1750. Lamb's friend Ayrton, as director of the King's theatre, had introduced Mozart's great opera, *Don Giovanni*, to the English stage.

Arions] Arion of Methymna in Lesbos, a celebrated player on the lyre, was said to have been saved from sailors who had conspired to rob him, while on a voyage from Sicily to Corinth, by dolphins, who, attracted by the sound of his lyric appeal to the gods, bore him on their backs to a place of safety.

reeling to and fro] Psalm cvii, 27.

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malleus hereticorum] Johann Faber (1478–1541), a Dominican friar, known by the title of one of his works, *Malleus haereticorum*, i.e. the hammer of heretics.

Marcion] A second-century heresiarch, born at Sinope in Asia Minor, whose followers held that God appeared on earth in the likeness of man, but without undergoing human birth. The heresiarch Ebion was invented from the title of Ebionites or 'poor men,' assumed by the Nazarene Jews in the early church, who still continued, though accepting Christ as the Messiah, to believe in the law of Moses: at a later date the Ebionites developed views akin to those of the other Gnostic sects. Cerinthus, a disciple of Simon Magus, treated the divine and human natures in our Lord as totally distinct from each other. It is said, as readers of Browning's *A Death in the Desert* will remember, that the Gospel of St John was written to confute Cerinthus.

Gog and Magog] See Revelation xx, 8.

ALL FOOLS' DAY

Published in the *London Magazine* for April 1821.

He that meets me in the forest] 'A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool' (Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, vii, 12—13).

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duc ad me] 'Ducdame,' which probably has no meaning but is a mere burden of a song, like Lamb's favourite 'Diddle-diddle-dumpkin,' is actually part of the verse in which Jaques parodies the second verse of Amiens' song 'Under the greenwood tree' (*As You Like It*, II, v, 56).

The crazy old church clock] Wordsworth, *The Fountain*, last stanza.

Empedocles] The philosopher who, according to one tradition, attempting to achieve the reputation of a god, leaped into the crater of Etna. This and the next two examples, as Lamb shewed in a footnote to the original essay, are taken from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, 466—73, part of the description of the limbo of fools.

salamander-gathering] The salamander was supposed to be at home in the fire.

samphire-picking] See Shakespeare, *King Lear*, IV, vi, 14—15:

'half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!'

Cleombrotus] A philosopher who is said to have killed himself after reading the *Phaedo* of Plato:

'he who, to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus.' (Milton, loc. cit.)

Calenturists] A calenture was a fever to which sailors in the tropics were supposed to be liable: the delirium, described by Wordsworth in *The Brothers*, took the form of imagining the sea to be a green field, in which the sufferer sought to relieve his heat. See Dryden, *Conquest of Granada*, part 2, II, iii:

''Tis but the raging calenture of love.
Like a distracted passenger you stand,
And see, in seas, imaginary land,
Cool groves, and flowery meads; and while you think
To walk, plunge in, and wonder that you sink.'

Gebir] Milton does not mention the name of the builder of the tower of Babel. The Arabian alchemist Jabir, who is identified

with Gebir, lived in the eighth century of the Christian era; while another Gebir was a fabulous Eastern prince represented by Landor in his *Gebir* (1798) as the founder and builder of a legendary city, but not connected with Babylon.

most Ancient Grand] A masonic title.

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eight hundred million toises] A toise=rather over six feet. The allusion to Herodotus is jocular. Herodotus, as a matter of fact (I, 181), describes the great temple of Belus on its huge base of eight diminishing storeys, but he says nothing of its height.

nuncheon] Refreshment taken at noon: literally 'a noon-drink,' the second part of the word being 'chenche,' a form of 'skink' (=something poured).

Sennaar] The Miltonic form of Shinar (*Par. Lost*, III, 467).

our Monument] Designed by sir Christopher Wren to commemorate the fire of London: the height is 202 feet.

Alexander] Alexander the Great is said to have wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

Mister Adams] Parson Adams is one of the principal characters in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. Madam Slipslop is the waiting-woman in the same novel. The incident, however, was imagined or invented by Lamb, whose admiration for the character of Adams is illustrated by his remark (told by Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, ii, 37) made to Cary, the translator of Dante—viz. that though he was perhaps as good as Dr Primrose (in *The Vicar of Wakefield*), he was not so good as Parson Adams.

Raymund Lully] A famous philosopher, born at Palma in Majorca c. 1235, and stoned to death at Tunis in 1315, while preaching a crusade of reason among the infidels.

Duns] Duns or Joannes Scotus, the 'subtle doctor' and opponent of the philosophy of St Thomas Aquinas. He is said to have died at Cologne about 1308.

Master Stephen] Six foolish characters from Ben Jonson and Shakespeare are mentioned in this paragraph. Master Stephen is one of the two 'gulls' in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*: Cokes is the silly youth from the country in his *Bartholomew Fair*. Sir Andrew Aguecheek is in *Twelfth Night*: Shallow in 2 *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, occurring with Silence in the first and with Slender in the second.

R——] Identified by Lamb as Ramsay, of the London Library, Ludgate.

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Granville S——] Granville Sharp (1735—1813), celebrated for his efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade. Cf. note, p. 259 above.

King Pandion] From the lyric by Richard Barnfield, 'As it fell upon a day,' printed among the *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, with *The Passionate Pilgrim*, at the end of Shakespeare's works.

Armado] The 'fantastical Spaniard' of *Love's Labour's Lost*. Quisada = Don Quixote, whose surname Cervantes gives as Quijada or Quesada or according to 'probable conjectures,' Quijana. Don Quijote was the name which he assumed in chivalry. Quijada in Spanish = a jaw-bone.

the song of Macheath] 'How happy could I be with either' in act II of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, of which Macheath is the fascinating highwayman-hero.

that Malvolian smile] See Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 35: 'Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?'

Cervantes] Lamb alludes to the scene at the opening of Don Quixote, where the hero, setting out on his journey, meets the damsels Tolosa and Molinera at the inn which he imagines to be a castle.

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those *Parables*] The parables of our Lord. See St Matt. vii, 24—7, St Luke, vi, 47—9; and St Matt. xxv, 1—13 and 14—30.

The more laughable blunders] These sentences account for Lamb's fondness for the eccentric George Dyer in real life and for Parson Adams in fiction.

dotterels] A species of plover. The first part of the word is identical with the word 'to doat,' and implies the foolishness of the bird, which made it an easy prey to the fowler.

white boys] Darling sons, a frequent phrase in Elizabethan drama, where 'white' is a common term of endearment.

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A QUAKER'S MEETING

Printed in *The London Magazine* for April 1821. For more about Quakers see *Imperfect Sympathies*.

Richard Flecknoe, the author of the lines chosen for the motto,

is well-known on account of the satire *MacFlecknoe*, in which Dryden satirised Shadwell as his poetical son and successor on the throne of the realm of nonsense.

before the winds were made] Mr Lucas suggests that this may be a reminiscence of Proverbs viii, 23—5, or of D'Avenant's lines *To the Queen, Entertained at Night by the Countess of Anglesey*: 'Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard.' Neither of these passages, however, refer to silence, as the context seems to demand.

Ulysses] Ulysses closed his ears with wax and was lashed to the mast of his ship, to avoid the allurements of the sirens' song. (*Odyssey;* book XII.)

even from good words] See Psalm xxxix, 2. Lamb's sentence is cast in a mould borrowed from the book of Proverbs.

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Boreas] Milton, *Par. Lost*, x, 699. Boreas was the north wind, Caecias the north-east wind, Argestes the north-west wind.

clubbed] combined.

deeps, that call unto deeps] See Psalm xlii, 7.

Negation itself] In this sentence Lamb catches the very manner and cadence of sentences of his favourite sir Thomas Browne—an author whose influence is never far absent from his writings.

Those first hermits] The early hermits of the Egyptian Thebaid whose example was set by St Anthony, lived in communities known as *laurae*, each member of which, however, lived a solitary life of prayer and devotion in his own hut.

The Carthusian] The Carthusian order, founded in the eleventh century by St Bruno, was the only monastic order in western Europe which preserved throughout the middle ages a likeness to the solitary life of the early hermits. Each monk had his separate cell or small house, in which he spent practically the whole of his time. The brethren met in church for the night-office of matins and for mass, and at stated periods in the week held chapters in the chapter-house, and met for common meals on Sundays and festivals. The strictest silence was observed. The arrangements of one of their monasteries or Charterhouses can be studied with great fulness in the ruins of Mount Grace priory near Northallerton, founded in 1396.

reading a book] This picture may be compared with the setting of Browning's beautiful poem *By the Fireside*.

Zimmerman] See note on p. 264 above.

Or under hanging mountains] Pope, *Ode for Music on St Cecilia's Day*, ll. 97—8:

> 'Now under hanging mountains,
> Beside the fall of fountains.'

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sands, ignoble things] Francis Beaumont, *On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey*, ll. 15, 16.

How reverend] Adapted from Congreve, *The Mourning Bride*, act II, sc. i:

> 'How reverend is the face of this tall pile...
> Looking tranquillity!'

Fox] George Fox, born at Drayton in Leicestershire in 1624, died 1691. His career and the beginning of the society of Friends in England is told by him in his *Journal*, published in 1694, one of the most remarkable and interesting of religious biographies. William Dewsbury (1621—88) was 'convinced' by Fox's preaching at Balby near Doncaster in 1651, and became his chief lieutenant in Yorkshire. Fox, as Lamb points out, was persecuted both under the Commonwealth and after the Restoration: his longest imprisonments, at Lancaster, Scarborough and Worcester, were endured in the latter period.

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Penn] William Penn (1644—1718) joined the society of Friends in 1667. He was the chief scholar among the early Quakers, and his free expression of his theological opinions brought about his imprisonment in the Tower of London (1668) and on several later occasions. He founded the Quaker state of Pennsylvania in 1682. His too ready acceptance of James II's edict of toleration has undeservedly injured his fame. As a matter of fact his influence did much to provide a solid basis for Quakerism and to counteract the fanaticism of some of its early professors. The allusion here is to his trial at the Old Bailey in 1670: see Sewel, *History of... Quakers*, 1722, p. 498.

the Judge and the Jury] Mr Lucas notes that this quotation does not occur in George Fox's *Journal*.

Sewell's History of the Quakers] William Sewel (1654—1720). His *History of the Rise, Increase, and Progress of the Christian People called Quakers* was published in Dutch at his native place, Amsterdam, in 1717, and in English in 1722.

Wesley] Wesley's *Journal* has none of the picturesqueness and the vivid style of early Quaker literature, and there are episodes recorded in it—e.g. the story of the revival at Kingswood school—which may be condemned on grounds of sentiment. But Lamb's criticism is somewhat prejudiced. There was no 'suspicion of alloy' in the tireless energy of which Wesley gives us a matter-of-fact record, nor any 'drop or dreg' of worldliness in the courage with which he and his friend William Grimshaw of Haworth faced the hostile mobs of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire, or suffered repulse from the churches of their own communion.

James Naylor] One of Fox's earliest converts, convinced at Wakefield in 1651. His declaration that 'Christ was in him' led to his conviction for blasphemy: the horrible punishment recorded in the text took place in 1656.

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John Woolman] An American Quaker, essayist and pamphleteer, born 1720, died 1772. His *Journal* was introduced by Charles Lloyd to Lamb's notice in 1797.

Once only] This incident took place in the meeting-house in St John Street, Clerkenwell. Lamb refers to it in a letter to Coleridge of 13 Feb. 1797.

orgasm] Enthusiastic passion. An instance of the 'Foxian orgasm' is Fox's extraordinary account of his visit to Lichfield, where, bare-foot and on a winter day, he walked about denouncing woe on the city, and seeming to himself to wade in a river of blood.

from head to foot] 'Equipped from head to foot in iron mail,' from Wordsworth's stanzas '*Tis said, that some have died for love.*

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Paul Preaching] A reference to Raffaelle's cartoon of St Paul preaching at Athens.

Jocos Risus-que] Jests and Laughter personified.

the Loves] Alluding to the rape of Proserpine by Pluto at Enna in Sicily.

Trophonius] The name given to the deity whose oracle was in

the caverns of Lebadia in Boeotia. De Quincey in *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, compares his love of solitude and silence to that of 'a person, who, according to the old Pagan legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius.'

that unruly member] See St James iii, 8.

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forty feeding like one]. From Wordsworth's lines *Written in March while resting on the bridge at the foot of Brother's Water*: 'The Cock is crowing,' etc.

Every Quakeress] Lamb's admiration for the young Quakeress, Hester Savory, whom he commemorated in the lyric *Hester*, may be recalled here.

THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER

Published in *The London Magazine* for May 1821.

franklins] The franklin, or country gentleman of free, but not noble birth, of whom Chaucer portrays an example in *Cant. Tales*, Prol. 331—60, was a product of the changing social conditions of the fourteenth century. In king John's time, Lamb would have found it difficult to discover a franklin to rebuke his backwardness.

Ortelius] Abraham Ortelius, born at Antwerp in 1527, died 1598. His atlas, the first of its kind, was published in 1570 under the title of *Theatrum orbis terrarum*.

Arrowsmith] Aaron Arrowsmith (1750—1823) was the chief map-maker and geographical publisher of the day, assisted by his nephew, John Arrowsmith (1790—1873).

Charles's Wain] The group of seven stars which forms the head of the Great Bear.

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the four great monarchies] The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian and Roman.

M.] Identified by Mr Lucas with Lamb's correspondent Thomas Manning.

a better man than myself] Shakespeare. The allusion is to Ben Jonson's *To the Memory of my beloved Master William Shakespeare*, l. 31.

on Devon's leafy shores] Wordsworth, *The Excursion*, book iii, l. 518.

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Bishopsgate and Shacklewell] See note on 'the Flower Pot,' p. 242 above. In 1816 and at later periods, the Lambs took rooms at Dalston, which was then in the country, not far from the Kingsland turnpike.

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Norton Falgate] Now spelt Folgate, the continuation of Bishopsgate street leading to High street, Shoreditch. It was the northern foregate or *faubourg* of London outside Bishopsgate, and formed a liberty in the jurisdiction of the dean of St Paul's.

my morning avocations] See note on 'contemplation of indigos,' p. 248 above.

what song the Sirens sang] See Browne, *Urn Burial*, ch. v.

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the North Pole Expedition] Sir John Franklin's first Arctic expedition of 1819—22.

the Lilys, and the Linacres] William Lily, died 1522, was high-master of St Paul's school 1512—22, and author of the elementary Latin syntax called *Grammatices Rudimenta*. Milton (*Tractate on Education*) speaks of 'those general studies which take up all our time from Lily to commencing...master of arts.' Thomas Linacre, died 1524, was physician to Henry VIII, and composed a Latin grammar, *Rudimenta Grammatices*, for his pupil, the future queen Mary.

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their *Flori* and their *Spici-legia*] A *florilegium* is a collection of flowers: a *spicilegium* is a garnering of ears of corn. Both terms were applied to collections of choice passages or anthologies from the classics.

Arcadia] The happy pastoral state in southern Greece. The characters here mentioned, Basileus, etc., occur in Sir Philip Sidney's romance, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

Colet's, or...Paul's Accidence] John Colet, dean of St Paul's 1504—19, founded St Paul's school in 1509 and composed a Latin accidence in English for the use of the boys. He was himself a Londoner, the son of a lord mayor, and was able, by the inheritance of a large fortune from his father, to employ his zeal for scholarship in this way.

Milton] The quotation is said to come from Milton's *Tractate on Education*; but, beyond a recommendation of legal study and a mention of Solon and Lycurgus, it does not appear in modern editions of this work; nor can the present editor identify it in Milton's prose works.

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profitable that he] Some modern editions add 'the pupil' in brackets.

Tractate on Education] Written by Milton in 1644, and addressed to Samuel Hartlib, a friend of Polish birth, who distributed his sympathies between education and agriculture.

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mollia tempora fandi] Favourable opportunities for speaking: *mollissima fandi tempora* in Vergil, *Æn.* iv, 293—4.

Panorama] Probably that of the north pole, alluded to on p. 82. 'Mr Bartley's Orrery' and the Panopticon appear to have been sights of the day in which amusement was combined with instruction.

plaything for an hour] From Lamb's own poem, *Parental Recollections*, 'A child's a plaything for an hour,' printed in *Poetry for Children*, 1809.

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busy notable creature] 'Notable' in the sense of 'capable.'

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VALENTINE'S DAY

Originally printed in Leigh Hunt's paper, *The Examiner*, for 14 Feb. (St Valentine's day), 1819, and reproduced in *The Indicator*, also edited by Hunt, 14 Feb. 1821.

Arch-flamen] Arch-priest. Each of the Roman divinities had his own special priest or flamen.

a mortal prelate] St Valentine's see does not appear to be known. He is said to have been beheaded at Rome in A.D. 270.

thy tippet and thy rochet] The tippet is not specially characteristic of a bishop. The rochet is in modern times a sleeveless surplice, worn by a bishop with the chimere or black satin gown with lawn sleeves. The sleeves originally belonged to the rochet, which was in the middle ages a general clerical garment and formed part of the ordinary dress of the religious orders of canons regular.

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not Jerome] St Jerome and St Ambrose, bishop of Milan, were two of the four Latin fathers of the Christian church, St Augustine of Hippo and St Gregory the great being the others. St Cyril, patriarch of Jerusalem, was one of the five Greek fathers.

Austin] St Augustine, bishop of Hippo, whose stringent doctrines on the subject of original sin are here alluded to.

Origen] The famous Christian apologist (186—253). His hatred of all mothers probably refers to the tradition of his avoidance of womens' society, which Lamb may have learned from an allusion in sir Thomas Browne's *Letter to a Friend.*

Bishop Bull] George Bull, bishop of St Davids 1705—10, born at Wells in 1634. His most famous work is the *Defensio Fidei Nicenae*, published in 1685, while he was a Gloucestershire clergyman.

Archbishop Parker] Matthew Parker, born at Norwich in 1504, consecrated archbishop of Canterbury 17 Dec., 1559, died 1575. He was the leading spirit in the settlement of the reformed church of England under Elizabeth, and exercised a predominant influence in the university of Cambridge, where he had been master o Corpus.

Whitgift] John Whitgift, born at Great Grimsby about 1530, master successively of Pembroke and Trinity colleges, Cambridge. He was consecrated bishop of Worcester in 1577, and translated to Canterbury in 1583. As archbishop, he took a strong line in opposition to the puritan party: he died in 1604.

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings] Milton, *Par. Lost*, I, 768.

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It gives a very echo] Adapted from Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 21—2:

> 'It gives a very echo to the seat
> Where Love is throned.'

the raven himself] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, v, 39—41.

having been will always be] Wordsworth, *Intimations of Immortality*, st. 10: 'the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be.'

schoolman] The medieval term for a philosopher, whose disputations and lectures took place in the schools of the universities.

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E. B.] Edward Burney, a half-brother of rear-admiral **James** Burney. See note on p. 266 above.

Cayster] A river of Lydia, near Ephesus, famous for its swans. See Homer, *Iliad*, II, 460—1: 'as multitudes of long-necked swans in the Asian meadow, round about the streams of Caystrus.'

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Iris dipt the woof] I.e. it was all the colours of the rainbow: from Milton, *Par. Lost*, XI, 244.

poor Ophelia] See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 48, etc.

diocesan] In the old sense, a member of a diocese. In modern English, the word is transferred to the bishop.

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IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES

Published in *The London Magazine* for August 1821. **The** motto is from sir Thomas Browne, *Religio Medici*, part ii, sect. 1—a selection from the passage, not a consecutive quotation. The word 'consorts' is printed as 'comforts' in the most authoritative editions of Browne's text.

admired] wondered at.

Standing on earth] See Milton, *Par. Lost*, VII, 23: 'Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole.'

apathies] Feelings of indifference, want of sympathy without direct antipathy.

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all people alike] Heywood, referred to in the note to this passage, is the dramatist Thomas Heywood, whom Lamb, in his *Specimens of Dramatic Poets*, characterised as 'a sort of *prose* Shakespeare.' The poem called *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels* appeared in 1635.

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fragments and scattered pieces of Truth] Lamb was thinking of Milton's allegory in *Areopagitica*, of the race of deceivers, who 'took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds.'

His Minerva] Alluding to the legend that Pallas sprang full-armed from the brain of her father Zeus.

PAGE 97

upon the square] The phrase has been used in *The Old and the New Schoolmaster*: see p. 87.

John Buncle] See note on p. 263 above.

PAGE 99

Thomson] Thomson was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire, near Kelso, and lived in Scotland for the first twenty-five years of his life; but his literary career was spent entirely in England, and in his poems there is only one direct reference to the influences of his early life. The annual festivities, however, which were held in Scotland in his honour, were not defunct when Lamb wrote.

Smollett] Smollett's native place was Dalquhurn in Dumbartonshire. The passage alluded to, describing Roderick Random and Strap on their arrival in London, is in *Roderick Random*, ch. xiii. Hume was also a Scotchman, from Ninewells in Berwickshire.

Hugh of Lincoln] The boy who, according to tradition, was crucified by Jews at Lincoln in 1255. The story is told in detail by Matthew Paris. His remains were buried in Lincoln cathedral, where portions of the shrine of 'Little St Hugh' (so distinguished from the great bishop of Lincoln, St Hugh) are to be seen in the south aisle of the quire. The story is alluded to by Chaucer in the *Prioresses Tale*, and a somewhat similar story is told of St William of Norwich.

PAGE 100

keck at] Reject. The word is derived from a sound expressing disgust.

convertites] A convertite is strictly a person who, on repenting of his sins, goes into a monastery, e.g. Duke Frederick in *As You Like It*, v, iv, 190, and Vittoria Corombona in Webster's play. In *King John*, v, i, 19, the word is used simply of a penitent convert.

B——] John Braham, the great tenor, died 1856. His name was originally Abrahams.

Shibboleth] See Judges xii, 6.

The Children of Israel] Mr Lucas thinks that this refers to Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, which does not contain these words in any of its choruses and airs.

Page 101

Kemble] John Philip Kemble (1757—1823), the greatest of a family of actors. He had retired from the stage in 1817.

images of God cut in ebony] From Fuller, *The Holy State and the Profane State*, book ii, ch. 21: 'But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless, His image cut in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of heaven.'

Desdemona] Shakespeare, *Othello*, I, iii, 249: 'That I did love the Moor to live with him.'

Page 102

the salads] See Evelyn, *Acetaria, a Discourse of Sallets*, p. 93. He, however, simply refers to Milton, *Par. Lost*, v, 331—49.

To sit a guest] Adapted from Milton, *Par. Regained*, II, 278. The whole passage is quoted above (p. 152) in *Grace before Meat*.

Page 103

a more sacred example] See St Luke, ch. xx.

You will never be the wiser] Sewel, *History of... Quakers*, p. 498, gives this dialogue in a somewhat different form. Lamb evidently quoted from memory.

Andover] About eight hours by coach from London. It was at this point that the new Exeter road, which shortened the journey by an hour, diverged from the old road through Salisbury and Dorchester. Winterslow Hut, where Hazlitt lived, was nine miles beyond Andover on the old road; and the Lambs paid a visit there in Oct., 1809. The only other recorded occasion when Lamb must have passed through Andover was that of his visit to Coleridge at Nether Stowey in 1797. But, as Mr Lucas indicates, the story was actually not in Lamb's personal experience, but was told to him by sir Anthony Carlisle (see note in *Last Essays of Elia*, p. 222).

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indigos] See note on p. 248 above.

Page 105

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

Published in *The London Magazine* for Oct. 1821.

anile] old-womanly. The sentence refers to the belief that the devil specially used old women in humble life to effect his purposes.

a goat] See St Matt. xxv, 32, 33.

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silly Headborough] A headborough is a chief constable. Lamb was possibly thinking of Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

Prospero in his boat] See Shakespeare, *Tempest*, I, ii.

What stops the Fiend in Spenser] The reference is to Guyon's visit to Mammon, *Faerie Queene*, II, canto vii. The 'glorious bait' was Mammon's wealth and the hand of his daughter Philotime.

Stackhouse] This *History of the Bible* was published in 1737. Its author, Thomas Stackhouse (1677—1752), was vicar of Beenham or Benham Valence, near Reading. The picture is reproduced in Mr Lucas' *Life of Lamb*, vol. i, and *Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, vol. ii.

PAGE 107

that slain monster in Spenser] See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I, canto xii, stanza 10.

PAGE 109

Headless bear] 'Headless bears, black men, and apes' is the original version in the lines, *The Author's Abstract of Melancholy*, prefixed to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (Lucas).

Dear little T. H.] Probably Thornton Hunt, the son of Leigh Hunt, born in 1810, and at this time in his eleventh year.

PAGE 110

ab extra] From the outside.

thick-coming fancies] Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V, iii, 38.

Gorgons] Milton, *Par. Lost*, II, 628.

Celæno and the Harpies] See Vergil, *Æn.* III, 225—62, the episode of the descent of the harpies on the food of Æneas and his companions, and the prophecy of Celæno.

Names, whose sense] From Spenser, *Epithalamion*, ll. 243—4:

> 'Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not.'

defined devils] I.e. Dante's devils are not indefinite shapes, but are imaginable beings, described in detail. See, e.g., *Inferno*, xxi,

where Dante in the fifth circle of Malebolge comes into contact with the demons called Malebranche or Evil-claws.

a spirit unembodied] This idea, described for all time in the lines of Coleridge which follow, has been powerfully embodied in recent times by Dr M. R. James in the story called *Count Magnus* and others of his *Ghost-Stories of an Antiquary.*

Page 111

My night-fancies] This passage may be compared with the remarkable account by De Quincey of his night-mares at the end of *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, a book which appeared in its present form during the year in which this essay was written.

Page 112

Kubla Khan] This splendid fragment was published in 1816 with *Christabel* and *The Pains of Sleep.* According to Coleridge's own account it was part of a poem composed in 1797 during a profound sleep, after reading a passage in *Purchas his Pilgrimage.* Lamb wrote to Wordsworth of Coleridge's recitation of *Kubla Khan* that 'it irradiates and brings heaven and Elysian bowers into my parlour when he sings or says it.'

Barry Cornwall] Bryan Waller Procter (1787—1874) wrote under this pseudonym. He is more famous as the friend of men of letters than as a poet, although he produced some work of merit. He published a life of Charles Lamb in 1864: Thackeray dedicated *Vanity Fair* to him. See also note on 'our friend M.,' p. 253 above. The poem referred to is *A Dream*, in *Dramatic Scenes*, 1819.

the *leading god*] De Quincey more ponderously notes the fact that 'in dreams...of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement.'

Ino Leucothea] Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, was the mother of Learchus and Melicertes by Athamas, king of Orchomenus. When Athamas, seized with madness, killed Learchus, Ino threw herself, with Melicertes, into the sea. Both were transformed into sea-gods, Ino receiving the name of Leucothea, i.e. the white or foam-goddess.

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MY RELATIONS

Published in *The London Magazine* for June 1821.

I have not that felicity] The tragic death of Lamb's mother took place in 1796: his father died in 1799.

Browne's Christian Morals] Part iii, section 22, quoted with slight variations from the original.

an aunt] Sarah Lamb, died 1797. Cf. p. 255 above.

Stanhope's Translation] George Stanhope, born 1660, dean of Canterbury 1704—28. The *Christian's Pattern*, his translation of the *Imitatio Christi*, was published in 1698.

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Prayer Book] Apparently a breviary. Matins (*horae matutinae*) are the old midnight office, consisting of groups of psalms and lessons, each of which forms a nocturn. Compline (*completorium*) is the short office said in religious communities at the end of the day as the completion of the daily hours.

Essex-street] The Unitarian chapel in Essex street, off the Strand. Essex hall is still the chief centre of Unitarianism in London.

Brother, or sister] Lamb, of course, is mystifying his readers. The two cousins introduced to us in this essay are his brother John Lamb, born in June, 1763, and his sister Mary Lamb, born in December, 1764. John died in the November of this year (1821): Mary lived until 1847. Two brothers and two sisters died in infancy.

PAGE **115**

Hertfordshire] See *Mackery End*.

grand climacteric] I.e. the sixty-third year of a man's age. Each seventh year was supposed to be a critical period or climacteric of life: the ninth recurrence of such a period was the grand climacteric.

Yorick] The pseudonym of Laurence Sterne (1713—68), the author of *Tristram Shandy*, from which arises the epithet 'Shandian' or 'Shandean,' used below.

phlegm] An excess of phlegm, one of the four humours of the body, was the cause of the phlegmatic, as an excess of blood was that of the sanguine temperament. John Lamb belonged to the 'humourists' of the South-Sea house: see note on p. 243 above.

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a choice collection] See note on 'the occupier of them now,' p. 245 above.

Dominichino] Domenico Zampieri, called Domenichino, a famous painter of the Bolognese school and pupil of the Carracci, born 1581, died 1641. His pictures embrace religious and classical subjects and landscapes.

Charles of Sweden] Charles XII, king of Sweden 1697—1718. His brilliant and unhappy career is celebrated by Johnson, in the passage of *The Vanity of Human Wishes* which ends with the couplet:

> 'He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

travelling Quaker] Lamb was possibly thinking of the story with which, two months later, he closed *Imperfect Sympathies*.

Cham] The old form of Khan.

Page 117

John Murray's street] The house and offices of the publisher John Murray were, and continue to be, in Albemarle street, Piccadilly, immediately opposite St James' street.

Page 118

Claude] Claude Gelée, better known as Lorrain, born at Château-de-Chamagne in Lorraine in 1600, died 1682; famous as a painter of classical landscapes.

Hobbema] Meindaert van Hobbema, born at Amsterdam in 1638, died 1709: the most celebrated of the landscape painters of the Dutch school, after Jacob Ruysdael.

Christie's and Phillips's] Rooms where auctions of works of art were held. Christie and Manson's, the famous sale-rooms, are at no. 8, King street, St James'.

Page 119

Cynthia of the minute] See Pope, *Moral Essays*, ep. ii, l. 20:

> 'Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
> Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.'

each of the Carracci] A family of painters, the chief masters of the Bolognese school. Lodovico (1555—1619) and his cousins, the brothers Agostino (1558—1601) and Annibale (1560—1609), founded the academy of the Incamminati at Bologna.

Luca Giordano] A Neapolitan painter, born 1632, died 1705. He studied under Spagnoletto: see note on p. 249 above.

Carlo Maratti] A painter of the Roman school, born 1625, died 1713.

that woeful Queen] See Shakespeare, *Rich. II*, v, i, 78—80. Lamb writes 'shortest day' where Shakespeare has 'short'st of day.'

Page 120

all for pity he could die] Spenser, *F. Q.*, I, iii, 1:

'Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could dy.'

Thomas Clarkson] The philanthropist, born at Wisbech in 1760, to whose patient efforts, extending over nearly fifty years, the abolition of slavery was due.

true yoke-fellow with Time] Wordsworth, sonnet *To Thomas Clarkson*. The original has 'true yoke-fellow *of* Time.'

Relief of *******] Lamb supplied the asterisks in his key to *Elia* as 'Distrest Sailors.'

Page 121

Through the green plains] Mr Lucas notes that this line is derived from a sonnet written by Lamb himself in 1795, of which the last line is 'To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire,' but seems to be derived in its turn from an earlier source.

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Published in *The London Magazine* for July 1821. In the person of Bridget Elia, Lamb gives a faithful picture of his sister Mary. Mackery End is in the parish of Wheathampstead, Herts., on a by-road about a mile and a half east of the Great Northern railway station at Harpenden. Lamb's visit, recorded in this essay, was paid in the summer of 1815 with Mary Lamb and Barron Field.

the rash king's offspring] Jephthah's daughter: see Judges xi, 37, 38.

with a difference] See Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, IV, v, 183: 'You must wear your rue with a difference.'

Page 122

holds Nature more clever] Mr Lucas notes that the origin of this phrase is in Gay's *Epitaph of Bye-Words*, l. 4:

'To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.'

Margaret Newcastle] See note on p. 264 above.

free-thinkers] Such as Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt and William Godwin, and in a certain sense Coleridge.

PAGE 124

a spacious closet] Mr Lucas, *Life of Lamb*, i, 8, connects this with the library of Samuel Salt in the Temple.

Mackerel End] Mackerye End in modern ordnance maps. End (cf. Audley End in Essex), of which Inn is the older form, is a not uncommon name for houses in Hertfordshire and Essex.

PAGE 125

My grandmother] Mary Field, *née* Bruton, housekeeper at Blakesware, in Widford parish. See *Blakesmoor in H——shire.*

the noble park at Luton] Luton Hoo in Bedfordshire. The house was built from designs by Robert Adam for John Stuart, earl of Bute, George III's famous minister, and stands on high ground overlooking a park to which Lamb's epithet may well be applied.

heart of June] From Ben Jonson, *Epithalamion*, st. 2:

> 'Or were affairs in tune,
> By all the spheres' consent, so in the heart of June?'

But thou] Wordsworth, *Yarrow Visited* (Sept. 1814).

PAGE 127

the two scriptural cousins] Mary and Elizabeth, St Luke, i, 39, 40.

B. F.] Barron Field (1786—1846), son of Henry Field, apothecary to Christ's hospital. He had been since 1817 judge of the supreme court in New South Wales, and after 1824 became chief-justice of Gibraltar. He was in no way related to Lamb's mother's family. The essay, *Distant Correspondents*, is addressed to him.

PAGE 128

MODERN GALLANTRY

Published in *The London Magazine* for Nov. 1822.

whipping females] One of the earliest reforms in the criminal law, of which the first landmark was the statute of 7—8 George IV (1827).

Dorimant] The hero of sir George Etherege's *Man of Mode* (1676), said to be modelled on the character of John Wilmot, the notorious earl of Rochester.

passing to her parish] I.e. having become chargeable to the overseers of the parish in which she had settled, she was returned as a pauper to the churchwardens and overseers of her own parish. The want of gallantry of which Lamb here complains was not experienced by the poor but attractive Becky Sharp on her way to Queens' Crawley: 'I was obliged to go outside in the rain, where, however, a young gentleman from Cambridge College sheltered me very kindly in one of his *several* greatcoats' (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, ch. vii).

PAGE 129

Lothbury] The street on the north side of the Bank of England: originally Lattenbury, so named from the shops of the workers in latten or brass-metal.

PAGE 130

Joseph Paice] Lamb was in his office at 27, Bread street hill, for a short time between leaving school and entering the South-Sea house.

Edwards] Thomas Edwards (1699—1757), author of *The Canons of Criticism*, an ironical commentary on Warburton's edition of Shakespeare (1747).

Preux Chevalier] The old word 'preux'=valiant, courageous. The 'nine worthies' of tradition were called in French *les neuf preux*, and the nine corresponding female warriors *les neuf preuses*.

Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan] Sir Calidore was the knight of courtesy, after whom the sixth book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene* is named. The reputation of Tristram or Tristan, a knight of king Arthur's court, is chiefly the result of his love-affair with Iseult, a fertile subject of poetry in all ages.

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THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE

Published in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1821.

I was born] See the first two notes on *Christ's Hospital*, p. 254 above.

Spenser] *Prothalamion*, ll. 133—7.

Till they decayed] The order of the knights of the Temple was suppressed by Clement V in 1309: the suppression was ratified by a bull issued at the council of Vienne, 22 March, 1311–2. Some idea of the charges made against the Templars can be gained from Browning's poem, *The Heretic's Tragedy*.

PAGE 134

Of building strong] The origin of this quotation has not been traced.

named of Harcourt] Harcourt buildings, named after Simon, first baron and viscount Harcourt, lord chancellor 1713—4.

her Twickenham Naiades] Twickenham was the residence of Pope, and the scene of the incident on which *The Rape of the Lock* was founded.

that fine Elizabethan hall] The hall of the Middle Temple, on which the hall of Trinity college, Cambridge, was modelled.

Ah! yet] Shakespeare, *Sonnet* civ, ll. 9, 10.

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carved it out quaintly] Quoted freely from Shakespeare, 3 *Hen. VI*, II, v, 24: 'To carve out dials quaintly, point by point.' Possibly Lamb confused the quotation with the similar rhythm of *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 45: 'The spinsters and the knitters in the sun.'

Marvell] The quotation is from *The Garden*, Marvell's translation of his own Latin poem *Hortus*, ll. 33—56, 65—72. The line 'Then whets and *claps* its silver wings' is in the original 'Then whets and *combs* its silver wings.'

PAGE 137

They have lately gothicised] This refers to the older hall of the Inner Temple: the present hall was opened as recently as 1870.

J—ll] Joseph Jekyll, K.C. (d. 1837), at this time treasurer of the Inner Temple, well-known as a political wit and as the restorer of the Temple church. He sat in parliament for 'sweet Calne in Wiltshire' from 1787 to 1816.

PAGE 138

Thomas Coventry] One of the governors of Christ's hospital. It was probably to him that Lamb owed his temporary appointment at the South-Sea house.

a quadrate] A square. Cf. *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist*, p. 57: 'She loved the quadrate, or square,' used there of a game for four people.

an Elisha bear] See 2 Kings iii, 23, 24.

dark rappee] Dark snuff-colour. Rappee (*tabac râpé*) was a kind of snuff in common use.

Samuel Salt] See note on 'Inner Temple,' p. 254 above. Salt sat in parliament for St Germans 1768, Liskeard 1768—84, and for Aldeburgh 1784—90. He became a bencher of the Inner Temple in 1782, and was treasurer in 1788.

spinous] thorny.

PAGE 139

Lovel] Under this name Lamb disguises his own father.

Miss Blandy] Mary Blandy, hanged at Oxford in 1752 for the murder of her father, who opposed her engagement to the hon. William Henry Cranstoun.

PAGE 140

Susan P——] Lamb identified the name as Peirson.

B—— d Row] Probably Bedford row.

the noble family] The Coventrys, earls of Coventry, of Croome Court, Worcestershire. The fifth baron Coventry was created an earl in 1697. Sir Thomas Coventry, created a baron in 1628, was solicitor and attorney-general to James I, and lord keeper under Charles I.

North Cray] In Kent, 4½ miles N.E. of Bromley.

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Hic currus] See Vergil, *Aen.* I, 16—17: 'hic illius arma, hic currus fuit,' i.e. 'here (at Carthage) were the arms of Juno, here was her chariot.'

hunks] A miser.

Elwes] John Elwes (1714—89), M.P. for Berkshire 1774—87, a famous miser.

flapper] See Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, part iii, ch. 2. The 'flapper' was the servant by whom the inhabitant of Laputa, absorbed in transcendental thought, was attended. He carried a bladder containing dried pease, with which he struck the mouth of the speaker and the ear of the hearer in a conversation, which otherwise could not have been promoted.

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would strike] Shakespeare, 1 *Hen. IV*, II, i, 85: 'such as will strike sooner than speak.'

Bayes] The poet in whose person Dryden is satirised in *The Rehearsal*, by George Villiers, second duke of Buckingham, first acted in 1671. It was one of the most famous of Garrick's parts during his management at Drury Lane (1746—76), in which he took the opportunity of ridiculing the mannerisms of contemporary actors.

PAGE 143

a little boy from Lincoln] See *Poor Relations* for another notice of John Lamb's Lincolnshire origin. The present editor in 1902 searched in the probate registry at Lincoln, at the request of Mr E. V. Lucas, for wills of persons bearing the name of Lamb, which might throw light on Lamb's pedigree. None, however, could be connected with him. Elsewhere Lamb indicates that his family came from Stamford.

as now our stout triumvirs] This quotation does not seem to have been identified, and is certainly not to be found in the dramas where it might be expected to occur.

our great philanthropist] A reference to the statue of John Howard in St Paul's cathedral (see note on p. 257 above).

Daines Barrington] Born 1727, died 1800, a son of the first viscount Barrington, and chiefly remembered as the naturalist to whom a large number of the letters in White's *Natural History of Selborne* are addressed. His brother the bishop was Shute Barrington, consecrated bishop of Llandaff 1769, translated to Salisbury 1782 and to Durham in 1791: he died in 1826 at the age of 92, and is well-known as a friend of Sir Walter Scott. A third brother, Samuel Barrington (1729—1800), made his mark as an admiral.

PAGE 144

Jackson] Richard Jackson of Lincoln's Inn, died 1787. He sat in parliament for Weymouth (1762—8) and New Romney (1768—84).

Friar Bacon] The celebrated Franciscan philosopher, died 1294.

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manciple] See note on p. 251 above.

aitch **bone**] Modern etymology explains the word as rump-bone, from *natis* = buttock.

Michael Angelo's Moses] This famous statue was executed for the monument of pope Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli in Rome. The horns are due to the Vulgate version of Exodus xxxiv, 35. Cf. an allusion to this figure in *Last Essays of Elia*, p. 133.

Baron Maseres] Francis Maseres (1731—1824), cursitor baron of the exchequer 1773—1824.

old men covered with a mantle] See 1 Sam. xxviii, 14. An allusion to an incident already noted in *Witches and Other Night Fears*. See pp. 106—9.

Page 146

R. N.] Randal Norris, sub-treasurer of the Inner Temple. See notes on *A Death-Bed* in *Last Essays of Elia*, pp. 257—8.

incondite] Ill-formed, shapeless.

Page 147

Urban] Sylvanus Urban was the *nom-de-plume* used by editors of *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

ye yourselves are old] See Shakespeare, *King Lear*, II, iv, 194: 'if yourselves are old' (Lucas).

the Winged Horse] The emblem of the Temple.

Hookers] Richard Hooker, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, became master of the Temple in 1585. See note on p. 259 above.

Seldens] See note on p. 250 above.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Published in *The London Magazine* for Nov. 1821.

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manducation] The act of eating, lit. chewing.

Homo Humanus] Fooling somewhat in the manner of Rabelais, one of the prophets of the 'snug congregation' alluded to below.

Page 149

rarus hospes] A rare guest.

orgasm] See note on p. 276 above.

Page 150

Jeshurun] Deut. xxxii, 15: cf. note on p. 256 above.

Virgil] See note on 'Celæno and the Harpies,' p. 284 above.

PAGE 151

Hall feast] I.e. a feast of one of the great city companies, held in their hall.

Paradise Regained] Book II, ll. 340—7. After 'brook' in the original come the words, omitted by Lamb:

'of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which,' etc.

gaudy-day] See note on p. 250 above.

Heliogabalus] Elagabalus (Varius Avitus Bassianus), Roman emperor 218—22, notorious for his degenerate luxury and prodigality. He was murdered at the age of eighteen by the praetorian guard, together with his mother Julia Soaemias.

PAGE 152

As appetite] *Par. Regained*, II, 264—78.

PAGE 153

C——] Probably Coleridge.

PAGE 154

sapidless] Insipid.

The author of the Rambler] Dr Johnson, who, as Boswell, commenting on his table habits, points out, attacked gluttony in no. 206 of *The Rambler*.

Dagon] The fish-god of the Philistines: see 1 Sam. v.

the Chartreuse] See note on 'the Carthusian,' p. 274 above. The Grande-Chartreuse, near Grenoble, was the chief and earliest of Carthusian monasteries. Chartreuse (Eng. Charterhouse; It. Certosa; Sp. Cartuja; Germ. Carthause) was the regular name for a priory of the order.

Hog's Norton] Hook Norton in Oxfordshire: 'Hog's Norton,' according to the local proverb, 'where the pigs play upon organs.' Camden, *Britannia* (Holland's translation, 1610, p. 375 A), says: 'As for that *Hoch-Norton*,... for the rusticall behaviour of the inhabitants in the age afore going it grew to be a proverbe, when folke would say of one rudely dèmeaning himselfe & unmanerly after an Hoggish kind, that he was borne at *Hocknorton*.' See also Swift, *Polite Conversation*, dial. ii: 'Faith, I believe he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.'

PAGE 155

flamens] See note on 'Arch-flamen,' p. 279 above.

PAGE 156

C. V. L.] See note on 'C. V. le G. ——,' p. 260 above. Le Grice himself took holy orders, and became by marriage the owner of the estate of Trereife in Cornwall, where he was a thorn in the side of some of his fellow clergy.

Non tunc] There was then no room for such things. See Horace, *De Arte Poetica*, l. 19: '*sed nunc non erat his locus.*'

horresco referens] I shudder in the telling. Vergil, *Æn.* II, 204.

MY FIRST PLAY

Published in *The London Magazine* for Dec. 1821. The play in question, as related in the essay, was *Artaxerxes*, an opera with music by Thomas Augustine Arne (1710—78), performed posthumously at Drury Lane 1 Dec. 1780, when Lamb was in his sixth year.

Cross-court] When Lamb wrote the essay, the name appeared as Russell-court, and the printing-office as a wine-vault. Lamb was living at this time close by in Russell street: see note on 'Bloomsbury,' p. 262 above.

Garrick's Drury] See note on 'Bayes,' p. 293 above

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F.] Francis Fielde, died 1809.

John Palmer] The creator of the part of Joseph Surface in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, produced in 1777. He died at Liverpool in 1798, while playing in *The Stranger*.

young Brinsley] Sheridan: see note on p. 260 above.

Maria Linley] Sheridan's first wife was Elizabeth Ann Linley, daughter of the musician Thomas Linley. Maria, also a famous singer, was one of her sisters. Elizabeth died in 1792.

Drury-lane theatre] On Garrick's retirement in 1776 Sheridan, his father-in-law Thomas Linley, and Dr Ford acquired his share in the patent which was held by the managers of the theatre; and in 1778 Sheridan bought out the other patentee, James Lacy. Sheridan's management, disastrous to himself and all concerned, survived the rebuilding of the theatre in 1791—4, and did not end until the burning of the house in 1809. The present passage is a commentary upon his method of paying his assistants.

Page 158

St Andrew's] The parish of St Andrew, Holborn.

Puckeridge] Lamb's property, known as Button Snap, was at West Hill Green in the parish of Buntingford. Puckeridge, on the old north road, is in the neighbouring parishes of Braughing and Standon, and is the point at which the Cambridge road diverges.

Page 159

Rowe's Shakespeare] The edition published by the dramatist Nicholas Rowe in 1709.

fair Auroras] Mr Lucas notes that 'fair Aurora' is the opening of a song in *Artaxerxes*.

the Universal History] Published 1735—44. The Persian portion was written by Dr John Campbell (1708—75).

Page 160

the burning idol] The representation of the sun in the play.

Harlequin's Invasion] A pantomime written by Garrick, originally produced in 1759.

St Denys] Alluding to the legend that St Denis (Dionysius the Areopagite) carried his head in his hands after his martyrdom.

the Lady of the Manor] *The Lord of the Manor* was produced at Drury Lane on 27 Dec. 1780 (Genest, *English Stage*, vi, 178—9). This, an opera by general Burgoyne, was probably meant by Lamb. Mr Lucas points out that the circumstances do not suit *The Lady of the Manor*, a comic opera by William Kenrick.

Lun's Ghost] John Rich (d. 1761), under the stage-name of Lun, introduced the silent Harlequin (before that time, as in Italy, a speaking part) in the pantomime of *Harlequin Executed*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1717. *Lun's Ghost* was first produced early in 1782.

Lud] The traditional monarch whose name was supposed to survive in Ludgate.

the Way of the World] Congreve's famous comedy, originally produced in 1700.

Page 161

Was nourished] Mr Lucas traces this to *The Complete Angler*, part i, ch. 4: 'it is reported by good authors, that grasshoppers, and some fish have no mouths, but are nourished and take breath by the porousness of their gills, man knows not how.'

royal ghost] If this is a quotation, the source has not been identified.

PAGE 162

Mrs Siddons] Sarah Siddons, sister of John Philip Kemble (see note on p. 283 above), born 1755, died 1831, the greatest tragic actress of her day. Isabella, in Thomas Southerne's *Fatal Marriage* (originally produced in 1694), was the part in which she made her triumphant appearance at Drury Lane in 1782, after an earlier failure.

DREAM-CHILDREN

Published in *The London Magazine* for Jan. 1822. Lamb's elder brother, John, had died in the previous November: see note on 'Brother, or sister,' p. 286 above. This charming essay should be compared with the portrait of James Elia in *My Relations* and with *Blakesmoor in H——shire.*

great-grandmother Field] See note on 'My grandmother,' p. 289 above.

Norfolk] Lamb thinly disguises his description. Blakesware is in Hertfordshire: for its owners, see note on 'Plumers of Hertfordshire,' p. 247 above. The house, as Lamb knew it, was built in 1640, and had been bought by colonel Plumer in 1683. It has been taken down since Lamb's day, and the present house is built upon a higher site.

PAGE 163

a newer and more fashionable mansion] New Place, Gilston, also in Hertfordshire, although Lamb transfers it into an adjoining county. It also was bought by colonel Plumer in 1701. His grandson, William Plumer, lived at Gilston, which after his death became the residence of his widow, cf. note on p. 247 above.

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Alice W——n] See note on p. 265 above.

PAGE 168

DISTANT CORRESPONDENTS

Published in *The London Magazine* for March, 1822. For B. F. see note on p. 289 above.

Mrs Rowe] Elizabeth Singer (1674—1737), wife of Thomas Rowe. Her *Letters Moral and Entertaining* were published 1729—33.

Cowley's Post-Angel] See Cowley, *Hymn. To light*, st. 6:

'Let a Post-Angel start with Thee,
And Thou the Goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as He.'

Lombard-street] The general post-office was at this time in Lombard street. The present post-office at St Martin's-le-Grand was begun in 1825, and first used in 1829.

theosophist] The term is here used generally of a being conversant with divine wisdom.

two or three revolutions] I.e. two or three solar years.

parasangs] A parasang was a Persian measure of distance, familiar to readers of Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

Plato's man] The cardinal idea of Plato's philosophical theory was that everything on earth has its ideal or perfect form in a higher world, and that all human knowledge is the reminiscence of things learned in the ideal world before the soul was clothed in a human form. Lamb in this passage connects Plato's ideal theory with the man in the moon, probably remembering, as Mr Lucas notes, Milton's poem *De Idea Platonica*.

Page 169

Munden] Joseph Shepherd Munden (1758—1832), the chief comic actor at Drury Lane between 1813—24. See *On the Acting of Munden*.

solecism] The inhabitants of Soli in Cilicia, a colony of Athens, spoke a garbled form of the Attic dialect. Hence the term 'solecism' (σολοικισμός) applied to an incorrect phrase or habitual fault of grammar.

the Devizes] Devizes, the Roman *Divisae*, 80 miles from London on the Bath road. Commonly called 'the Vies' down to the eighteenth century, and occasionally provided with the definite article till within recent times.

Page 170

this flam] A flam is an imposture, hoax, lying story. The origin is uncertain.

Page 171

Lord C.] Thomas Pitt, second baron Camelford, and grand-nephew of the earl of Chatham: notorious for his profligate life and quarrelsome temper; killed in a duel, 1804.

PAGE 172

lustring] A silk fabric, otherwise called lustrine or lutestring. The name was derived from its gloss or lustre.

Saint Gothard] Regarded as the patron-saint of travellers in danger.

Lyons] Lamb is of course choosing at haphazard the name of the first French town he remembers. It is not very necessary to remark that the ordinary traveller would not contemplate landing at Lyons.

corpuscula] Small bodies, collections of atoms.

your puns] See note on 'your man of letters,' p. 248 above.

PAGE 173

slime of Nilus] See Shakespeare, *Ant. and Cleo.* I, iii, 69; II, vii, 20, etc.

melior lutus] Finer clay. From Juvenal, Sat. xiv, l. 35:

> 'iuvenes, quibus arte benigna
> Et meliore luto finxit praecordia Titan.'

The allusion in Juvenal is to the creation of men out of clay by the Titan Prometheus. Lamb appears to have taken the word *Titan* in its sense of the sun personified. His allusion to *sol pater* shews that he is comparing puns to the serpents of Egypt: see *Ant. and Cleo.* II, vii, 29, 30: 'your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun.'

Peter Wilkins's island] See note on p. 257 above.

the *Hades* of *Thieves*] The pleasantries of this passage are founded upon the contemporary custom of deporting criminals to New South Wales.

Diogenes] The cynic philosopher is said to have gone about with a lantern in day-light, and, when asked what he was doing, to have answered that he was trying to discover an honest man.

PAGE 174

loco-motor] In the sense of 'one who changes place.'

Delphic voyages] Travels to inquire of the oracle at Delphi.

hemp] The material of the hangman's rope.

PAGE 175

that spring] The pump in Hare court.

Aye me!] Milton, *Lycidas*, ll. 154—5:

'Aye me: whilst thee the seas and sounding shores
Wash far away.'

Miss W——r] Lamb supplied the surname as Winter.

J. W.] James White. See note on p. 302 below.

THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

Published in *The London Magazine* for May, 1822.

PAGE 176

clergy] clerical. The allusion is to the blackness of the chimney-sweep: his black is an involuntary garb, not assumed—i.e. put on—like a clergyman's black clothes.

fauces Averni] The jaws of Avernus: Vergil, *Æn.* VI, 201.

Macbeth] Act IV, sc. i.

PAGE 177

kibed] galled, blistered. A kibe = a blister: see Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, V, i, 153: 'the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.'

a tester] A sixpence. The coin was so called from having a head (*teste*, *tête*) stamped on it.

sassafras] The aromatic bark of a tree of the laurel tribe, grown in America. The word is the Spanish *sasafras*, of uncertain origin. The decoction which Lamb here describes was called 'saloop' as a variation of the word 'salep,' applied to a somewhat similar article of food. Saloop had no connection, as Mr Read's adjective would seem to imply, with Shrewsbury (*Salopia*): the word 'salep' is Arabic in origin.

olfactories] The organs of smell, the nostrils.

fuliginous] Smoky, sooty.

PAGE 179

piazzas] The covered walks designed by Inigo Jones, which still remain on the north side of Covent Garden.

the welkin] The sky. *Wolcnu* in old English = clouds: cf. German *Wölken*.

when I walk westward] Lamb's way home from business. His less precipitate progress eastward is hinted at in *My Relations* (p. 118).

Page 180

the March to Finchley] Painted in 1750.

A sable cloud] Milton, *Comus*, ll. 221, 222.

Page 181

the young Montagu] Edward Wortley Montagu, while at school at Westminster, ran away and became an apprentice to a chimney-sweep. Hone, *Every-day Book* for May 1 (in which this essay is incorporated), notes that Mrs Montagu gave an entertainment to the chimney-sweeps every May day at her house in Portman square, at which 'she gave them roast-beef, and plum-pudding, and a shilling each, and they danced after their dinner.'

Arundel Castle] The seat of the dukes of Norfolk in Sussex. The 'late duke' was Charles Howard, eleventh duke (d. 1815), in whose time the castle was largely rebuilt.

where Venus lulled Ascanius] See Vergil, *Æn.* 1, 691—4, where Venus took Ascanius to the groves of Idalia, while Cupid took his place in Dido's palace.

Page 182

incunabula] Swathing-bands, applied by transference to a cradle.

JEM WHITE] James White, born in the same year with Lamb, was his schoolfellow at Christ's hospital. He was the author of *Original Letters, &c. of Sir John Falstaff and his friends* (1796). Lamb, who reviewed the book in *The Examiner* in 1819, may have had a hand in some of these productions.

the fair of St Bartholomew] Bartholomew fair, originally granted to the priory of St Bartholomew, Smithfield, by charter of Henry II, was held on 23, 24 and 25 August. After the reform of the calendar, it was held for three days in the first week of September: the proclamation was read on 3 Sept., and the fair lasted for three days afterwards, excluding Sunday.

Page 183

the wedding garment] St Matt. xxii, 11—13.

the pens] The sheep-pens in Smithfield were used as eating-booths at fair-time. Hone, writing in 1825, noted that the habit of decorating them and giving them high-sounding names had been done away with; 'but there was sound, and smell, and sight, from sausages almost as large as thumbs, fried in miniature dripping-pans by old women, over fires in saucepans.'

Bigod] See note on p. 261 above.

Rochester] John Wilmot, second earl of Rochester (1647—80). See note on 'Dorimant,' p. 290 above.

old dame Ursula] The name is taken from the 'pig-woman,' the type of these sausage-vendors, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614).

the universal host] See Milton, *Par. Lost*, I, 541, 542:

> 'At which the universal host upsent
> A shout that tore hell's concave.'

Page 184

the 'Cloth'] I.e. the clergy.

Golden lads] Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, IV, ii, 262—3. The first line is properly 'Golden lads and girls all must.'

the glory of Smithfield] Hone shews that, as early as 1700, the fair was regarded as a public nuisance. In 1825 he speaks of it as 'an annual scene of debauchery, which contributes nothing to the city's funds, and nothing to the city's character but a shameful stain.' The inferences to be drawn from Jonson's brilliant and humorous picture of it in 1614 are equally unfavourable.

Page 185

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS

Published in *The London Magazine* for June, 1822.

Alcides] Hercules, so called as the grandson of Alcaeus.

eleventh persecution] There were reckoned to have been ten persecutions of the Christian church throughout the world, the last of which was the persecution under Diocletian in 303.

with sighing sent] Milton, *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*:

> 'From haunted spring and dale,
> Edg'd with poplar pale,
> The parting genius is with sighing sent.'

crusado] Lamb should have said *crusada*. A crusado (Spanish *cruzado*) in this context would mean a crusader.

Dionysius] The younger of that name, tyrant of Syracuse, dethroned in 356 B.C. He regained his tyranny 346—3 B.C., when he was again driven away, and lived in poverty at Corinth, where he is said to have become a schoolmaster.

Page 186

obolum] Lamb quotes the word in the accusative from Belisarius' cry as a beggar: '*Date obolum Belisario.*' An *obolus* is a halfpenny.

The Blind Beggar] The allusion is to the ballad of *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.*

Margaret Newcastle] See note on p. 264 above.

Lear] See Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III, iv.

mere nature] Mr Lucas notes the phrase in Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens*, IV, iii, 231: 'Answer mere nature; bid them flatter thee.'

Cresseid] Robert Henryson's *Testament of Cresseid*, a continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, tells the sequel of the tale of Cressida, how she was sent away by Diomede and was stricken with leprosy—the 'other whiteness than that of beauty' to which Lamb refers.

clap-dish] Or clack-dish, a dish carried by beggars, who struck it with its lid to call the attention of passers-by.

Page 187

Lucian wits] Wits of the type of Lucian. Lamb alludes to the passage in Rabelais, *Pantagruel*, ii, 30, where Epistemon, whose head had been cut off, was cured by Panurge, and on recovery related what he had seen in the world below.

neighbour grice] The step which is nearest to it. A 'grice' or 'grize,' spelt in several ways, is a step: thus the Greesen was the old name of the steps at Lincoln which lead from the cathedral close to the lower town, and has become corrupted into the Grecian Stairs.

Page 188

led captain] A phrase equivalent to a parasite.

continueth in one stay] See the burial service in the *Book of Common Prayer.*

spital] Hospital.

greasy citizenry] See Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, i, 55: 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens.' The quotation which follows is from ll. 56, 57 of the same passage.

Page 189

Tobits] Tobit was the blind father of Tobias in the Apocrypha.

St L——] Lamb's key leaves this and 'B——' unexplained.

St L—— is possibly St Luke's, a parish which may have harboured many such beggars; but Lamb adds to the initials 'no meaning.'

Vincent Bourne] Born 1695, died 1747: fellow of Trinity college, Cambridge, and master at Westminster school. His *Poemata, Latine partim reddita, partim scripta* were published in 1734. Lamb translated nine more of his poems in *Album Verses*, 1830: see also the essay on *The Latin Poems of Vincent Bourne* printed in *The Englishman's Magazine* for Sept. 1831, and now included in Lamb's collected works.

Page 190

Irus] A typical name for a beggar, from the beggar in the Odyssey.

Page 191

riots of 1780] The No-Popery riots, associated with the name of lord George Gordon, and celebrated by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge*.

groundling] The word, usually applied to an occupant of the pit of a theatre, is here freely used to mean one who is near the ground.

Antæus] The Libyan giant, whose victory in wrestling depended on his contact with his mother Earth. Hercules conquered him by lifting him from the ground, when his strength left him and he was easily thrown.

Page 192

mandrake] A vegetable with a forked root, bearing some resemblance to the trunk and thighs of a man. It was supposed to shriek when torn out of the ground. Allusions to the superstition are common in Lamb's favourite authors.

Lapithan controversy] At the marriage of Pirithous, king of the Lapithae, and Hippodamia, his half-brothers, the Centaurs, who had been disappointed of their share in his kingdom, attempted to carry off the ladies of the party. In the war which ensued the Centaurs were defeated.

os sublime] The face uplifted. From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I, 85: 'And while the rest of animals look downward to the earth, he gave to man a face uplifted, and bade him see the heaven and raise his countenance upright to the stars.'

PAGE 193

Yorick] See note on p. 286 above.

Age, thou hast lost thy breed] Adapted from Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 150—1:

'Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!'

and from *Winter's Tale*, IV, iv, 786: 'Age, thou hast lost thy labour.'

blind Bartimeus] St Mark, x, 46.

PAGE 194

Cast thy bread] Eccles. xi, 1.

Some have unawares] Hebrews, xiii, 2.

personate] Impersonated, pretended.

PAGE 195

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Published in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1822.

Confucius] The great Chinese philosopher, who flourished about 480 B.C.

PAGE 199

mundus edibilis] Eatable world.

princeps obsoniorum] Prince of viands.

PAGE 200

amor immunditiæ] Love of uncleanliness.

tegument] Covering (Latin *tegumentum*).

radiant jellies] The jelly-like plant called *Nostoc commune* was commonly supposed to be a substance deposited by falling stars and was therefore called 'star-shoot.' So Suckling, *Farewell to Love*:

'As he whose quicker eye doth trace
A false star shot to a mark'd place,
Does run apace,
And thinking it to catch,
A jelly up does snatch.'

PAGE 201

Ere sin could blight] Coleridge's *Epitaph on an Infant*, written in 1794. The correct version is :

'Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.'

Sapors] Relishes (Latin *sapor*, *sapores*). Equivalent to 'savours.'

PAGE 202

tame villatic fowl] Milton, *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1695. Villatic =rural (lit. belonging to a country-house or farm).

give everything] The allusion is, of course, to Lear's entire disposal of his kingdom between his daughters and their husbands.

My good old aunt] See note on p. 255 above. It has been thought that Lamb may refer here to another aunt who lived in Southwark, as he speaks of crossing London bridge on his way to school; but, if the actual anecdote is true, he may have given it—indeed, he most probably would have given it—an imaginary setting.

PAGE 203

intenerating and dulcifying] Making tender and sweetening.

St Omer's] The English Jesuit college at Saint-Omer (Pas-de-Calais) was founded in 1592. It is needless to say that Lamb had nothing to do with it : he introduces it merely as a suitable scene for the discussion of the problem in casuistry which follows.

PAGE 204

the rank and guilty garlic] The strong smell of garlic makes it impossible to conceal its presence. The phrase looks like a quotation.

A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT

Originally published in *The Reflector* during the autumn of 1811; re-printed in *The London Magazine* for Sept. 1822.

PAGE 205

usufruct] Right of enjoyment.

PAGE 207

phœnixes] The phœnix was supposed to die once in five hundred years, and revive out of its own ashes.

Like as the arrows] Psalm cxxvii, 5, 6.

PAGE 209

One daisy] A reminiscence of 1 Cor. xv, 41.

PAGE 210

excrescences] Outgrowths, in the sense of oddities.

a humourist] See note on 'humourists,' p. 243 above.

PAGE 211

decent affection] Mr Lucas identifies this from Home, *Douglas*, act 1, sc. i.

PAGE 212

Testacea] The names *Testacea* and *Cerasia* are names invented after the manner of the old character-writers, to express the 'shelly' and 'cherry' ladies whom Lamb connected with the oyster and cherry anecdotes.

PAGE 213

Morellas] Morello cherries—Lamb noted in 1811 that he could not spell the word—are said to be so called from their dark (It. *morello*) colour, a word possibly connected with *murrey*=mulberry colour.

ON SOME OF THE OLD ACTORS

This essay is composed of portions of essays which appeared in *The London Magazine* for Feb. and Oct. 1822. The first four paragraphs were added as an introduction in the published *Elia* of 1823.

Whitfield, or Packer] John Hayman Packer (1730—1806) entered the Drury Lane company under Garrick's *régime*, and retired from the stage in 1805. The rest of the actors mentioned in this sentence had a merely temporary fame.

PAGE 214

Mrs Jordan] Dorothea Jordan (Dorothy Bland, 1762—1816). Her first appearance in London was in 1785, as Miss Peggy in Garrick's *The Country Girl*, an adaptation of Wycherley's *The Country Wife*. She retired from the stage in 1814.

Nells and Hoydens] Mrs Jordan's favourite parts were those of country girls. Nell occurs in Charles Coffey's *The Devil to Pay* (Lucas). Miss Hoyden is a character in Vanbrugh's *The Relapse*, transferred with others by Sheridan into *A Trip to Scarborough*.

the disguised story] Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, II, iv, 108, etc.

Write loyal cantos] *Twelfth Night*, I, v, 289, 291. The ordinary texts of Shakespeare have 'cantons' and 'Halloo' instead of Lamb's 'cantos' and 'Hollow.'

Page 215

Mrs Powel] Known on her first appearance at the Haymarket as Mrs Farmer, from 1789—1814 as Mrs Powell, and from 1814—29 as Mrs Renaud.

her unbending scenes] *Twelfth Night*, I, v and V, i.

Bensley] Robert Bensley, acted at Drury Lane 1765, Covent Garden 1767—75, and at Drury Lane and the Haymarket 1775—96.

Hotspur's famous rant] Shakespeare, I *Hen. IV*, I, iii, 201—8. Its subject is 'honour,' not 'glory.'

the Venetian incendiary] Pierre in Otway's *Venice Preserved*, act II, sc. ii. This was Bensley's first part at Drury Lane.

Page 216

mine Ancient] Iago: see *Othello*, II, i, 66, etc.

Page 217

Mr Baddeley or Mr Parsons] Robert Baddeley acted in comic parts at Drury Lane, appearing first in 1763: he died in 1794. William Parsons, the 'comic Roscius,' acted at Drury Lane 1762—95.

John Kemble] See note on p. 283 above.

a sort of Puritan] *Twelfth Night*, II, iii, 151—2: 'Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.'

a Lambert, or a Lady Fairfax] John Lambert (1619—83), major-general in Cromwell's army: he was tried for high treason after the Restoration, and imprisoned for life in Guernsey. Lady Fairfax was Anne, daughter of Horatio, first baron Vere, and wife of the parliamentary general, Thomas, third baron Fairfax of Cameron. Andrew Marvell, who was tutor to their daughter Mary, afterwards duchess of Buckingham, celebrated the 'Great

Master' of Nunappleton house, and 'Vera, the nymph that him inspired,' in some of his best poems.

His careless committal] *Twelfth Night*, II, ii.

PAGE 218

would not have him miscarry] *Twelfth Night*, III, iv, 69, 70.

sick of self-love] *Twelfth Night*, I, v, 97.

buttery hatch] The opening, closed by a hinged shutter, in the door or wall of a buttery, through which beer was served. Such hatches are frequently seen in old houses, such as Haddon hall, and in the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and are often formed by the whole upper half of the doorway. The buttery is the *bouteillerie* or 'bottlery' of a house.

Pursue him] *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 389.

He argues] *Twelfth Night*, IV, ii, 54—60, the passage in the note. 'Approve of,' as there quoted, is simply 'approve' in the original. It will be remembered that the part of Sir Topas the parson was assumed by the clown.

PAGE 219

some consonancy] *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 141: 'there is no consonancy in the sequel.'

the hero of La Mancha] Don Quixote.

PAGE 220

Stand still] Marlowe, *Edward II*, act V, sc. i: 'Stand still you watches of the element.'

thus the whirligig of time] The words of the clown Feste in *Twelfth Night*, V, i, 384—5.

Dodd] James William Dodd, acted at Drury Lane 1765—96.

Lovegrove] William Lovegrove, acted in London 1810—16.

PAGE 221

sad] serious-looking.

PAGE 222

Foppington] In Sheridan's *A Trip to Scarborough* (Vanbrugh's *Relapse*). Tattle, in Congreve's *Love for Love*. Backbite, in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. Acres, in Sheridan's *Rivals*. Fribble, in Garrick's *Miss in her Teens*.

The death of this fine actor] He died in 1796, shortly after his retirement: his last appearance was a failure.

Page 223

put on the weeds of Dominic] Milton, *Par. Lost*, III, 479.

Dicky Suett] Acted in the Drury Lane company from 1780 to 1805, taking the parts of clowns.

Holy Paul] He appears to have been a chorister at Westminster abbey, not, as Lamb says, at St Paul's.

the holy for the profane state] An allusion to the title of Fuller's book, *The Holy and the Profane State.*

with hallooing] Falstaff in Shakespeare, 2 *Hen. IV*, I, ii, 213.

commerce with the skies] Milton, *Il Penseroso*, l. 39: 'And looks commercing with the skies.'

Page 224

Parsons] See note on p. 309 above.

Mathews] Charles Mathews the elder (1776—1835), the famous comedian, whose first appearance in London was at the Haymarket in 1802.

force of nature] From Dryden's *Lines Printed under the Engraved Portrait of Milton* in Tonson's folio edition of *Paradise Lost*, 1688.

Page 225

had staggered] I.e. would have staggered.

thorough brake] Shakespeare, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 3: 'thorough bush, thorough brier.'

Jack Bannister] Acted in the Drury Lane company 1778—1815; died 1836. There is a further allusion to his acting in *The Children in the Wood* in *Old China* (see *Last Essays of Elia*, p. 161).

The Children in the Wood] A musical play by Thomas Morton (d. 1838), produced at the Haymarket in Oct. 1793.

too young to know] Shakespeare, Sonnet cli, 1; 'Love is too young to know what conscience is.'

Vesta's days] Days of primitive purity. Vesta was the hearth-goddess of the Romans, whose fire was kept continually burning in her temple by the Vestal virgins.

Robert Palmer] An actor of rustic parts: his death shortly followed that of Suett.

The elder Palmer] John Palmer; see note on p. 296 above.

Page 226

Moody] John Cochran or Moody, a comic actor at Drury Lane: he acted 1759—96, and died in 1812.

sock or buskin] The sock was the characteristic part of the ancient comedian's dress, the buskin of the tragic actor's. Cf. Milton, *L'Allegro*, l. 132, 'If Jonson's learned sock be on,' and *Il Penseroso*, l. 102, 'the buskin'd stage.'

the Duke's Servant] *High Life Below Stairs* (1759) was the work of James Townley (1714—78), who in 1760 became head-master of Merchant Taylors' School.

Captain Absolute] In *The Rivals*.

Dick Amlet] The gamester and upstart man of fashion in Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*.

young Wilding] In Samuel Foote's *The Liar*.

Joseph Surface] In *The School for Scandal*.

Page 227

Love for Love] By Congreve. The passage quoted is from act III, sc. vi. Ben is the younger son, 'half home-bred and half sea-bred,' of sir Sampson Legend.

metaphrases] Changes from one style into another, i.e. translations of nature into terms of art.

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ON THE ARTIFICIAL COMEDY OF THE LAST CENTURY

Published as *The Old Actors* in *The London Magazine* for April 1822. Certain omissions were made in the *Essays of Elia* (1823). A view opposite to the lenient opinion which Lamb held with regard to eighteenth-century comedy is expressed by Macaulay in his essay on Leigh Hunt's edition of Wycherley, Congreve, etc., in which he stigmatises the realism of these dramas.

Congreve and Farquhar] The four comedies of William Congreve (1670—1729) appeared between 1693 and 1700. George Farquhar (1678—1707) produced eight comedies between 1699 and 1707.

Page 230

Alsatia] The name applied to Whitefriars, the sanctuary of disorderly persons in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel* gives a vivid picture of Alsatia in the

reign of James I. The similar quarter in Paris, the *Cour des Miracles*, has been described by Victor Hugo in *Notre-Dame de Paris*.

Secret shades] Milton, *Il Penseroso*, ll. 28—30.

Wycherley's comedies] Four in number, produced 1671—4. William Wycherley died in 1716.

PAGE 231

Catos] Rigid critics. Cato the censor was the type of moral austerity and uprightness in the Roman republic.

Swedenborgian] Emmanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic and founder of the New Jerusalem church, was born in 1688 and died in 1772.

Fainalls] Fainall and Mirabel are characters in Congreve's *The Way of the World*. Lady Touchwood occurs in his *The Double-Dealer*. For Dorimant see note on p. 290 above.

Angelica] The heiress in *Love for Love*.

PAGE 232

Goshen] Lamb has already used this metaphor twice in the essays: see pp. 30, 146. The allusion refers to the light in Goshen while there was darkness over all the land of Egypt, Exodus x, 23.

PAGE 233

Sir Simon] In Wycherley's *Love in a Wood; or, St James's Park*, Sir Simon Addleplot and Dapperwit are suitors to Miss Martha, the daughter of Alderman Gripe. She marries Dapperwit.

Lord Froth] This character and Sir Paul Plyant occur in Congreve's *Double-Dealer*.

against the puppets] Cervantes, *Don Quixote*, part ii, ch. 26.

Atlantis] An Utopian realm, like that drawn by Bacon in *The New Atlantis*.

Palmer] See note on p. 296 above.

PAGE 234

where Joseph is made] *School for Scandal*, act v, sc. i.

PAGE 235

The fortunes of Othello] I.e. there was no actual tragedy in the story of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, which affected the spectators with the sense that they were looking on at a drama of real life.

King] Thomas King (1730—1805) was the original Sir Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal*, produced at Drury Lane in 1777.

PAGE 236

loved] Lamb alludes to the contrast between Esau and Jacob in Malachi i, 3, Romans ix, 13.

crim-con.] Criminal conversation.

PAGE 237

amphisbænas] The amphisbaena was a fabulous serpent which could move in two directions, backwards and forwards.

Parsons and Dodd] See notes on pp. 309, 310 above.

Miss Pope] Jane Pope (1742—1818), acted at Drury Lane 1756—1808.

Miss Farren] Elizabeth Farren appeared at Drury Lane in 1778: she left the stage in 1797, when she married Edward Stanley, twelfth earl of Derby, and died in 1829.

Mrs Abington] Frances Abington (1737—1815) acted at Drury Lane 1764—82: she was the original Lady Teazle. Her portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is one of his most famous works.

Smith] William Smith, died 1819: acted at Covent Garden 1753—74, at Drury Lane 1774—88.

John Kemble] See note on p. 283 above.

PAGE 238

lidless dragon eyes] Coleridge, *Ode on the Departing Year*, l. 145, of 'strange-eyed Destruction.'

PAGE 239

ON THE ACTING OF MUNDEN

First published in *The Examiner*, Nov. 1819. It appeared in *The London Magazine* for Oct. 1822. A portion of the essay, relating to Suett, was transferred in 1823 to the essay *On Some of the Old Actors*. For Munden see note on p. 299 above.

Cockletop] In O'Keeffe's *Modern Antiques*, produced in 1791.

There the antic sate] Shakespeare, *Richard II*, III, ii, 162—3:

> 'there the antic sits,
> Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp.'

visnomy] Cf. note on p. 262 above.

Edwin] John Edwin the elder (1749—90), acted at Covent Garden.

PAGE 240

Farley] Charles Farley, melodramatic actor and manager of pantomime at Covent Garden from 1806 to 1834. Lamb substituted his name for that of John Emery, who died in 1822. Knight is Edward Knight (1774—1826), famous in secondary comic parts. John Liston acted in Shakespearean and other comic parts in London from 1805 to 1837: he died in 1846.

Sir Christopher Curry] In George Colman the younger's *Inkle and Yarico*, produced in 1787.

old Dornton] In Thomas Holcroft's *The Road to Ruin*.

the Cobbler of Preston] Mr Lucas notes that this play was written by Charles Jonson in 1716, in imitation of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

PAGE 241

Cassiopeia's chair] The name given to one of the constellations.

Fuseli] The artist Henry Fuseli (1741—1825), whose work was chiefly inspired by his study of Michelangelo.

seething-pots] See Jer. i, 13.

Platonic idea] See note on p. 299 above.

quiddity] The *quidditas* of a thing, in scholastic language, was its essential quality, the 'what-ness,' so to speak, which was the secret of its identity.

APPENDIX

PASSAGES OMITTED FROM THE TEXT OF THE COLLECTED ESSAYS

PAGE 18

The two paragraphs which originally followed the words 'personal presence' (see note on p. 254 above) ran as follows:

> D. commenced life, after a course of hard study in the 'House of pure Emanuel,' as usher to a knavish fanatic schoolmaster at * * *, at a salary of eight pounds per annum, with board and lodging. Of this poor stipend, he never received above half in all the laborious years he served this man. He tells a pleasant anecdote, that when poverty, staring out at his ragged knees, has sometimes compelled him, against the modesty of his nature, to hint at arrears, Dr. * * * would take no immediate notice, but, after supper, when the school was called together to evensong, he would never fail to introduce some instructive homily against riches, and the corruption of the heart occasioned through the desire of them—ending with "Lord, keep Thy servants, above all things, from the heinous sin of avarice. Having food and raiment, let us therewithal be content. Give me Agar's wish"—and the like;—which, to the little auditory, sounded like a doctrine full of Christian prudence and simplicity,—but to poor D. was a receipt in full for that quarter's demand at least.
>
> And D. has been under-working for himself ever since;—drudging at low rates for unappreciating booksellers,—wasting his fine erudition in silent corrections of the classics, and in those unostentatious but solid services to learning, which

commonly fall to the lot of laborious scholars, who have not the heart to sell themselves to the best advantage. He has published poems, which do not sell, because their character is inobtrusive like his own,—and because he has been too much absorbed in ancient literature, to know what the popular mark in poetry is, even if he could have hit it. And, therefore, his verses are properly, what he terms them, *crotchets;* voluntaries; odes to Liberty and Spring; effusions; little tributes and offerings, left behind him upon tables and window-seats at parting from friends' houses; and from all the inns of hospitality, where he has been courteously (or but tolerably) received in his pilgrimage. If his muse of kindness halt a little behind the strong lines in fashion in this excitement-craving age, his prose is the best of the sort in the world, and exhibits a faithful transcript of his own healthy, natural mind, and cheerful, innocent tone of conversation.

The allusion to the 'House of pure Emanuel' in the above passage is taken from an old satiric ballad: Emmanuel college, Cambridge, founded by sir Walter Mildmay in 1584, was famous for its puritan sympathies. 'Agar's wish' should be 'Agur's wish': see Proverbs xxx. For Dyer's generous criticisms of other statements in the passage and Lamb's explanation, see Oxford ed. of Lamb's works, vol. i, pp. 839—44.

Page 89

After 'can I reproach her for it?' the letter concluded thus in the original version of 1821:

> These kind of complaints are not often drawn from me. I am aware that I am a fortunate, I mean a prosperous man. My feelings prevent me from transcribing any further.

Page 194

After 'feigned or not,' the original essay of 1822 concludes thus:

> 'Pray God your honour relieve me,' said a poor beadswoman to my friend L— one day; 'I have seen better days.' 'So have I, my good woman,' retorted he, looking up at the welkin which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a tester.

It was at all events kinder than consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle—

But L. has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.

'ELIA

P.S. My friend Hume (not M.P.) has a curious manuscript in his possession, the original draught of the celebrated 'Beggars' Petition' (who cannot say by heart the 'Beggar's Petition'?) as it was written by some school usher (as I remember) with corrections interlined from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. As a specimen of the doctor's improvement, I recollect one most judicious alteration—

'*A pamper'd menial drove me from the door.*'

It stood originally—

'*A livery servant drove me,*' *&c.*

Here is an instance of poetical or artificial language properly substituted for the phrase of common conversation; against Wordsworth.

I think I must get H. to send it to the LONDON, as a corollary to the foregoing.

'Hume' was Joseph Hume of Somerset house, one of Lamb's friends and correspondents: the other Joseph Hume (1777—1855), at this time M.P. for Aberdeen, moved the repeal of the corn laws in 1834, when M.P. for Middlesex. Mr Lucas notes that *The Beggar's Petition* appeared among the poems of Thomas Moss (d. 1808), published in 1769. The allusion to Wordsworth is aimed, of course, at his theory of poetic diction enunciated in the preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

PAGE 219

After 'house of misrule' in 1822 the following paragraphs were printed:

There was 'example for it,' said Malvolio; 'the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.' Possibly too he might remember—for it must have happened about his time—an instance of a Duchess of Malfy (a countrywoman of Olivia's, and her equal at least) descending from her state to court her steward—

The misery of them that are born great!
They are forced to woo because none dare woo them.

To be sure the lady was not very tenderly handled for it by her brothers in the sequel, but their vengeance appears to have been whetted rather by her presumption in remarrying at all, (when they had meditated the keeping of her fortune in their family), than by her choice of an inferior, of Antonio's noble merits especially, for her husband; and, besides, Olivia's brother was just dead. Malvolio was a man of reading, and possibly reflected upon these lines, or something like them, in his own country poetry—

Ceremony has made many fools.
It is as easy way unto a duchess
As to a hatted dame, if her love answer:
But that by timorous honours, pale respects,
Idle degrees of fear, men make their ways
Hard of themselves.

'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion.' If here was no encouragement, the devil is in it. I wish we could get at the private history of all this. Between the Countess herself, serious or dissembling—for one hardly knows how to apprehend this fantastical great lady—and the practices of that delicious little piece of mischief, Maria—

The lime twigs laid
By Machiavel the waiting maid—

the man might well be rapt into a fool's paradise.

The first quotation is from Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, I, i (in the original 'them' in both lines is 'us'). The third is from Cowley's *The Chronicle*, st. 13.

Page 223

'Richard, or rather Dicky Suett' begins a passage (continuing to *Bobby*, p. 225) which appeared in the essay called *The Old Actors*, October 1822. The earlier part of this essay is as follows:

I do not know a more mortifying thing than to be conscious of a foregone delight, with a total oblivion of the person and manner which conveyed it. In dreams I often

stretch and strain after the countenance of Edwin, whom I once saw in Peeping Tom. I cannot catch a feature of him. He is no more to me than Nokes or Pinkethman. Parsons, and still more Dodd, were near being lost to me, till I was refreshed with their portraits (fine treat) the other day at Mr. Mathews's gallery at Highgate; which, with the exception of the Hogarth pictures, a few years since exhibited in Pall Mall, was the most delightful collection I ever gained admission to. There hang the players, in their single persons and in grouped scenes, from the Restoration,—Betterons, Booths, Garricks, justifying the prejudices which we entertain for them—the Bracegirdles, the Mountforts, and the Oldfields, fresh as Cibber has described them—the Woffington (a true Hogarth) upon a couch, dallying and dangerous—the Screen Scene in Brinsley's famous comedy, with Smith and Mrs. Abingdon, whom I have not seen, and the rest, whom having seen, I see still there. There is Henderson, unrivalled in Comus, whom I saw at second hand in the elder Harley—Harley, the rival of Holman, in Horatio—Holman, with the bright glittering teeth in Lothario, and the deep paviour's sighs in Romeo, the jolliest person ('our son is fat') of any Hamlet I have yet seen, with the most laudable attempts (for a personable man) at looking melancholy—and Pope, the abdicated monarch of tragedy and comedy, in Harry the Eighth and Lord Townley. There hang the two Aickins, brethren in mediocrity—Wroughton, who in Kitely seemed to have forgotten that in prouder days he had personated Alexander—the specious form of John Palmer, with the special effrontery of Bobby—Bensley, with the trumpet-tongue, and little Quick (the retired Dioclesian of Islington) with his squeak like a Bart'lemew fiddle. There are fixed, cold as in life, the immovable features of Moody, who, afraid of o'erstepping nature, sometimes stopped short of her—and the restless fidgetiness of Lewis, who, with no such fears, not seldom leaped o' the other side. There hang Farren and Whitfield, and Burton and Phillimore, names of small account in those times, but which, remembered now, or casually recalled by the sight of an old play-bill,

with their associated recordations, can 'drown an eye unused to flow.' There too hangs (not far removed from them in death) the graceful plainness of the first Mrs. Pope, with a voice unstrung by age, but which, in her better days, must have competed with the silver tones of Barry himself, so enchanting in decay do I remember it—of all her lady parts exceeding herself in the Lady Quakeress (there earth touched heaven !) of O'Keefe, when she played it to the 'merry cousin' of Lewis—and Mrs. Mattocks, the sensiblest of viragos—and Miss Pope, a gentlewoman ever, to the verge of ungentility, with Churchill's compliment still burnishing upon her gay Honeycomb lips. There are the two Bannisters, and Sedgwick, and Kelly, and Dignum (Diggy), and the bygone features of Mrs. Ward, matchless in Lady Loverule; and the collective majesty of the whole Kemble family; and (Shakspeare's woman) Dora Jordan; and, by her, *two Antics*, who, in former and in latter days have chiefly beguiled us of our griefs; whose portraits we shall strive to recall, for the sympathy of those who may not have had the benefit of viewing the matchless Highgate Collection.

MR. SUETT.

O for a 'slip-shod muse,' to celebrate in numbers, loose and shambling as himself, the merits and the person of Mr. Richard Suett, comedian!

The essay on Suett was followed by that on Munden: see note on p. 314 above. Many of the actors whose names are given here have been identified in the notes to the other essays. The collection described here was made by Charles Mathews the elder (see note on p. 311 above) at his house at Highgate, and is now at the Garrick club. The quotations 'our son is fat' and 'drown an eye unused to flow,' are from Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v, ii, 298 (adapted) and Sonnet xxx, line 5. Churchill's compliment to 'lively Pope' (see note on p. 314 above) is in *The Rosciad*:

'With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.'

Page 238

The original essay (April 1822) continued and ended as follows:

The story of his swallowing opium pills to keep him lively upon the first night of a certain tragedy, we may presume to be a piece of retaliatory pleasantry on the part of the suffering author. But, indeed, John had the art of diffusing a complacent equable dulness (which you knew not where to quarrel with), over a piece which he did not like, beyond any of his contemporaries. John Kemble had made up his mind early, that all the good tragedies, which could be written, had been written; and he resented any new attempt. His shelves were full. The old standards were scope enough for his ambition. He ranged in them absolute—and fair 'in Otway, full in Shakspeare shone.' He succeeded to the old lawful thrones, and did not care to adventure bottomry with a Sir Edward Mortimer, or any casual speculator that offered. I remember, too acutely for my peace, the deadly extinguisher which he put upon my friend G.'s 'Antonio.' G., satiate with visions of political justice (possibly not to be realized in our time), or willing to let the sceptical worldlings see, that his anticipations of the future did not preclude a warm sympathy for men as they are and have been—wrote a tragedy. He chose a story, affecting, romantic, Spanish—the plot simple, without being naked—the incidents uncommon, without being overstrained. Antonio, who gives the name to the piece, is a sensitive young Castilian, who, in a fit of his country honour, immolates his sister—

But I must not anticipate the catastrophe—the play, reader, is extant in choice English—and you will employ a spare half crown not injudiciously in the quest of it.

The conception was bold, and the dénouement—the time and place in which the hero of it existed, considered—not much out of keeping; yet it must be confessed, that it required a delicacy of handling both from the author and the performer, so as not much to shock the prejudices of a modern English audience. G., in my opinion, had done his part.

John, who was in familiar habits with the philosopher, had

undertaken to play Antonio. Great expectations were formed. A philosopher's first play was a new era. The night arrived. I was favoured with a seat in an advantageous box, between the author and his friend M——. G. sate cheerful and confident. In his friend M.'s looks, who had perused the manuscript, I read some terror. Antonio in the person of John Philip Kemble at length appeared, starched out in a ruff which no one could dispute, and in most irreproachable mustachios. John always dressed most provokingly correct on these occasions. The first act swept by, solemn and silent. It went off, as G. assured M., exactly as the opening act of a piece—the protasis—should do. The cue of the spectators was to be mute. The characters were but in their introduction. The passions and the incidents would be developed hereafter. Applause hitherto would be impertinent. Silent attention was the effect all-desirable. Poor M. acquiesced—but in his honest friendly face I could discern a working which told how much more acceptable the plaudit of a single hand (however misplaced) would have been than all this reasoning. The second act (as in duty bound) rose a little in interest; but still John kept his forces under—in policy, as G. would have it—and the audience were most complacently attentive. The protasis, in fact, was scarcely unfolded. The interest would warm in the next act, against which a special incident was provided. M. wiped his cheek, flushed with a friendly perspiration—'tis M.'s way of showing his zeal—'from every pore of him a perfume falls'—I honour it above Alexander's. He had once or twice during this act joined his palms in a feeble endeavour to elicit a sound—they emitted a solitary noise without an echo—there was no deep to answer to his deep. G. repeatedly begged him to be quiet. The third act at length brought on the scene which was to warm the piece, progressively, to the final flaming forth of the catastrophe. A philosophic calm settled upon the clear brow of G., as it approached. The lips of M. quivered. A challenge was held forth upon the stage, and there was a promise of a fight. The pit roused themselves on this extraordinary occasion, and, as their manner is, seemed disposed to make a ring,—when

suddenly Antonio, who was the challenged, turning the tables upon the hot challenger, Don Gusman (who by the way should have had his sister) baulks his humour, and the pit's reasonable expectation at the same time, with some speeches out of the new philosophy against duelling. The audience were here fairly caught—their courage was up, and on the alert—a few blows, *ding-dong*, as R—s, the dramatist, afterwards expressed it to me, might have done the business, when their most exquisite moral sense was suddenly called in to assist in the mortifying negation of their own pleasure. They could not applaud for disappointment; they would not condemn for morality's sake. The interest stood stone still; and John's manner was not at all calculated to unpetrify it. It was Christmas time, and the atmosphere furnished some pretext for asthmatic affections. One began to cough—his neighbour sympathized with him—till a cough became epidemical. But when, from being half artificial in the pit, the cough got frightfully naturalized among the fictitious persons of the drama, and Antonio himself (albeit it was not set down in the stage directions) seemed more intent upon relieving his own lungs than the distresses of the author and his friends,—then G. 'first knew fear'; and, mildly turning to M., intimated that he had not been aware that Mr. K. laboured under a cold; and that the performance might possibly have been postponed with advantage for some nights further—still keeping the same serene countenance, while M. sweat like a bull. It would be invidious to pursue the fates of this ill-starred evening. In vain did the plot thicken in the scenes that followed; in vain the dialogue wax more passionate and stirring, and the progress of the sentiment point more and more clearly to the arduous development which impended. In vain the action was accelerated, while the acting stood still. From the beginning John had taken his stand; had wound himself up to an even tenor of stately declamation, from which no exigence of dialogue or person could make him swerve for an instant. To dream of his rising with the scene (the common trick of tragedians) was preposterous; for, from the onset, he had planted himself, as upon a terrace, on an eminence vastly above the audience, and he kept that sublime

level to the end. He looked from his throne of elevated sentiment upon the under-world of spectators with a most sovereign and becoming contempt. There was excellent pathos delivered out to them: an they would receive it, so; an they would not receive it, so; there was no offence against decorum in all this; nothing to condemn, to damn. Not an irreverent symptom of a sound was to be heard. The procession of verbiage stalked on through four and five acts, no one venturing to predict what would come of it, when towards the winding up of the latter, Antonio, with an irrelevancy that seemed to stagger Elvira herself—for she had been coolly arguing the point of honour with him—suddenly whips out a poniard, and stabs his sister to the heart. The effect was as if a murder had been committed in cold blood. The whole house rose up in clamorous indignation, demanding justice. The feeling rose far above hisses. I believe at that instant, if they could have got him, they would have torn the unfortunate author to pieces. Not that the act itself was so exorbitant, or of a complexion different from what they themselves would have applauded upon another occasion, in a Brutus or an Appius, but for want of attending to Antonio's *words*, which palpably led to the expectation of no less dire an event, instead of being seduced by his *manner*, which seemed to promise a sleep of a less alarming nature than it was his cue to inflict upon Elvira, they found themselves betrayed into an accompliceship of murder, a perfect misprision of parricide, while they dreamed of nothing less. M., I believe, was the only person who suffered acutely from the failure; for G. thenceforward, with a serenity unattainable but by the true philosophy, abandoning a precarious popularity, retired into his fast hold of speculation,—the drama in which the world was to be his tiring room, and remote posterity his applauding spectators at once, and actors.

The story here related is that of the failure of William Godwin's *Antonio* at Drury Lane in 1800. The first quotation in inverted commas is from Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, book II, ep. i, 277: 'full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone.' Mr Lucas identifies 'from every pore of him a perfume falls' with Lee's *The Rival Queens*, I, iii, 44, and connects 'first knew fear' with Milton, *Par. Lost*, VI, 327, 'then Satan first knew pain.

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